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CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OCT 1932

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Chapel Hill, N. C.

THE

CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME X OCTOBER, 1932 NUMBER 1

BOBBIE MASON ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
BERNARD S. SOLOMON ..... *Business Manager*

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He: What are you thinking about?
She: The same thing as you.
He: Well, I am sorry but it is impossible, I am in training.

—*Battalion*

Customer: Your dog seems very fond of watching you cut hair.
Barber: It ain't that; sometimes I snip off a bit of a customer's ear.

—*Tiger*

Cannibal Cook: Shall I boil the Missionary, sir?
Cannibal Chief: No, you fool, that's a Friar.

—*Whirlwind*

Bill: The girl I am married to has a twin sister.
Mac: Gee! How do you tell them apart?
Bill: I don't try; it's up to the other one to look out for herself.

—*Drexel*

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"Did you bring the field glasses?"
"Never thought of that, but we can drink just as well out of the flask."

—*Pointer*

Heard after the Prom: "Aw! He's too drunk to ride in the back seat; let him drive."

—*Battalion*

"You know, I simply can't bear children."
"Well, who asked you to?"

—*Kitty Kat*

"I've been in a terrible state of consternation for the last three days!"
"Did you every try eating prunes?"

—*Lord Jeff*

Professor: Are you cheating on this examination?
Student: No, sir. I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper.

—*Octopus*

HOLD ON TIGHT

Crowded trolley car. (Young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare.)

Young Man: Pardon me, miss, but may I not pay your fare?

Young Lady: Sir!

(Several seconds of groping.)

Young Man: I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?

Young Lady: Why, I don't even know you, and anyway, I'll have this purse opened in a minute.

(Continued groping.)

Young Man: I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned my suspenders three times!

—*Beanpot*

He: Darling, you remind me of a shy little violet.

She: Well, dear, that perfume you have on brings visions of a bed of Pansies to me.

—*Purple Parrot*

"Do you mean to tell me that Jack and Mary have been married?"

"Of course."

"Why, I thought Mary was one of those modern girls who didn't believe in marriage."

"Well, that's what Jack thought, too!"

—*Lehigh Burr*

Madam (to Chinese man-servant): After this, when you enter my bedroom, please knock—I might be dressing.

Chinaman: Me no need knock. Me allays look in kleyhole first.

—*Washington Dirge*

Lady: I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please.

Polite Clerk: Yes, madam, white kid?

Lady: Sir!

—*Princeton Tiger*

Professor (in Lit. class): What is the greatest Greek tragedy?

Kappa: The Pi Phis.

—*Aggrievator*

The Courter (doubtfully): If you knew what I was thinking about, your heart would turn to stone.

The Skoit (wearily): And if you knew what I was thinking about you'd be a little boulder.

—*Battalion*

Frosh: Pardon me, but would you mind repeating what you just said?

Active: I merely announced that the leading sorority on the campus has sent this chapter a blanket bid.

Frosh: So this is college.

—*Dirge*

"It has been proven that opposites attract."

"Can you give me an example?"

"Sure, loose women and tight men."

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo*

L'l Worldly Wise: Are you on the vice squad?

Ossifuh: Begorry, and that Oi'm not!

L'l W. W.: Then will you please hook my dress?

—M. I. T. *Voo Doo*

BRAGGART

Man (at church confessing his sin): Father, forgive me, for I kissed a pretty girl.

Priest: How many times did you commit this terrible sin?

Man: Father, I came here to confess and not to brag.

—*Oklahoma Aggravator*

"Is your daughter in tonight?"

"No, and get out and stay out."

"But I'm the Sheriff."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Come in. I thought that was a Sigma Nu pin."

—*Texas Ranger*

"Young man!"

"Did I just see you kissing my daughter?"

"Ehhhh, Iiiii, wwww."

"Never mind, but don't let me catch you chisseling in on her maid."

—*Kitty Kat*

The shortest distance between two pints

BRIBE

Traveling Salesman's Wife: Bobbie this is your uncle from St. Louis.

Young Bobbie: Yeah, for a dollar he is.

—*Frivol*

"Ah, Watson," commented the perspective Sherlock, "I see you changed your underwear."

"Marvelous, Holmes — how'd you know?"

"Well, you've forgotten to put your trousers on . . ."

U. C. L. A. Claw

THRU THE WINDOW

"Where are you going?"

"To a lecture."

"But you can't go to a lecture at four in the morning."

"You've never met our housemother."

—*Green* Goat

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

Lady: Now, professor, I suppose that that is one of those horrid portraits you call Art?

Prof: No, madam, that is a mirror.

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet*

"I hear you are a collector of antiques."

"Yes, I have a very rare typewriter which was owned by Napoleon."

"But that's impossible. Typewriters hadn't been invented in Napoleon's time."

"I know it. That's what makes it so rare."

—*Oklahoma Aggievator*

THE EDITOR'S LAMENT

Larry: Well, old sock, how about pulling a joke for the dear readers?

Harry: Aw, whasa use? The ones they want we can't print an' the ones we can print they don't want.

Southern California Wampus

Many a father has looked at his son and exclaimed: "My God! What have I done?"

Minnesota Ski-U-Mah

TO A CO-ED . . .

The silence of the dream was broken
Only by my words . . . soft spoken
Of the beauty of the place,
Of the wood's somnolent grace,
Of your eyes or of your hair;
Apologizing for my stare . . .
And then that breathless moment when
We saw an elf dart down a glen
And trembling there together we
Fed our souls on witchery.
He darted . . . My eyes followed after
My heart on the verge of song or laughter . . .
Till you lashed out to strike me mute
With . . . "O my gawd, but ain't he CUTE?"

Missouri Showme

While giving a startling performance, a magician spread a blanket over a newspaper and proceeded to read the paper through the heavy woollen cloth.

All the co-eds in the show got up and walked out.

—*Brown Bull*

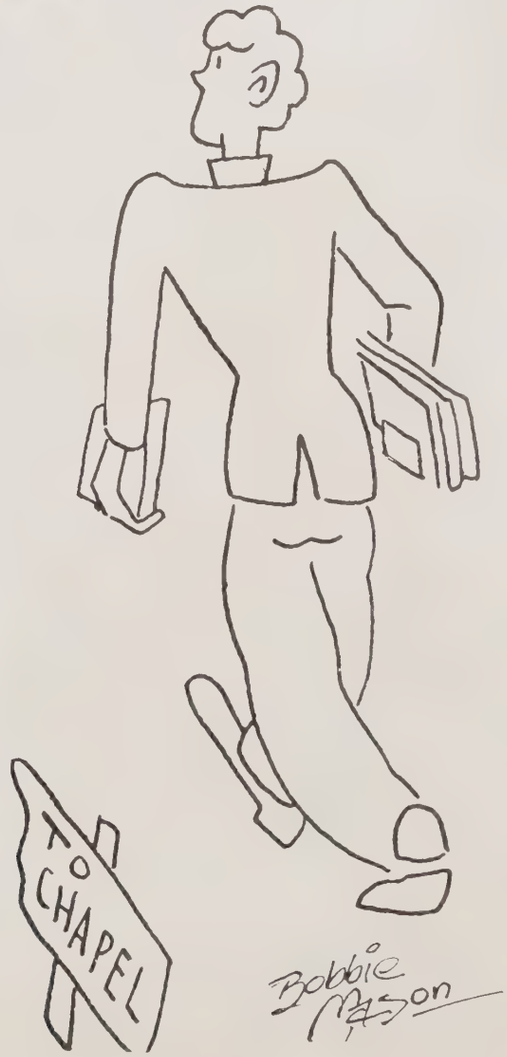
First Burglar: Jim, I'm losing my knack.

Second Burglar: What happened?

First Burglar: I started to open a safe last night and got WJZ.

Bucknell Belle Hop

Freshman Number



"And if you don't make him let you play quarter-back and carry the ball I'm through!"

The Carolina BUCCANEER
UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. X OCTOBER, 1932 NO. 1

BUCCANEERING

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

After Rushing

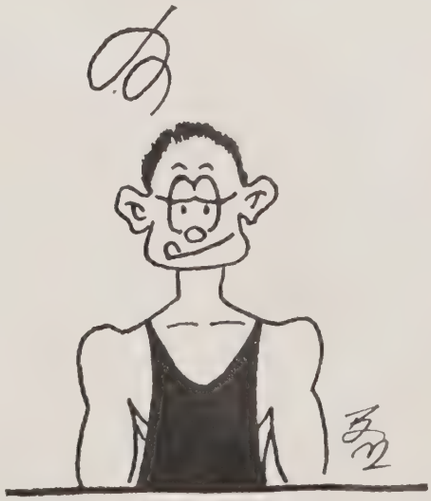
By the time this goes to press the rushing period will have ended—thank God. Once again rival fraternity men will speak to one another; once again peace and quietness will prevail. And once and for all you freshmen will realize that life isn't as rosy as it sometimes seems to be. You will be informed that you must become an activity man and bring fame and honor to yourself and to the grand old fraternity. If you discuss the Schmeling-Walker fight or some like subject you will go out for boxing; if you are so careless as to sing "Sweet Adeline" during the progress of a football game you will try out for the glee club; if you passed the English placement test you will go out for the *Magazine* or, worse still, the *Tar Heel,* and if you once say something that makes some darned fool laugh, or if you draw pictures in your note book, you will report to me for a job on the BUCCANEER staff. It is perfectly impossible to devise a method by which you can keep from joining the Freshman Friendship Council and the Di or Phi. But don't give up, freshmen; it's once in a life-time, and after all, it lasts but a year.

Beer

Some contend that the prospect of seeing the country in the hands of a Democratic President is responsible for the pick-up in most lines of business. And it is really true that some confident sons of Jefferson have gotten the jump on the election and their party's platform and, under the conditions, have converted their filling stations into beer gardens. All furnished with tables laden with ash trays and pretzels, a mug of beer may be secured for twenty-five cents at any convenient place. These refresheries seem to do a thriving business in spite of the fact that they exist in one of the two states that polled "dry" in the recent *Literary Digest* straw ballot.

Rushing

One of the Greek boys who graduated some few years ago returned to the campus to aid his brothers in securing pledges during the recent rushing period. Fearing that his tongue had lost its silvery edge during his unemployment, he hastened to remedy the situation with the only remedy known in these parts. Having fully refreshed himself and feeling in a fit mood to sell Kenan Stadium to Chi Omega sorority, he singled out a likely looking chap whom his lodge had pledged and initiated last year but whom he had not met. The sophomore, who had also primed himself for the occasion, retired to an obscure place with his alumnus brother and for an hour and a half, without noticing the sameness of their badges, the two tried to pledge each other.



Summer School

Summer school, with its wearers of high shoes and thick glasses, was quite boreing. The

usual array of Betas were in attendance and, being lads of spirit, were forced to go elsewhere for their week-ends and pleasure. One of this number resorted to a popular beach one Thursday and did not return to resume his studies until the following Tuesday. And on Wednesday he discovered that his feet had been painfully cut during the early part of his diversion.

Tramps

Even contented, peaceful Chapel Hill is being visited at intervals by depression-stricken seedy gentlemen who glide up and down the streets and ask for dimes. Although we are neighbor-loving and soft hearted, we have refrained from donating the sought for money to be spent for cups of coffee. The whole thing is that the solicitors lack a psychological approach and understand nothing of the weakness and vanity of youth. Invariably they say, "Say, buddy, how about a dime for a cup of coffee, buddy?" And so we don't give them the dime. After all, we're nearly twenty-one!

And speaking of bums, two youths recently week-ending in one of our larger cities confiscated a pot of coffee and a plate of rolls from a hotel dining room. Imagine the surprise of the next tramp who asked them for money for coffee and buns when he received immediate and a sort of curb service.

Farmer

We were amused when we read in the Elizabeth City *Independent* Editor W. O. Saunders' words about the situation of the farmers. "How bitterly do they remember the Hoover promises of four years ago: 'Two automobiles in every garage and a chicken in every pot.' Today many a farmer isn't left with a pot under his bed, say naught of a pot with a chicken in it."

Which reminds us of the Freshman who entered the University this year and brought with him, along with a wash tub and broom, one of those utensils which many less fortunate farmers are without.

Dumb

A youth, realizing his importance and position as one to be desired and sought after and who was in a clownish mood, went into great detail expounding the greatness of his person to a freshman co-ed. Fearing that his audience was not convinced and to perfect his lengthy disquisition, he said at last, "Why, since Mr. Frank Graham is married, I'm the most eligible bachelor in Chapel Hill."

"And who," inquired the female, "is Frank Graham?"

Animal Story

It was our luck to sit directly behind a slightly ineberated young man at one of the recent big games. Finding it difficult to keep up with what was happening down on the field, the fellow decided to amuse himself by relating to us his favorite animal story. Although it is pretty terrible we laughed at it frequently and now pass it on to you.

A circus train broke down while traveling to a distant city and all the animals escaped. All were rounded up in order, however, except a huge black bear that insisted on remaining free. Watching the unsuccessful attemps of the animal trainer to cage the big fellow, the trick cyclist volunteered, "You're going about the whole thing wrong. Let me help."

"You!" sneered the trainer, "What do you know about this?

Why, you're nothing but a cyclist."

"Sure I'm a cyclist," was the reply. "I know how to handlebars."

Football

We have seen a good many smoothly operating football teams and more than a few almost super-human individual stars display their wares in Kenan Stadium. But never have we seen a more perfect combination of the two than we did when "Dixie" Roberts and the whole Vanderbilt aggregation did their piece of romping. The Dixie Flyer more than lived up to his name and we predict that Vandy will go pretty far toward winning the Southern Conference championship this year.

Co-ed Soph: Have you matriculated here?

Co-ed Frosh: Well, I've only been here a week.

"Here's a bum joint," said the Freshman, as he felt his way around in the co-ed shack.

A girl I can't stand, is Henrietta Beam—
She thinks everything is "simply a scream."

"But maybe we could adopt one."

She's only a doctor's daughter, but she has had her cases.

The height of impossibility: A street cleaner keeping his mind out of the gutter.

Then, there is the freshman who thought that the year book was an almanac.

"Have you pledged a fraternity?"

"No, I don't play ping pong."

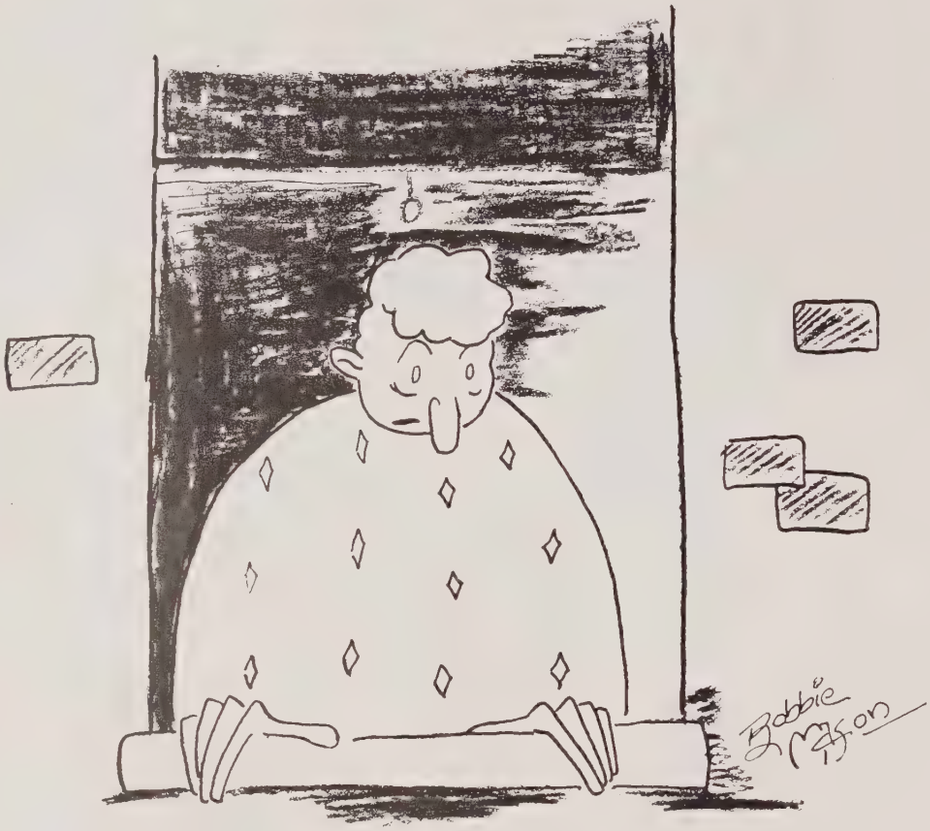
An Orange County farmer is going to sue the city of Chapel Hill. The fire signal has almost run his bull crazy.

ODE TO A BURP

By Pete Ivey

O Burp, that passes so like a song,
You are the mouthpiece of indigestion
Probably nature's most noted invention,
You always command undivided attention.
When supper is over and probably forgot,
A message from Gascia comes like a shot.
Poems are made by men like Scott,
But only fools can write such rot.

"Have you an opening here for me?"
Inquired the June diploma-ed Joe.
"Yes," said the boss behind the desk,
"Please close it gently as you go."



"Hey, you guys, cut out that swearing; I've got a lady in my room!"

The Saga of a Verdant Frosh

By Otto Steinreich

June 25—Graduation night!—Gee, I hope my new flannels look well tonight with my blue coat and white carnation as I parade up for my diploma. And what a big spree I'm gonna have with the gang when it's over. After four years in this place, I need a good time.

August 15—This is a hell of vacation. No job, no money, no girl, no good times—Guess I'll have to go to college after all. You can at least do anything you want to down there. I better write for a catalog and application right away.

September 1—Gee what d'ya think about that Peggy, they had a team in 1929 that only lost one game. I'll bet that sure is one swell place. And they don't haze the freshmen. The book says too, that the students run the school; Dad better not see that or he won't like it.

September 18—Well so long fellas, I'll be seein' ya Christmas. Yeah, sure I'll write you everyday Ma, uh-huh. Aw, Peggy don't kiss me goodbye now, cantcha see everybody lookin'. Aintcha got no sense attall.

September 19—Wow, what a swell place this is. It sure is the berries; just like you read in books and see in the movies. Hello, sure, glad to meetcha. Do I need any pressing tickets? You say everybody has gotta have 'em? All right, give me five dollars worth. That sure was a nice guy! Certainly glad to meetcha, you juniors are surely treatin' us freshmen swell. Why one of 'em just sold me some pressing tickets. Oh you're selling 'em too. Oh well, I guess I can use another five dollars worth. Are you really and truly a senior, you mean you've been here for four years already. Whaddya get the sweater for. Boxing eh, I'll bet you knock 'em clear outta the ring when you hit. No I have'nt signed up for meals anywhere yet. You're sure that it's the best place in town; I sure gotta have plenty of good food. All right I'll sign up for a month. A real senior spoke to me can you imagine! This *is* a swell school.

September 23—Here I am back in school again. It was real good here for the first week, but with school comin' on it's liable to get tough. What dy'a think, five bucks for a little book like that, and I don't understand what it says anyhow. These teachers ain't got no consideration for a guy's pocketbook. A telegram for me? I musta forgot to write home since I got here!

September 25—I got invites to come around to eleven fraternities. I must be a pretty good guy after all. No, my brother wasn't a Deke here ten years ago. I ain't got no brother. You couldn't have met my sister at the Beta house at Virginia, because she goes with a Pika from Cornell. Yeah, thanks, I'll come around again sometime.

October 10—Well, I got the lodge that I wanted, and so I guess I'll go over and break the glad news to 'em. Yeah, I went your way. You-you don't mean for me to roll up the rugs and clean 'em do you? Oh they haven't been cleaned since rushing began and somebody's gotta do it, and I'm elected. Awright, put the paddle down I'll do it. *Ad infinitum Ad nauseam.*

Mountaineer Freshman: Coach, I want to go out for track.

Coach: Have you had any experience?

Frosh: I've tracked bears all my life.

"What's the penalty for bigamy?"

"Two mother-in-laws."

"Nice old lady: "Do you stay here all the time?" Soldier: "No, ma'am; this is just my Saturday evening post." (a pun, you see.)

Football for the Novice

To play football it is necessary to have (1) a football (basketballs have been used for this purpose, although, it must be confessed, with poor results), (2) a football field of correct (or incorrect) measurements (the former is preferred, although the latter adds a certain original zest to the game unattainable otherwise), and (3) football players. The players should be twenty-two in number and so distributed that there are two sides, or "teams," each having eleven of the men. When there are more than twenty-two men it is necessary to "choose sides" —which is a great bother, especially when all the young players are enthusiasts and wish to get on with the game. When there are fewer on a team the game is liable to develop into a boxing match—which is a great pity when we call to mind all of the benefits to be derived from playing the "great gridiron sport."

Each of the players is given a distinguishing name such as "half-back," "full-back," "quarter-back," or "touch-back." These names do not mean anything, really, because often the player known as "half-back" is even larger than the one known as "full-back." However, the titles are useful to the spectators (if any) because if a young man, escorted by his girl, says: "Look at the way Jimmy is fighting!" and the girl wants to know which of the tangled mass is Jimmy, he can gaze at her with scorn and say: "Why, Jimmy's the center!" (If, indeed, Jimmy *is* the center)—proving thereby, that he is familiar with the fine points of the game.

It is asserted by some that the name designates the positions played by each man, but except in the case of the "center," who usually *is* in the *center*, I can't see this. Anyway, once the ball is "snapped" things are so mixed up that you can't locate any of the players by their positions—sometimes things become so scrambled that the referee finds it necessary to bring relatives of the players on the field to identify the men by their birthmarks. Usually, however, each of the players bears a number. With the aid of a "program" (25c) the players can be identified by their numbers. This is not necessary to a full enjoyment of the game however, unless you are the kind of person who likes to talk loudly of each player who has succeeded in making a "touchdown" as an intimate friend of yours. To do this it is, of course, necessary that you at least know his name —or nickname—which is therefore conveniently listed in the program.

After the football, players and football field are secured, the game is ready to start. One of the teams—usually the weaker of the two is allowed this privilege—supplies a "referee," a man dressed in white knickers, who is given lavish amounts of both authority and abuse. The referee is supplied with a whistle. (Indeed, no one can ever hope to become a referee unless he is proficient in the blowing of such a whistle.) The referee must be able to run very fast, not only because the plays necessitate his quick moving about but also because an enraged 250-pound football player is a terrible sight to contemplate, and any objects of its wrath should

be able to move quickly.

To start the game, each team lines up facing the other. By the "toss-up," a complicated procedure that requires the captain of both teams and the referee to engineer, it is decided which of the teams is to have the ball. The team with the ball "kicks-off" at a signal from the referee, and the game is on. From this point on, sports writers are at a disagreement as to what happens. Sufficith to say that there is a mad scramble for the ball, which is interrupted from time to time by the referee with his whistle in order to give the participants a chance to rest. The object of the game is to disable enough of the opposing side's players to enable the home team to secure the most "touchdowns," the team securing the most thus being declared the winner in almost every country except Greenland, where the high scorers are promptly ducked in arctic water at the conclusion of the game—a doubtful honor at best.

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
Columbus sailed over the ocean blue.
Of course, the whole trip was a rotten shame—
But they wanted to see a Notre Dame game.

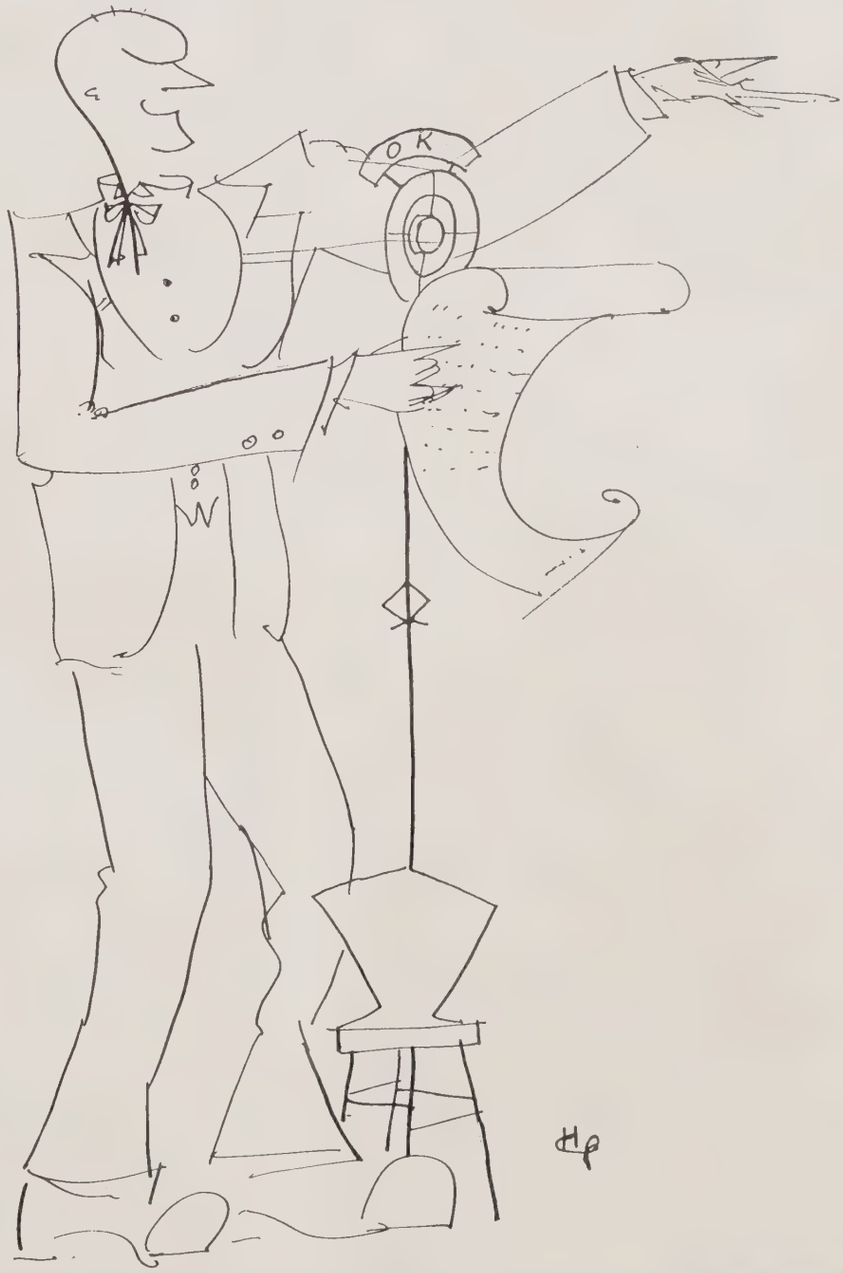
In seventeen hundred and seventy-six,
The colonies were in one hell of a fix.
They fought for Liberty—If this is it,
There ain't a cow in Texas, and we are all half-wit.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-five,
Hardly a rebel was still alive.
A guy named Lincoln was running the nation—
He made, one day, a damn fine oration.

He was shot to death in Ford's show house
By Booth, an actor and a dirty louse.
Booth, I think, tried to get away —But I know
He was shot in the leg and fell in the snow.

American history, in this man's school,
I signed to take—like a gosh-darned fool—
And, in nineteen hundred and thirty-two,
I suffered and died for the whole blamed crew.

The sultain called all his eunochs together and said, "I'm sorry boys, but the depression is so bad that you all will have to take another cut."



". . . And in conclusion, I wish to say that I have used Hotsy-Totsy hair restorer for twelve years and I am greatly pleased with the results."

BOBBIE MASON ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
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Editorial

FOR FRESHMEN ONLY

"It's not for knowledge that you came to college ,but to raise hell while you are here." That is a philosophy of college life that the BUCCANEER would have every freshman know and apply. College life is just a Yale Bowl of *cheries*.

Before most of you freshmen left home, you were told by fond but defunct parents that sending you to school would involve no inconsiderable sacrifice; that the reason you were being sent to college at all was because there were no jobs to be had at the A. & P.; and that, in view of these circumstances, it was up to you to study, take your college work seriously, and get ready for a good job about four years A. D. (It's old, but it means "After the Depression").

When you arrived in Chapel Hill, you heard the same tale: a man without a college education doesn't stand a chance these days, so study hard and pass your work.

As much as we dislike bucking the system, the BUCCANEER is opposed to this idea. It takes too much of a man's time away from pleasure. After all, college is the only place a man can have any fun. Just when he has learned to appreciate the joys of collegiate existence, they put a sheepskin in his hand and tell him to get out and work for his cigarettes and beer.

The University professors scorn the BUCCANEER. They label its humor "trash." Student intellectuals say it is the only rah-rah institution left on the campus. (We gladly share this latter distinction with the sophomore social orders.) But it is the sole purpose of the BUCCANEER to inject a little fun, a little horseplay, and sometimes a little smut into this drab campus world. Against all opposition, we intend to fulfill this purpose.

We realize, of course, that the students can not be expected to smile for a whole month over the contents of a single issue of this magazine. So, that is the reason we advise you not to let your work interfere with your fun.

We present the BUCCANEER Pleasure Plan: Don't miss a single football game; you have paid for them, anyway. Never let a week-end find you in Chapel Hill; for your convenience, the state operates a girls' school just forty miles away in Greensboro. Patronize the local bootleggers; they are hard-up like everybody else; and they can sell you more potential fun for a dollar than anybody.

If Monday morning finds you with a headache, explain the BUCCANEER plan to Dr. Ab.; he will understand. During the week, when it is inconvenient to leave town, look over Mrs. Lee's collection of co-eds; the crop has improved this season; you will find the best courting-ground in Chapel Hill conveniently located just to the rear of the Shack. Downtown, Mr. Smith puts on the best program of movies in the state; a change of show every day.

Among the cheapest forms of entertainment are: bull sessions, yelling from dormitory windows, sitting in Pritchard-Lloyd's where the best (and the worst) co-eds pass, reading the humor magazines and books in the library, and (we hate to say this, but we must get on good terms with the *Tar Heel* editorial writers) reading the *Daily Tar Heel*.

In case you find any trouble in putting the BUCCANEER plan into operation, join a fraternity. We borrowed the essentials of the program from them.

Incidentally, there is an old saying about the campus, "You just can't take the BUCCANEER seriously."

"Er-pardon me, folks, but I was told the heat wasn't working up here."

ON THE CAMPUS

By Billy Arthur

Who thought that it would come to this? But our genial Editor Bobbie Mason — you know, the guy what draws all those pretty pictures—asked me if I would write a column for the BUCCANEER. I thought of the time O. J. Coffin, head of the Journalism Department, told me if I wanted to write news there was the *Tar Heel*; if I wanted to be aloof, there was the *Carolina Magazine*; and if I wanted to play in the gutter, I could write for the BUCCANEER.

So I told Bobbie I knew of no better time to start playing in the gutter. And then he gave me my warnings: Not to pick on the intellegentsia and human beings.

I asked him what type material he wanted and if something like this would do: I played in a card game the other night that was so crooked, after every deal we had to count the cards. He shook his head in disgust.

He seemed to like the one about the boy who was in school here last year, forgot several eight-thirties, and got an indefinite vacation—all on the Dean. The boy returned some time later to take his examinations; and through the aid of some (non-) alcholic concoction forgot all about them. He wrote nearly fifty dollars worth of checks on his dad, and finally ended up three miles from his home town passed out in a barber chair. His dad heard of it while he was dressing to go hunting. He went to the neighboring town, woke up his son and said, "Come on, let's go hunting."

To which the son rubbed his eyes and replied, "No, sir, dad, I ain't going out in no woods with you and you with a shotgun."

The best gag for the jitters is attributed to June Underwood who heard a kitten meowing one day. "There you go, roaring like a lion," he said.

Bob Novins just dropped in asking to put his name in the column. He said he got a lot of good rides last year.

As one of the better (with a capital B) fraternities was riding a rushee home the other night, a quiet but prominent campus office holder was sitting beside him on the rear seat. As the car glided up to the curb at the upper quadrangle the freshman asked his unassuming companion, "Are you getting out here? . . . . Oh, you're going back to the house. Pardon me, I thought you were being rushed, too." (And later when the Captain of the Guard carried around the ballot box—you guess what happened.)

Two smart crackers listened to Frank Hargraves' "Allah is Almighty" business.

Said one: Look at that guy kneeling to Buddah.

Said the other: Buddah? Oh, Creamery Buddah.

And then there are those aloof columnists on the campus, who through affectations, write at the end of their columns, "Morpheus! Oh, Morpheus, come lord over me," or something like that. And his readers think, "What that bum really needs is sleep."

Freshman Activities: The annual freshman free picture show, given by the Carolina theatre for the benefit of upper-classmen . . . . Catalogue exams . . . . Buying bath tickets (One freshman, at least, did not have to worry about this) . . . . Going to Spencer hall to be mothered . . . Getting a big rush from the fraternity boys who are behind with the building and loan payments . . . . Learning the art of keeping up the socks without garters or thumb tacks . . . . Practicing that bored expression, so as to look like a sophomore . . . . Learning to sleep on class with the eyes open.

First Freshman: Can you tell me how to find Phillips Hall?

Second Ditto: Let's see, now. I had a class over there last year, but I've forgotten. I think that it is on Gimghoul street.

Then, there is the freshman who thought that the carillon tower was given to the University by Mr. Carillon.

Al Smith and Raskob were out on the golf course one day. Al said to Raskob:

"I want you to tell me frankly why I wasn't nominated at the last Democratic convention; I thought sure I'd be the next President of the United States. And I want to know the reason why I didn't get the nomination."

Raskob replied:

"Well, Al, the reason is that the people of the United States think that you're illiterate."

"What do you mean illiterate," replied Al. "My mother and father were married two years before I was born."

"And now," said the minister, President of the telephone company, "I shall read to you from the book of numbers by the good prophet Bell."

The French came over here and settled in Canada.

The Dutch came and settled on Manhattan Island.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth and settled for their religious worship.

The Jew came to America and settled for ten cents on the dollar.

Major in geology
Was our friend, Jim Knox;
Since his graduation day
He's been on the rocks.

Carolina Gentleman: I hear you're verging . . .

Carolina Co-Ed: I am!

Carolina Gentleman: Yeh, verging on insanity.

I threw up my hand—
All I got was a stare.
I threw up my hand
To brush back my hair.

"A bird in the hand"—had better be gotten rid of quick.

"I found a four leaf clover, dear."

"That means we'll soon be married."

"Oh, but I thought it meant good luck."

He took his Ruth for a ride,
And drove the car opened wide--
When the darn Ford hit a stone
He drove it ruthlessly on.

And you've heard the one about the Scotchman who was too tight to go home?

And then there was the lady, who, on hearing that the price of letters was going up, rushed to the Post Office and bought ten dollars worth of two-cent stamps.

The board of deacons was holding an important business meeting. They were trying to decide whether the church should have a new chandelier or not. After much discussion, both for and against, one devout and earnest deacon arose and threw in his viewpoint: "I don't object to buying the thing a-tall, but who in the dickens can play it after we get it?"

When you first saw this
You like other suckers
Thought it was a poem,
But we beg to say—
It's not!

Oh, to lead an ice man's life,
Then to my job I'd stick.
Each customer may have his wife,
But the ice man has his pick.

The psychology prof who dared talk on "the power of suggestion" and "sleep" in the same lecture.

The animal act in the circus was going on. Little children were crying; women were screaming, and strong men were fainting. The leopard in the animal act was loose and was slowly climbing the tent pole toward the spotlights. The crowd was in an uproar; the animal trainer was tearing his hair; everyone was in a panic.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" cried the animal trainer frantically. Suddenly he had an inspiration. "Hey, what are you doing up there in those spotlights?"

"I'm changing these damned lights. They're cramping my act," growled the leopard.

"Well then come on back down," shouted the trainer. "Didn't you know that a leopard can't change his spots?"

A Cordial Invitation

is extended to every Carolina Co-ed to visit our store and to view our collection of smart clothes for every college need, we specialize in snappy clothes for the College Miss in sizes 11 to 19 and 12 to 20 for Campus, sport, afternoon and evening wear.

CHARGE ACCOUNTS

We wish to extend to the Carolina Co-eds a cordial invitation to open a charge account with us for your convenience.

The Fashion

LADIES' OUTFITTERS

Corner Main and Church Streets

DURHAM, N. C.

Tom Collins Column

Now that summer has passed and we have quit rolling our sleeves and have decided to wear some of those swell looking wool neckties in Scotch Plaid designs that are a special feature of the DURHAM MEN'S SHOP we turn our minds to lessons and clothes. To all Frosh it is well to watch what is being worn on the campus to see if you can not get up a crazier outfit yourself. All joking aside, the new English drape model is quite the thing, but only for you with slender builds; so you gentlemen with a slight avoirdupois had better attend some gym classes and get rid of that "beer belly" which you acquired over the summer. LIPMAN'S are showing some very nice drape models in single and double-breasted styles. They also have a nice assortment of hats for—but no prices to be mentioned in this column. STETSON "D" have some nice pieces of cloth for the new models; they also have some excellent key chains at a depression price and upon which you can hang your keys and your watch.

Hats this year have a slightly narrower brim and the snap is all the rage, especially with the brim trimmed with corded silk to match the band. The snap comes in several different styles to suit the face and RANDOLPH-MCDONALD have a very nice assortment. They are also showing a nice assortment of tweeds which have proven to be very, very smart this year. Next door to them, STETSON "D" have some very nice English brogue shoes. And while I'm on the subject of shoes I might add that brown in the deep shades takes the lead this year. The suede shoes in deep brown are the correct thing to wear with the tweeds. By the way, I noticed some very nice shades of coffee brown cloth in Durham at PRITCHARD-BRIGHT'S in the Washington Duke Hotel. I reckon that that is all for this time, and if you have any questions you want answered on style please write to this publication and they will answer your questions, only be sure to send a self addressed stamped envelope. Also, the boys over at Tony's place should be congratulated upon putting over the grey slacks-brown coats idea.

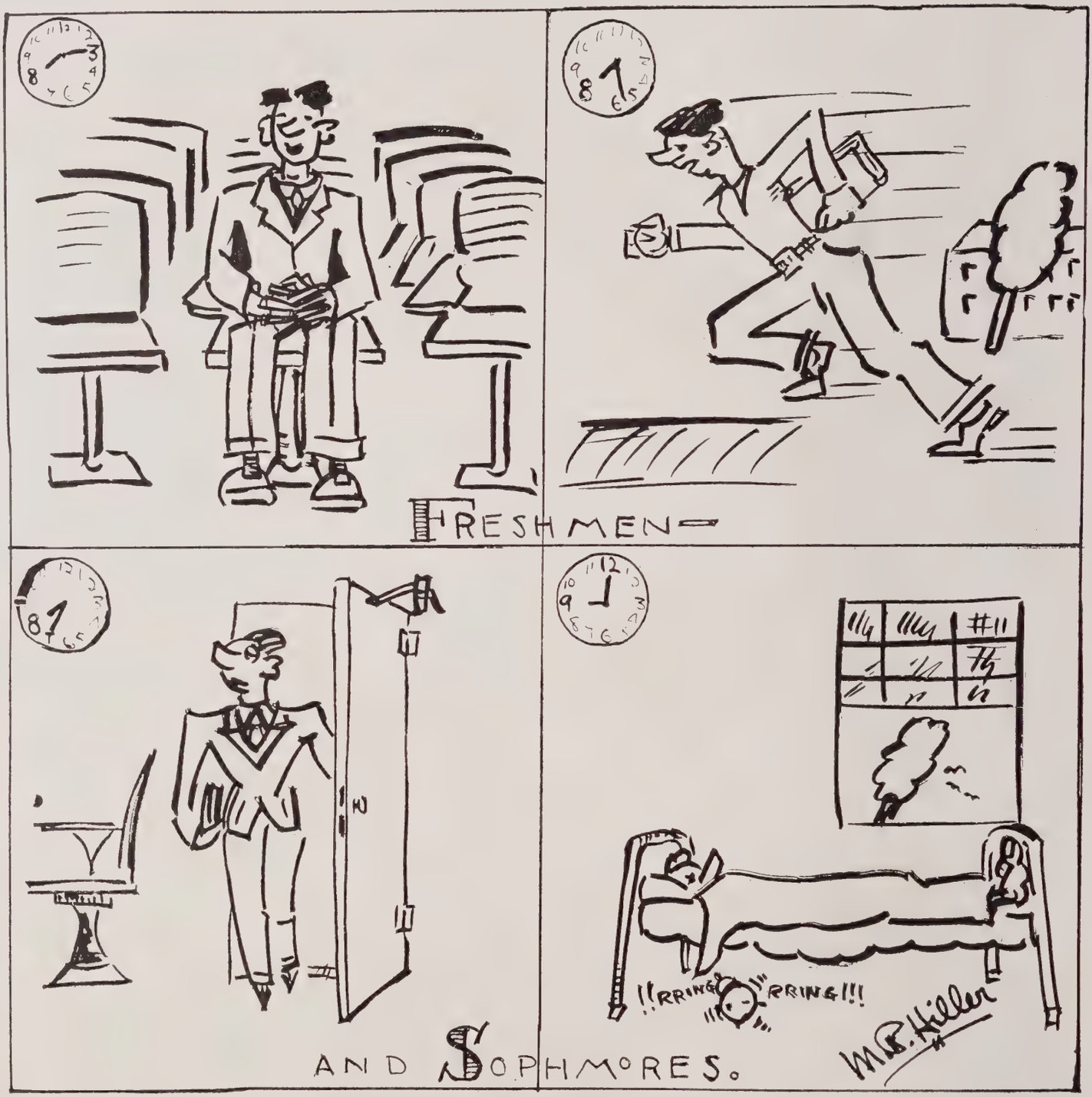
"TWO PARTS GIN . . . ." By Phil Goodwin

These beach pajamas suggest the modern woman perfectly. Absolutely the final thing from Paris, they are smart and easy to slip off. Above you see Mamie Diggs, equipped with a file, out to do a little chiseling. Wha tare the wild waves saying?

A photograph of Hulda Glutz, late of the psychology department, now of the psychopathic ward. She is wearing the useful ocean spray hat which may be worn over or under the eyes, depending on the weather. It can be taken off entirely, but it requires the standing army to do it. Note the unruffled expression of the lady's face.

These shoes are very popular among football players, but are equally useful in the boudoir. The toes are designed from a Hepplewhite highboy and are constructed by the Isaac Bushey shipbuilding company. They are finished in solid mahogany.

A photograph of Mary, Duchess of Mayonaisse, taken just before she won her ourth consecutive tree sitting contest. Note the bustle, extended in the correct position for landing, note the bullet proof vest trimmed in White Sable.



DICTIONARY OF SCIENTIFIC TERMS

Calorie—the third balcony in a theatre.
Element—a large animal in the circus.
Burette—a little bureau.
Centimeter—a bug with a hundred legs.
Magnet—a bug that lives on dead people.
Solute—a gesture directed to an army officer.
Atom—the first man.
Logarithm—music of the woods.
Antimony—what a divorced guy pays to his former wife.
Barium—what you do to dead people.
Caesium—the man who conquered all Gaul.
Copper—a policeman.
Gold—a disease that you get in the wintertime.
Ion—what the washerwoman uses.
Zinc—something that you wash dishes in.
Inductor—a guy that takes up money in the street car.
Flask—You're in college now. Answer it yourself.

What this fraternity needs is MEN like you.

Three masked men entered the bank of a small New England town. As they came behind the cages and ordered the tellers and girl cashiers to stick up their hands, one girl not only stuck up her hands but also jumped up on a table and pulled her skirts up above her knees.

"What the hell." said her girlfriend as she spied her, "this is a hold-up, not a directors' meeting."

Said the fisherman looking at a huge stuffed fish upon the wall: "The guy that caught that fish is a liar."

Fortune Teller: And you are going to marry a short, slim, blond girl.

Johnny: Can't you be specific —that description fits all four.

Rastus, working in Dr. Smith's office, answered the ring of a phone one day and said, "Yassuh, yass uh, it sho' is," and hung up.

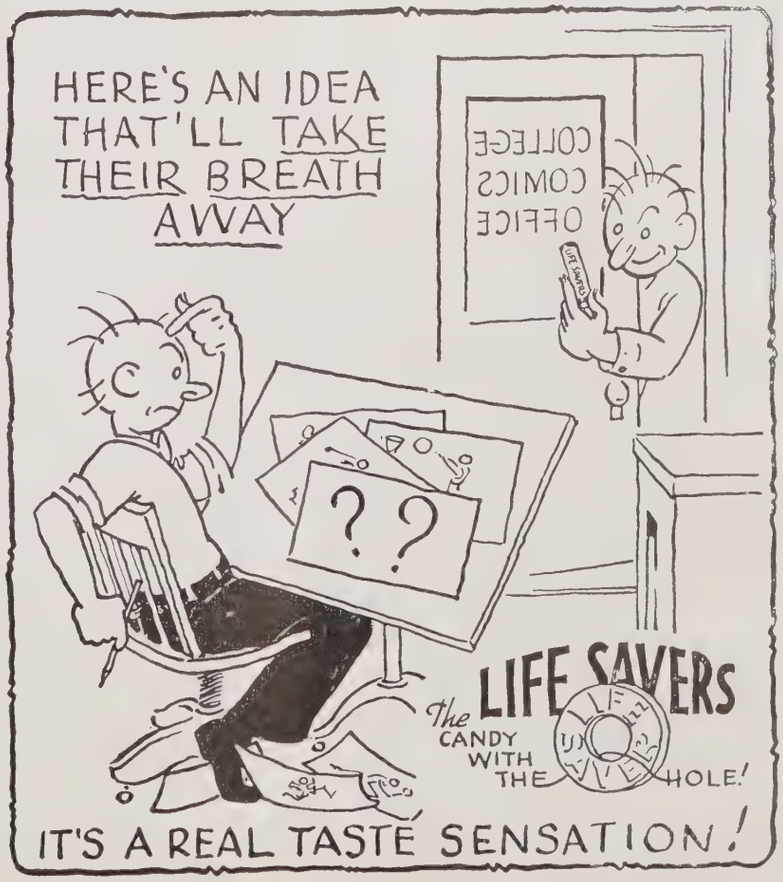
In a minute the phone rang again, Rastus was again heard to say: "Yassuh, yassuh, it sho' is."

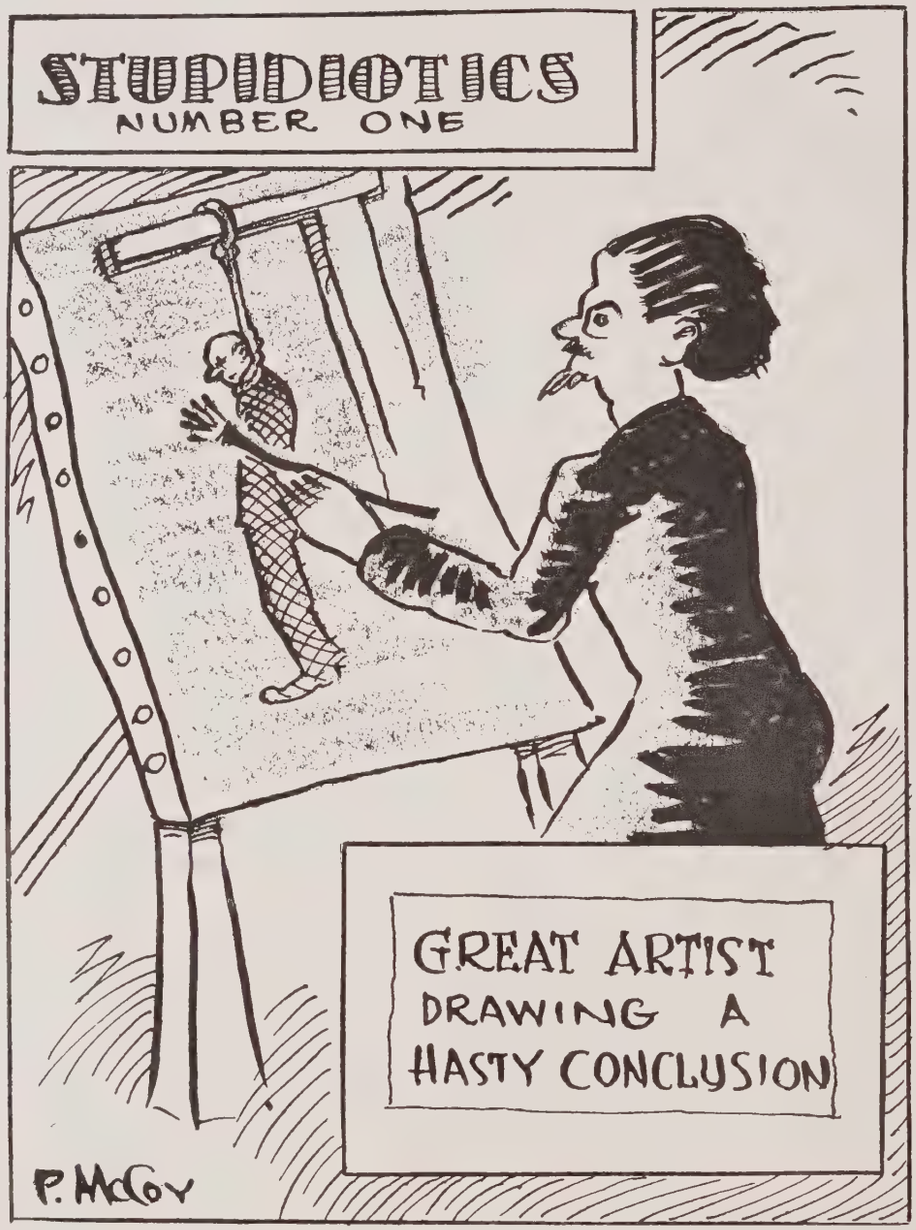
Dr. Smith then asked him what had taken place over the phone.

"Well, this man he asked me was this Dr. Smith's office in Durham, and ah said: 'Yassuh, it sho' is'. Then he hung up and called again and said: 'This is a 'long distance' from New York' and ah said 'Yassuh, yassuh, it sho is."

A TOAST TO . . .

Here's how! Well, not how; here's when. We already know how.





Once upon a time, there was a freshman who was even dumber than other freshmen, if possible. On his way to school, this freshman met a Cedar Bird.

"Where are you going, my Little One?" the Cedar Bird inquired.

"I'm going to collitch," the freshman said, "to get some learning into my head."

"Simple, silly boy," the Cedar Bird cried. "They don't teach learning at college. You should have subscribed to the *Atlantic Monthly* and stayed to home. But, if you go to college you must, then listen to me. What did you bring with you, besides them illusions?"

"Why, I brought a broom, a wash pan, my other suit, some handkerchiefs, and—er—ah—a toilet article. And I hain't got on no illusions, neither, if you must know."

"Now, now, Child—no offense meant. Lots of people wear them, now that cold weather is coming on. I was referring a moment ago to a state of mind held by all students who think they will actually learn a lot of book larnin' in college.

"The first thing we must do is to get you some college accoutrements. You will have to have some smoked glasses to wear on eight-thirty classes, and some art magazine pictures to paste up in your room. And, by the way, get that 'No Parking' sign over there, to go in one corner. You won't need any clothes—you can wear your room-mate's. Throw away the broom and wash pan. There hasn't been a room swept or a face washed in this institution since 1896. They use the wading system and talcum powder.

"As for the other article—Oh, well, if you insist. You might use it as a helmet when they rush the picture show.

"Don't buy any cigarettes. Fraternity men furnish them to all freshmen for the first few weeks. After that, somebody on your floor may buy some—anyway, wait and see.

"You'll have to know how to drink corn licker without a chaser, and swear fluently. How is your vocabulary on profanity? Never mind, that's plenty. You must have gone to a prep school.

"You must pretend to know all about sex. If somebody mentions birth control, you look wise and say something about unrewarded love. All women are 'hot,' 'keen,' or 'wash-outs.' If you have a date with a wash-out, never admit it. If you are asked about the moral character of any girl with whom you have had a date, you must say, 'Well, of course, she's in love with me, but I think she has a good mother.'

"Never admit that you are a freshman. They don't wear freshman caps at this school, and if you look bored and sort of like you were getting over a drunk, you may pass for a senior.

"Now, run along, my son, and pay strict attention to the advice I have given you, and you may get to be president of your class."

Prof: Do you know how iron was discovered?

Stude: Maybe they smelt it.

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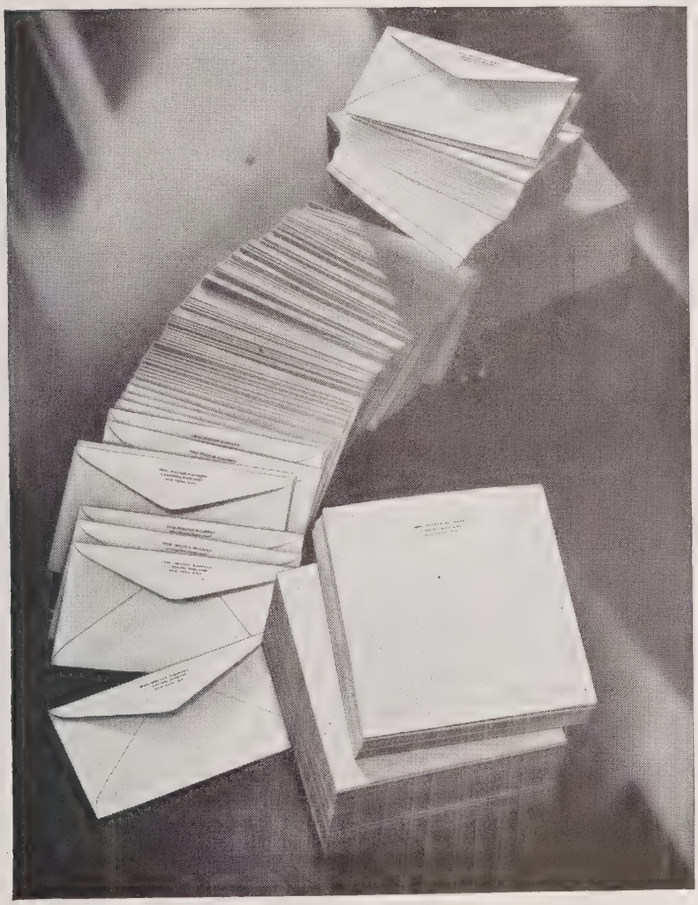

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'36: You must think I'm dumb, trying to sell me a chapel seat when I've two already.

He: Have you heard the snake song?

She: No, what is it?

He: One more hiss, then good-night.

Last night I held a little hand,
So pretty and so sweet,
I gazed at it with loving looks,
I fondled it with joy;
No other hand unto my soul,
Can greater solace bring,
Than that one which I held last night . . .
Four Aces and a King!

Bride (at wedding): And we are positively not going to have any children for the first three years of our marriage.

Best Man: But don't you know that that's a law of Nature; you cannot control that; you cannot regulate that.

Bridegroom: Well, we've been successful so far.

First Frosh: Where is the Quadrangle?

Second Frosh: A sophomore told me there was one in Phillips Hall.

Ear-wagging donkeys, when they pass,
Exchange no smile or word of cheer;
Methinks that there is many an ass
About the campus here!

What this University needs is not a good five cent cigar but less professors, less studying, less discipline, and more week-ends, more football players, better looking co-eds, and better crap shooters.

"You're telling ME they're Milder?"

IF YOUR cigarette is mild—that is, not strong, not bitter, but smokes cool and smooth—then you like it.

If your cigarette tastes right; if it tastes better—that is, not oversweet; and if it has a pleasing aroma — then you enjoy it the more.

Everything known to Science is used to make Chesterfield Cigarettes milder and taste better.

The right kinds of leaf tobacco—American and Turkish—are blended and cross-blended. That's why "They Satisfy."

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SNICKERS from our *CONTEMPORARIES*

THE USUAL THING

Mary had a little lad
With Phi Psi pin of gold,
And Mary led him on one day
Until he grew quite bold.

And now the pin the Phi Psi wore
Is where all good pins go—
For Mary was quite broke that day
And badly needed dough.

—*Cornell Widow*

Having a warm date in an Austin is kinda like trying to play a trombone in a telephone booth.

—*Yellow Jacket*

Ooo, lookee, Pop! The stork just dropped a litter of wolf pups down the chimney!

—*Purple Parrot*

"What part of the chicken do you like best, opera box or ballet?"
"What do you mean?"
"Breast or leg."

—*Pitt Panther*

"So you had a date with a college guy?"
"No. I tore my dress on a nail."

—*Puppet*

"She's a good girl. I made her myself."

—Reserve *Red Cat*

D. Z. (returning to house with date): Hello, everybody, Norm and I just go married.
Chappie: Companionate or compulsory?

—*The Siren*

Lead us not into temptation, show us where it is and save yourself trouble.

—*Beanpot*

Some girls get in the follies through sheer luck, but usually because of sheer silk.

—Reserve *Red Cat*

Beta: A fool and his money are soon parted.
Tri-Delt: Who got yours?

—*Purple Parrot*

Father: You take accounting at college, don't you son?
Son: Yes, sure.
Father: Well, how can you account for the brassiere and panties you sent home in your last laundry?

—*Kansas Sour Owl*

To discover that he hadn't any money, he approached the driver: "Say, I haven't any money, is my face good for my fare?"
"No!"
"Well, then, I guess you'll have to collect on the other end."

—Ohio *Sun Dial*

Ever hear of the young plumber who arrived at the party and found he had forgotten his wench?

—*Missouri Showme*

"You've broken my heart."
"You've broken my training."

Wampus

First White-Wing: Where's your pride? Look how much cleaner Blotz keeps his street. There's not a blemish in a block.
2 w.w.: That's all right, but the S. P. C. A. is gonna get Blotz. He won't even let the horses hesitate.

—*Dirge*

Even his best friend wouldn't tell him—so he flunked the exam.

—*Dirge*

Amherst '35: I knew I'd love you the minute I heard of you.
Smith: How did you know?
Amherst '35: One of the brothers was out with you last week.

—*Lord Jeff*

An optimist is a guy who opens a pint in a crowd and saves the cork.

—*Rice Owl*

"You gave me the wrongsteer," said the milkmaid as she came away with an empty pail.

—*Voo Doo*

"Why, you low-down, knock-kneed, bow-legged, double-jointed, spavined, horse-collared, wheat-faced rat; you no-account, dirty little heel."
"Who's dirty?"

—*Purple Parrot*

A close-fitting short skirt is like a barbed wire fence — it protects the property but doesn't obstruct the view.

—*Witt*

"Need any money?"
"No."
"Need a drink?"
"No."
"Need my tux?"
"No."
"Need my car?"
"No."
"Why not?"
"Took castor oil."

—*Do Do*

"We want a girl to sell kisses at the bazaar. Have you had any experience?"
"I went to college."
"Ah, a professional!"

—*Pitt Panther*

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★ NOW, AS THEN, ARROW SETS THE STYLE ★

Back in the days when football players gloried in unshorn locks and the Flying Wedge, many a shoe string tie peeped from beneath a collar like this. It may look a bit goofy to you today—but remember! Your Dad probably wore a collar like this—and won approving glances from the girl who was to become your Mother. For then—as now—the style was set by Arrow.

Here is the Arrow Trump—the shirt that sets the style for 1932. Made of a specially woven broadcloth, the Trump has carefully tailored shoulders—correct arm lengths—a shirt front that lies as smooth as a summer sea—and a collar with the trim, smart fit that only Arrow can achieve. In white, stripes and plain colors. The Trump is America's best shirt value at $1.95.

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And that fit is worth retaining. For every Arrow Shirt is tailored perfectly throughout. And you can get your correct sleeve lengths in Arrow Shirts, and they stay correct forever.

And every Arrow Shirt has a collar that has been the despair of other shirt makers. For Arrow—maker of over four billion collars—knows more about putting fit and style and trimness into a collar than anyone else in the world. When you're buying shirts, be sure to look for the Arrow label. Remember, if it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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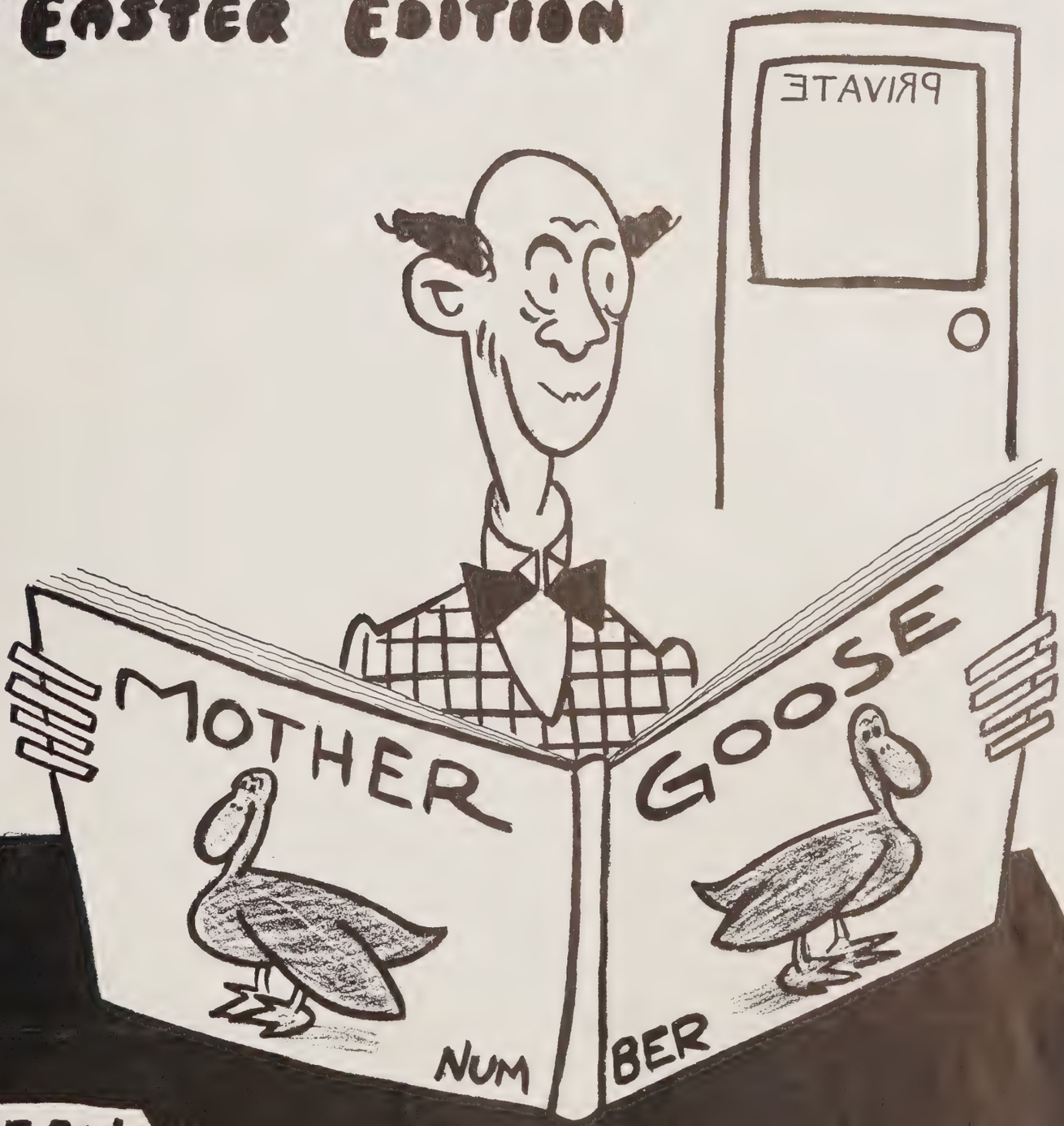
ARROW SHIRTS SANFORIZED SHRUNK

Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — or your money back

CAROLINA BUCCANEER

EASTER EDITION



DEAN

Bobbie Mason

STUPENDOUS OFFER

Buccaneer Office Lets Out Dope on Special Magazine Offers

According to rumors that were widespread over the entire campus late yesterday it was said that the **Buccaneer** Business staff was selling special subscriptions to both **Time** and **College Humor.** One member of the staff verified this report. His statement was to the effect that the entire staff was carrying on a huge campaign the results of which were expected to be overwhelming.

It seems that this campaign was to be in full swing by December, but that the offers made by **College Humor** and **Time** were so excellent that the staff has started its campaign now. LOOK FOR THEM. They have something to offer you, something by which **you** can gain.

Buccaneer & College Humor may be had for:

The Buccaneer (7 More Issues) . .	$1.75 ☐
College Humor (One Year)	2.50 ☐
	$4.25

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER
to Undergraduates and Alumni $2.90 ☐
Students may secure College Humor for $1.50

TIME may be had for:

2 years	@$8.00
1 year	@$5.00
9 months	@$3.75
6 months	@$2.50
3 months	@$1.25

SEE SOME MEMBER OF THE BUSINESS STAFF

THE

CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME X NOVEMBER, 1932 NUMBER 2

BOBBIE MASON ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
BERNARD S. SOLOMON ..... *Business Manager*

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CAROLINA THEATRE

Monday, November 21st
Will Rogers
in
"Too Busy to Work"

Tuesday, November 22nd
Paul Muni
in
"I'm a Fugitive"

Wednesday, November 23rd
Walter Huston
in
"Kongo"

Thursday, November 24th
Ricardo Cortez
in
"Phantom of Crestwood"

Friday, November 25th
Charles Laughton
in
"Payment Deferred"

CAROLINA THEATRE

We Invite You

To try our well-balanced and excellently-served meals

C. & H. Cafeteria

"Growing Popular by Being Better"

IT'S HERE

Everything in sports equipment, banners, and pennants, at reduced prices.

University Book Exchange

The Orange Printshop
PRINTERS AND DESIGNERS

The Buccaneer
The Alumni Review
The Daily Tar Heel
The Carolina Magazine
The Carolina Playbook

and a complete service in general commercial printing

The Orange Printshop
Phone 3781 Box 283

"My wife ran away with my best friend."
"Was he good-looking?"
"I don't know. Never met the fel'ow."

—*Whiz-Bang*

"Youse is a viper!"
"Aye not be viper. Aye be dam' gud oiler."

—*Columns*

"Say, old boy, whatsa matta?"
"Aw, I flunked my final from correspondence school. When I sat down at the piano, nobody laughed . . . "

—*Longhorn*

First Eunuch: Say man, did I ever te'l you about my operation?

—*Exchange*

Brassieres, Algernon, are articles of feminine underclothing, which co-eds wear for two obvious reasons.

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

Her hat was on her side, her clothes rumpled and her shoes were in shreds.
"Were you knocked down by a motorist?" asked a sympathetic bystander.
"No, picked up," she snapped.

—*Desert Wolf*

First Wall Street Broker: Let's flip a coin to see who stays in the office today.
Second Ditto: All right, send out the office boy to see if he can borrow a coin somewhere.

—*Exchange*

Sunday School Teacher: And when the prodigal son returned, what happened, Tommy?
Tommy: His father ran to meet him and hurt himself severely.
Teacher: Wherever did you get that impression?
Tommy: It says so right in the Bible—that his father ran to meet him and fell on his neck.

—*Exchange*

Husband: You, my best friend, with my wife? Really you know, old chap, that isn't cricket!
Twombley: Of course not, but it's more fun.

—*Tiger*

At first he liked being pledged, but he got sore in the end.

—*M.I. T. Voo Doo*

"Yes, we got a good many rapids while we were in the North woods."
"Did you find them good eating?"

—*Royal Gaboon*

Delta: Here's some candy for you. Sweets for the sweet.
Kappa: Thanks. Here are some nuts.

—*Purple Parrot*

A sailor fell off his ship on to a wharf one night and hurt his hand. A week or so later, when he was getting better he asked the doctor anxiously. "Say, doc, when this hand of mine gets well, will I be able to play the banjo?"
"Sure," said the doctor.
"Gee, Doc, you're a wonder," said the sailor, "I never could before."

—*Lyre*

It was just another Scotchman who married the half-witted girl because she was fifty percent off.

—*Yale Record*

Salesman (telegraphing from Ohio): Having wonderful time. Marion is great.
Wife (telegraphing back immediately): Same here. George is not so bad.

—*Cornell Widow*

They're Clicking—

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"Sailing, Sailing, over the Bounding Main"

In over eighty countries . . . no matter where you may go, by land or by sea or by air . . . you can always buy Chesterfields.

Their reputation for Mildness and Better Taste is international. Just ask for the cigarette that *satisfies*.

The cigarette that's MILDER
The cigarette that TASTES BETTER

Wherever you buy Chesterfields, you get them just as fresh as if you came by our factory door

WITH RADIO AND RECORD

By Jim Jackson

This business of writing a column is fast assuming the proportions of a racket . . . fellow columnists using their creations to call each other names (my, my!), brand each others works as uninteresting, and otherwise making clever implications (?) for the benefit of that choice few who know what it's all about. When we come right down to it all a column is is nothing more than a little first-class "interest" put across in a bunch of sophisticated subtle phrases connected by a couple dozen or so dots. But—alas—where is my coherence? After all, this isn't supposed to be a column on columns . . . It's going to try and reel off a little about Mr. Victor's, Mr. Columbia's and Mr. Brunswick's new records . . . . . and a little chatter about the goings-on of your favorite bands and songsters with an N. B. C. or C. B. S. degree.

It would make a fine case for a psychologist to find out just what the reaction is that makes us sit up way past our bedtimes just to listen to Isham JONES, Guy LOMBARDO, Cab CALLOWAY, Don REDMAN, Henry BUSSE, or Hal KEMP broadcast their choice assortments of tunes.

Wonder how many of us heard our own HAL KEMP recently in one of "Lucky Strike's" big programs? The announcer gave Carolina a big hand for being the foster-parent of so fine a band. Hal's "Four-in-a-row" Sax section gets our vote for just about the best in the land. That'll bring a lot of "boos" from those that gather 'round the music box when the Lombardos come on, won't it?

What a comeback Isham Jones has made . . . That's old stuff, but, the fact is he's still making it more so every day. Right

after the War, while at the College Inn, he was the finest "for miles around." Then came the lapse into almost oblivion. Finally, after more than a decade, he began playing the kind of music we moderns like to hear. One of the big reasons for his popularity is his featured vocalist, Eddie Stone, that little lad with a style of singing all his own. The band's fame has steadily mounted during very successful engagements at the well known Pelham Heath . . . then this summer at the Ambassador Grill in Atlantic City . . . Right now it's better than ever at New York's Hollywood Restaurant.

A lot of us have wondered why Guy Lombardo wasn't in the Big Broadcast . . . publicity and the good old Dollar, my friends . . . Guy insisted on the top billing that went to Bing Crosby. He would accept no other, and didn't get his wish so out went the Royal Canadians.

Another old favorite, Anson Weeks, is commanding the attention of a lot of listeners with his new brand of music . . . fine, snappy, precise music with lots of sax flourish and powerful bass.

Now to turn to some of the month's best record releases. I think we'll all admit that The Big Broadcast's offering "PLEASE" holds the floor for the big favorite . . on this campus at least. The Brunswick recording by BING CROSBY with ANSON WEEKS band has "IT" if any record ever did . . . . it's the kind of music that a couple in love sings to each other in the silence of a beautiful moonlit night. Other Brunswick releases that are destined to become "household words" (Fraternity household, at least) before another moon has past are:

DON REDMAN'S—"UNDERNEATH THE HARLEM MOON."

"ME MINUS YOU"—A tricky arrangement by CONNIE BOSWELL and her Dorsay Brothers accompaniment.

"PINK ELEPHANTS" and "HOW DEEP IS THE OCEAN" on the reverse by the LOMBARDOS.

"JIG TIME"—a Ted WEEMS composition, done in fine style by THE THREE KEYS, those dusky lads that are giving the Mills Freres so much competition.

"LET'S PUT OUT THE LIGHTS AND GO TO SLEEP" —in the usual BEN BERNIE style.

Victor's outstanding contribution is, as usual, one of ISHAM JONES' recordings . . . his own latest and most beautiful waltz composition:

"I'LL NEVER HAVE TO DREAM AGAIN" . . . it has a beautiful trumpet chorus backed by blending saxophone and bass.

I hope you'll like them.

When you're in a Hot Spot –light a cool OLD GOLD

Finer tobacco, that's the answer. Queen-leaf tobacco from the heart of the stalk. The choicest and coolest burning of all Turkish and domestic.

Get this, folks:
OLD GOLDS are FULL-WEIGHT

not a cough in a carload

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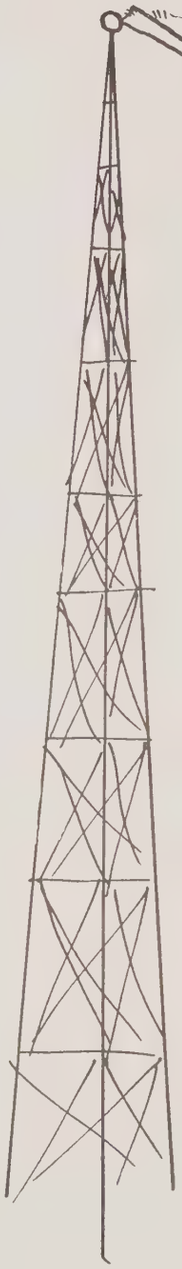
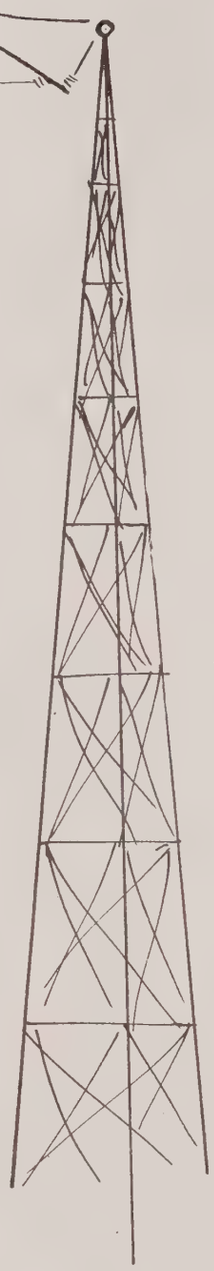




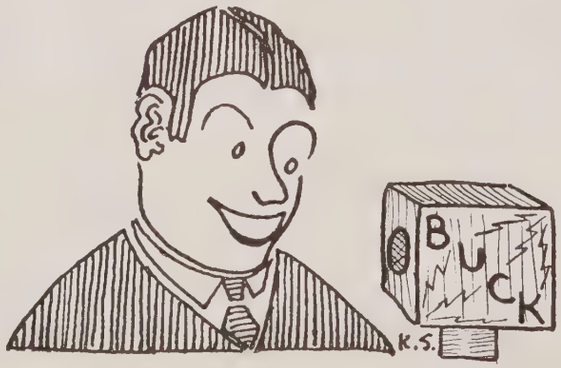
Ladeeees and Gentlemunnnn! Through the courtesy of the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, we take great pleasure in presenting this, the second BUCCANEER program of the season. And may we say, folks, that it also gives us the greatest of pleasure to dedicate this program to those very dear friends of ours over in Graham Memorial, the inmates of that most estimable asylum, the *Daily Tar Heel* office . . .

And before we go any further, folks, we might add a bit of explanation as to why our black-sheep brother publication has become the recipient of the dedicatory honors on this month's program.

Having become the self-appointed *ne plus ultra* of campus journalism, the *Tar Heel* feels it a brotherly duty to cast its protective and guiding wing over the remainder of the campus publications. We appreciate its interest, folks, and you can bet that every time it has something nice to say about our flexible publication date we are mighty thrilled about the notice we've received. Yes sir! When we break into the editorial columns because our date of publication is a little over due, then you can't imagine how we strut around, just too proud for anything! But when now and then we are immortalized in the limpid prose of a *Tar Heel* columnist . . . Oh, My! We just have to do something to return the favor.

So here it is ladies and gentlemen . . . Our last issue was much publicized by the *Tar Heel* tautologists for being overdue, so we take this opportunity to present for their benefit and pleasure

The Easter Number for 1933:



The Carolina BUCCANEER
UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME X NOVEMBER, 1932 NUMBER 2

BUCCANEERING

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

Simple Simon

"Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair."

That's a perfectly good Mother Goose rhyme, right in keeping with this number of the BUCCANEER. Only there are two Simple Simons in this story and they didn't meet the pieman until they reached the fair grounds, the State Fair grounds at Raleigh, to be exact. There they came upon a pieman who ran a stand and sold hot dogs, pop, and cigarettes as well as pies. The Simons wanted to taste the fellow's wares but, just like the original one, they were unable to show him first their penny. The pieman, however, proved himself more congenial than the one of the rhyme and quite willingly exchanged his goods for a couple of slugs of what had made the Simons simple.

After a while the Simons decided to take up the pieman profession and crawled into the booth with their new bosom friend. Many hot dogs were sold and consumed by them during the course of the evening and a couple Delta Psi's didn't go to classes next day.

(Editor's note: I don't believe this one appeared in *In the Main.*)

Gentleman

"Carolina gentleman" is a term often used when referring to students of this institution and we have always taken a certain amount of secret pride in the fact. There are those who claim, however, that the student body is becoming too cosmopolitan; that "Carolina gentlemen" now rank with corsets, side burns, chaperones, and all those things of the past. We were fortunate in recently hearing of an incident that convinced us that such a presumption is unfounded.

Mid term W's and X's were posted and cards were mailed to the faltering. A freshman on the receiving list read his carefully. It was his very first and was one of those "please drop by to see me" and "at your earliest convenience" kinds.

The freshman had been thoroughly drilled in such little matters and hastily replied to the Dean, "I thank you for your kind invitation. I shall be delighted to call on you sometime in the very near future."

Amazons

We were very interested in the *Tar Heel* article concerning the athleticizing of the Carolina co-eds. Being quite school spirited and liberal with our ideas, we present a few suggestions that might well be followed in developing future Babe Didricksons right here on the campus.

Carolina's fair ought to take up football. The game and its training rules are slightly hard and exacting right now, but after the rules committee has banned a few of the rougher tactics, women might easily find places on the varsity.

Tennis should also be stressed by the co-eds. This sport is a wonderful muscle builder and has already been gone into by many of the weaker sex. Sunny Graham, a master of the game, might assist by consenting to lend a little extra coaching to the various girls he sometimes entertains as week-end guests at his Chapel Hill home.

Wrestling, it seems to us, should be made a major sport by the members of the Woman's Association. Bouts might be staged at any convenient time or place with or without referees or chaperones. Think of the co-operation that could be gained from the male students; Frank (Pi Phi House Mother, Big, Bad Fraternity Man, etc.) Hargraves, whose left ear is slightly cauliflowered, might well supply as coach of the Pi Phi team as he lives conveniently close by and knows all the holds. And Frank might well suggest to his candidates the training rules he learned from his dean during summer school.

Stork?

The announcer of the Florida-Carolina game was busy telling who fumbled, kicked, or tackled what, but he hesitated long enough to announce, "Dr. Somebody is wanted in the field house. There is an urgent phone call for him there."

The game and the announcer went on. Then came through the amplifier, "Will Dr. So and So please go to the phone in the field house? There is a lady on the wire and she seems to be in a hurry."

Many cracks were made after the crowd quieted down. The best one we heard was, "Page Walter Winchell."

Movie

Being in a strange town and having nothing else to do last week, we attended a movie and sat next to a very nice and refined looking old lady. Before the feature started a cowboy picture, one of those regular old Saturday afternoon, peanut gallery kinds was screened. The white haired old soul seemed to enjoy it immensely. We couldn't help but notice her as she clasped her hands with childish glee at the sight of the hero and heroine, and we heard her softly hiss when the villianious Indians appeared. She straightened up in her seat when the rascals abducted the fair maiden and sighed with relief when the upright young fellow mounted his horse and rode after them in hot pursuit. We almost pitied our neighbor when the heroine jumped away from her captors, attempted to flee, and fell over a cliff, because her expression showed quite plainly the agony she felt.

Then the picture stopped and "TO BE CONTINUED" was focused upon the screen.

"Oh, hell," said the nice old lady. Putting it, we thought, pretty well.

Personal

We hear many things and many people discussed and, mainly because this column needs dots, we are going to pass them on to you. Here goes:

A fair young thing visited all the fraternity houses, passed her opinion, and said, "I'll see you later." . . . Al Capone has threatened to take Ignatz (Beer Baron, Acetone) Gant for a ride due to the latter's activity with his ten gallon, high pressured crock . . . . Dave Lynch washed his ears before having his picture made for the *Yackety Yack* . . . Basil (Harpo) Hall burns the candle at both ends and stays up 'til the wee small hours wrestling with temptation (Editor's note—Temptation is dated up until next Labor Day—I tried) . . . . Bill Jones and Mutt Ridenhour recently attended one of their favorite movies . . . Don Shoemaker read *Time* during the Florida game . . . a co-ed referred to Spencer Hall as the "Winch Works" . . . . Howard Manning said "I ain't making no time" . . .

We could go on, but we won't.

Whoever designed our campus had an eye for convenience! Look: They put the Freshman football field beside the cemetery, and a nursery behind the School of Education; but their prime feat, and one that showed their knowledge of our Younger Generation, was that of placing Spencer Hall in front of the Arboretum and then next door to a church.

Freshman: What a beautiful backyard Spencer Hall has!

Rich Richard's Almanac

Too many cooks ask for a raise in pay.

It's an ill wind that blows from the chemistry building.

All work and no play makes Jack.

In a multitude of counsellors there is a helluva bill to pay.

Every dog must have his tree.

A profit is not without honor, in times of depression.

East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall agree on how a bridge hand should be played.

Don't count your chickens before you've made them.

A hole in one, saves nine extra strokes.

Save your pennies, and the dollars will go to somebody else.

burned in bronze by that old
three blind maestro,

Pat Gaskins

"But Officer, I thought it was a baseball game."

Little Boy Blew

KNEES

By Everett

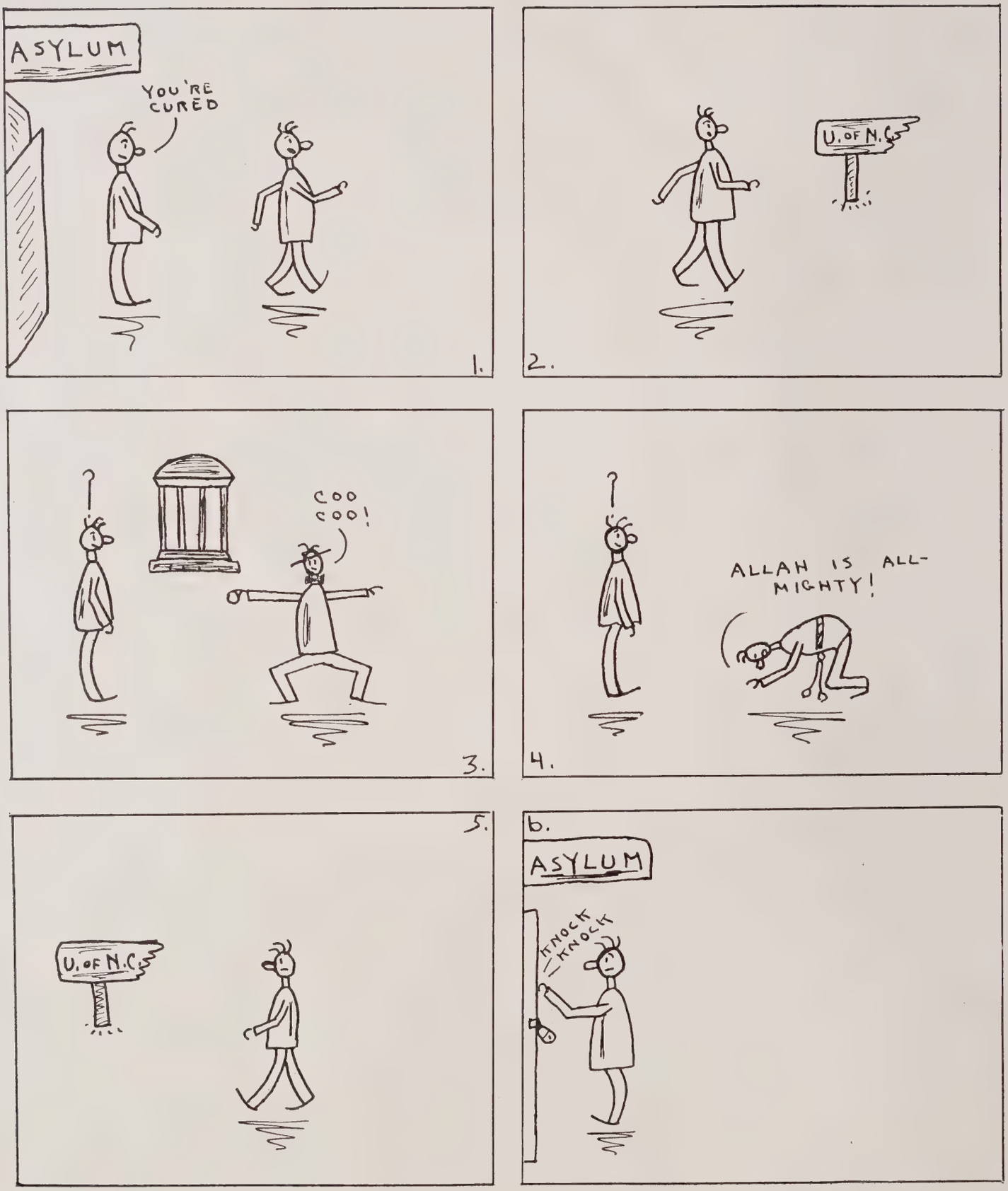
I think that I shall never see
An absolutely perfect knee,
A knee whose shape is most divine
I know by God that knee ain't mine;
A knee that can be seen by day
And at night, gets down to pray.
A knee that may a dimple bear
Upon which there is no sightly hair;
Upon whose cap no hand has lain
Whose charm has driven men insane,
Girls are made by fools like me,
I know there is no perfect knee.

There was an old lady who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children—
There wasn't any Margeret Sanger then!

For some reason or other I don't think the Pied Piper got rid of all the rats—Look at my room-mate!

Tri: See that pretty girl there? Well the relations between her and me are purely platonic.

Pod: Yeh, play for you and tonic for her.


ASYLUM
YOU'RE CURED
1.
U. OF N.C.
2.
COO COO!
3.
ALLAH IS ALL-MIGHTY!
4.
5.
U. OF N.C.
6.
ASYLUM
KNOCK KNOCK

It's a Wonder She Matriculated

Caroline, a co-ed friend of mine, is simply fascinated by college life. But she can't understand why they call those buildings the boys sleep in *dormitories* when they aren't a bit like camels. She says that maybe it's because they have some connection with dates. She also thinks that those spots on her clothes that washing failed to remove are *laundry deposits*.

I asked her what she thought of our *pre-medical* institute and she said that she didn't know, that she only went around with nice girls. I told her that a friend of mine had just been *shipped* and she said she just knew he was having a marvelous time and didn't I think travel was very broadening?

She thinks that the Playmaker's free productions are *liberal arts*, and that a man with a *bachelor's* degree leads a very lonely life. She is sure that *Spanish* is that green stuff that nobody likes to eat.

I asked her if she liked the thought of Latin, German, and Greek being taught here and she said she didn't believe in *latin* any of those foreigners in.

She si quite sure that a student's snub while at a lecture is a *class* cut. I asked her what she thought of *hazing* and she said that the hazing at Chapel Hill was the prettiest she had ever seen, especially at sundown. She is certain that *tuition* is what they call a woman's hunch.

Ho: I thought that girl used to be a blonde.

Mo: She was but she went off the gold standard.

Slicker Snicker

One: Hell! If this rain keeps up I'll drown!

T'other: If it keeps up it won't come down.

The fraternity boys have bought
a full case,
So they are pitching a party
tonight.
The friends are all here to share
the fun
And Jack and Jill are getting
tight.

The hotcha girls and the pledges
too,
They'e all had a swig of moon.
Some spend the night, some go
right,
Some go wrong too soon.

The party was a wow, they'll
say, and how.
The girls, they were sorta
loose.
They've finished the rye and all
are high,
Now they're off to get tomato
juice.

—*Preston Moses*

Personally, I think the *tar heel* should be kept under foot.

Little Boy Blue is pretty high;
He's still drinking more corn.
Red Riding Hood is not so good,
She won't get home until
morn.

"Look, Pop, I won the loving cup!"

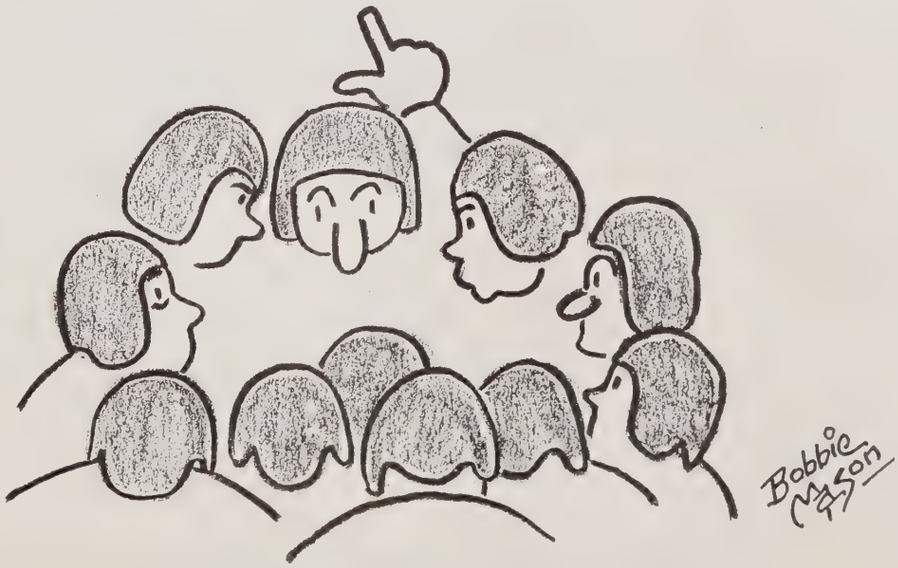
"So that's what you think I sent you to college for!"

"This University has 14,000 alumni."

"Migawd! And only twenty rooms in its Alumni Building?"

Chief of Police: And you say you were attacked by a gang of hoodlums?

Latin Professor: No sir, *hoodla*.



Quarterback: "We'll just pass over that."

"Just as I told you; bow-legged as hell."

Perforated Sheet Music for Infantile Intellects

Being Mainly a series of Popular Folk Songs Slightly Revised and Respectfully Submitted as Fitting Lullabyes for the Coming Generation of College Men and Their Variegated Offspring.

Music by Merving Berling
Edited by B. S. Van Dyke

Away down yonder in Aberdeen,
Cat and the baby on a sewing machine!
Baby took ninety-eight stitches in the tomcat's tail
In a minute and a half—it sewed so fast!

Old Molly Hare, what are you doing there,
Running through the cotton patch hard as you can tear?
Look back! Look back! Daddy shot a bear—
Shot him through the eyeball and never touched a hair.

Rock-a-bye, *ma petite cherie,* in gay Paree
The mother croons and rocks the little patootie—
Poor little love-child with Irish eyes and Ethiope head.
Hinky Dinky, come out from under that bed!

Old Aunt Nina was sitting on a rock,
Whetting her razor on the hem of her sock.
The razor slipped when she blew her nose.
Now Aunty has a pair of lace mesh hose.

The monkey and the baboon were sitting in the grass;
The monkey threw the baboon a forward pass—
I thought sure as hell he was going to punt!

Half-past a billy goat's horn—
Every few minutes a college man born.
A billy goat smells like virile high treason—
College men, too, but for a different reason.

Bye-O, Baby Bunting—
Daddy has gone a-hunting.
He'll come in romantic and full of rye—
You'll have a little playmate, bye and bye.

Climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy,
And close your little eyes and go to sleep—
Before Pappa slaps hell out of you!

Old granny Hurbert
Went to the Cubbart
To get for the people some relief-it—
But when he got there
The treasury was bare,
And Congress couldn't belief-it.

Hurdy-gurdy, buller brush man,
Scamper away as fast as you can—
Just around the corner comes the big ice man.

". . . . . and Mary had a little lamb."

Gasped the track man as he dashed in: "I'm coming in short pants."

Sing a song of fraternity
A gallon jug of rye
Four and twenty brothers
Looping to the sky.

One was in the parlor
With lights both dim and low
When suddenly a frightened voice:
"I tank dat now I go."
Another in the kitchen
Pouring out a drink
This by chance did prove too much
And slipped into the sink.

An ill wind blows no good.
The cops they came at three.
What was once a rah-rah order
Is now but history.

So skinny a woman
Was Zeenie Brown:
She swallowed an olive—
Five men left town.

"What's the biggest mystery you ever had?"

"A seige of hash at Swain Hall."

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Editorial

The University is to have a new song, not one to replace *Hark! the Sound,* but an additional one with a little more snap and color, a "song of battle" that will be appropriate for football games and nearly any other event.

Thornton Allen, the author of *Spirit of V. M. I., Washington and Lee Swing,* and many other collegiate favorites, is supplying the words and music. The Order Of The Grail with the cooperation of Dr. H. S. Dyer of the music school and a committee representing the administration, is sponsoring the undertaking. The Grail will supervise the distribution of sheet form copies sometime in the very near future.

The song will be given plenty publicity. It is to be included in a book of popular college melodies and will be broadcasted and recorded. Our own Hal Kemp and Kay Kyser, both of whom are still loyal Carolina men, should do wonders for it.

The University of North Carolina is the oldest state university in the country. Its campus is a thing of beauty and is surrounded with more tradition than that of any institution in the South. The Davie Poplar, the Old Well, and the old court in the middle of the campus not only lend individuality to the school but furnish an atmosphere that can never be forgotten.

The University is known both nationally and internationally for its liberalism and its soundness. It has achieved fame in athletics, and its alumni are known all over the world for the contributions they have made to every form of business, science, and art that exists.

As Carolina is distinctive and popularly known, so should at least one of her songs be. Many individuals and many institutions have written to the music department and to various campus organizations asking for our best known song. These usually express disappointment when they receive a tune that we really have no right to claim.

We certainly have enough material for a song that will be all our own and we more than deserve one. The fact that arrangements for the publication and distribution for such a melody have already been gone into is just another forward step for the University of North Carolina. The BUCCANEER is one hundred per cent for the project. We hope the student body will contribute to the success of the "Tar Heel Battle Song" in a great big way.

* * *

"And," as Old Man BUC said a year or so ago, "we hope you enjoy your Thanksgiving turkey."

"Naw, suh, I was raised on choclut milk."

DORM, SWEET DORM

'Mid hallways and shower rooms
Though we may storm
If it ever were silent
You'd know 'twas no dorm;
A burst from the floor above
Wrecks all peace there
Which, seek thru the world,
Is ne'er equaled elsewhere.

Dorm, dorm, sweet, sweet dorm,
There's no place like dorm (!)
Oh, there's no place like dorm.

Mary had a little lamb;
This tale you've heard before
But did you know she passed her plate
And had a little more?

I was strolling in the park one day when I met a young lady acquaintance of mine. As we started talking, a little puppy that she had in her arms suddenly broke loose and darted across the street. She called after it: "Here, Broker; Here, Broker."

"Oh," I said to her, "does your dog belong to the stock market?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "he does his trading on the curb."

Of all the poets 'neath the skies,
The **Buccaneer** poets I do despise.

Fair and Warning

By Frank Hargraves

What is the Pi Phi's name who has been looking so blue since a certain Playmaker product went to "Big Time?"

Johnny Holbrook, former S. A. E. "Bad Boy," is at home this year writing short stories. The question is, who is the "Bad Boy" now? Your guess is as good as mine.

Why is it that "Cuz" Smith, the A. T. O., don't like freshman co-eds? Ask the man who has one.

If the Kneeburg sisters don't start wearing labels, Frank, the K. A., is never going to get his dates straight.

Herb (Mahatma Gandhi) Newcombe and Erwin (Eagle Beak) Walker are still fighting over the issue as to which one has the largest nose. Why not give the undisputed title to the illustrious Charles (Snozzle) Rose?

It's all settled now. The fair young co-ed (?) that wants to meet the boy with the sweet smile is at last going to meet the one and only Bobbie Mason.

Does anyone know the young lady's name that kissed Johnny Daniels goodbye when he was leaving Greensboro on a football trip? No, I'm not curious but a certain co-ed is.

Yes, Henry Burnett is still a courting man but we Noell about it. (That was a lousy pun.)

What does Mutt Ridenhour go to Durham for? To see the movies, you fool.

Somebody made the crack that the young lady that played the part of "Little Eva" in the Playmaker production would look better in heaven. What do you think?

Did you know that Percy Brown is going to start charging for his lectures on what we do in Charlottesville and who I know in Boston?

If Bobby Carmichael doesn't stop imitating something he saw at the State Fair there is going to be hell to pay.

A sweet young thing from Sweet Briar came down here and told Tom White that he was so big and strong he made her feel so weak and helpless. What a man!

It has been rumored that the fraternities that took the bumpings on pledge day are now fully recovered and are starting to lay plans for next year.

Odell Sapp has condescended to give the co-ed's a break every now and then. That cruel, cruel man. Why has he made them wait this long?

Shady Lane has turned his head towards studies this year and has given his seat in Mrs. Lee's parlor to Homer Lucas.

If there is anything I have left out ask Charlie Woollen; he knows all the answers.

On the Campus

By Billy Arthur

In about three more issues of the Buccaneer I will be graduated from this man's institution of higher learning, Intensified, diversified, classified, and petrified. And will receive an A.B. degree—bachelor of alcohol. (Sav, that's worth money.)

Many conclusions and definite ideas I have formulated:

That the man with an arm full of babies is the chap who wouldn't take "no" for an answer.

That to keep a fraternity house party on the QT's it is necessary to buy more than one qt.

That scandal is very interesting if it's about someone else; but when it hits you it's a lie.

That girls are too biased—bias this and bias that.

That there is a co-ed here who swore to a freshman she had never been kissed, later finding out she was engaged to him at the beach last summer. (They ought to make a talkie of that.)

That I can't play golf because I am too close to the ball after I swing.

That a certain *Tar Heel* column should be headed "In the Gutter with Mayne Albright."

That I have a room mate who pays six dollars a month for sleeping privileges and six dollars for snoring privileges.

That I never want to meet a sonambulist. (Well, you go to your church, and I'll go to mine.)

That I've seen many boys on this campus who do not drink, smoke, or swear; but they make their own dresses.

That you are thinking, as the milkmaid said to the cow, "That's enough out of you."

Always something is included in this column about the Order of Shieks. Here's the latest one:

A shiek pledge (or what have you?) was playing a round of golf with a smart cracking visitor and as he was about ready to tee off he knelt down and yelled, "Allah is Almighty, Allah is Almighty!" and arose and drove the ball straight down the fairway. The smart cracker, seeing the beautiful drive, stepped up to the tee and said, "You know me Al."

My favorite golf expression is Gatun, for that's the biggest damn in the world.

He: What are you thinking about?

She: The same thing as you.

He Well, I'm sorry, but it is impossible. I am in training.

—*Battalion*

IN LIEU OF A DEGREE

Little Girl (to old lady): Madame, what is the name of your child?

Old Lady: It's my daughter's child. I call her Diploma.

L. G.: Why do you call her that?

O. L.: It's what my daughter brought back from college.

—*University of Buffalo Bison*

CLAIRVOYANT

The night was supreme. Old Luna was beaming down in all its glory. John pulled up to the pavement and sighed, "Two minds with but a single thought."

"You brute," cried lil' Nell, "Let me out this instant!"

—*Cajoler*

Nature in the raw is seldom mild.

KARL SPRINKLE '32

Timely Rhymes

By PETE IVEY

Baa, Baa, BUCCANEER, have you
any news?
Yes sir, yes sir, all the latest
views.

. . . . . .

Little student body come blow
your hawn
Everybody's walking all over the
lawn.

. . . . . .

Dickory dickory dock.
The team has found its sock.

. . . . . .

Jack and Tom went through the
storm
Of Freshman electioneers
Jack was stopped and fed with
rot,
While Tom escaped through the
jeers.

. . . . . .

The politician sat on a cushion
Bathing in newfound glory,
He patted his back, a resounding
whack
O what a good boy am I.

. . . . . .

Hey, Diddle, diddle, the cat and
the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
Then maybe we'll pass freshman
math,
Some day, sometime, soon.

Secretary: Your son at Carolina wired asking if it will be alright for him to borrow a hundred dollars from the student loan fund.
Broker: Tell him yes, and see if he can borrow a hundred for me too.

Beer for Sale

Beer for sale
Appetizing beer for sale
Beer that's fresh and still unspoiled
Beer that has been purely boiled
Beer for sale.
Let the speakies pipe of beer
In their ten-cent way
I have every kind of beer
Better far than they
If you like the taste of beer
Come and try my keg of beer
Old beer, new beer
Any beer but needle beer
Beer for sale
Good old beer for sale
And when Roosey gets the job
We will clean up with our mob
And there'll be beer for sale
BEER FOR SALE.

"This deaf man was brought up for trial and the judge let him go."

"Why?"

"Well, the law says that you can't convict a man without a hearing."

"Is that a silver badge you've got on?"

"No."

"Gold?"

"No."

"Well, what kind is it?"

"It's a policeman's badge."

"What do you mean?"

"Copper."

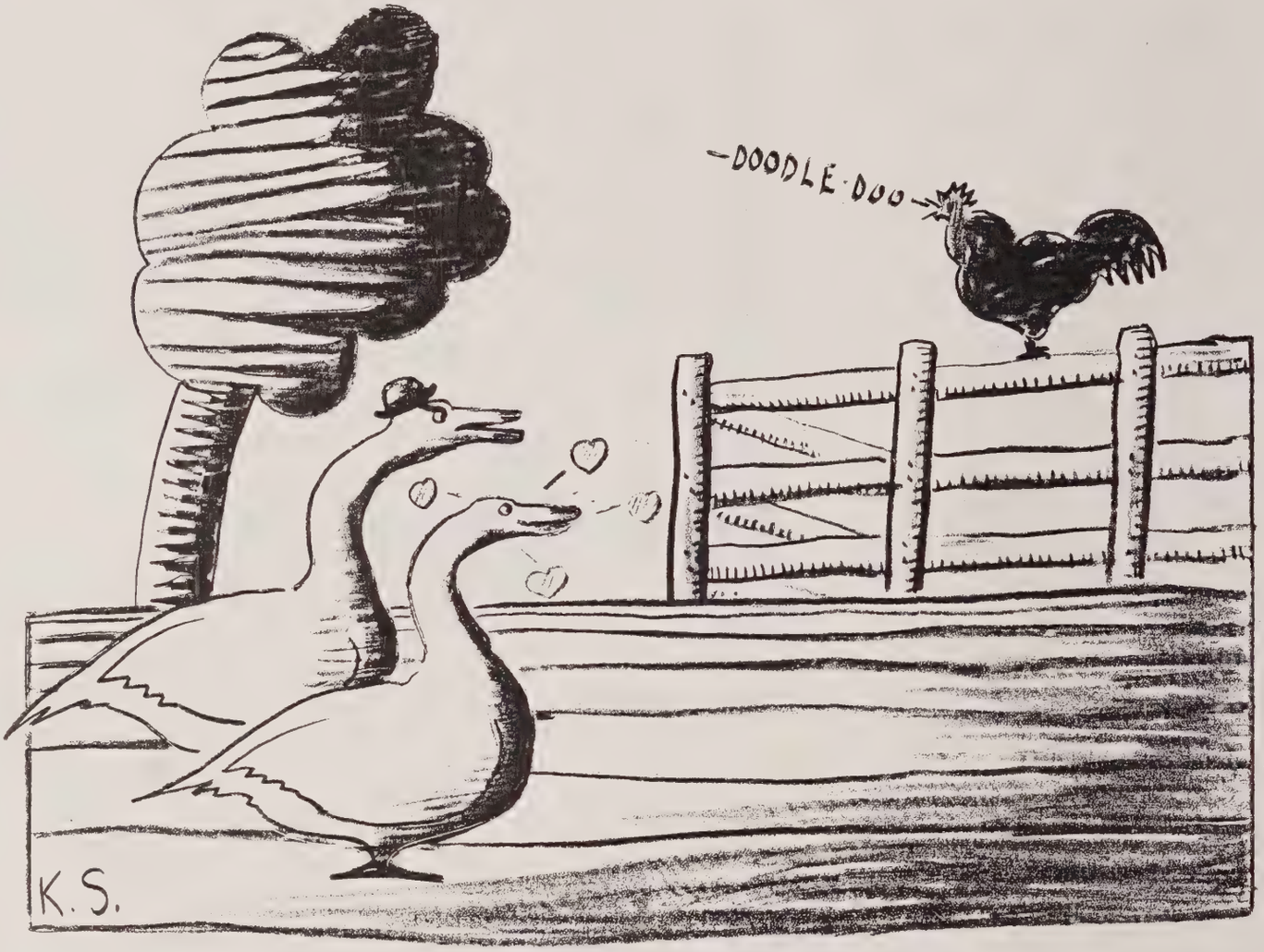
If girl's fortunes were always in their faces it's quite evident that a lot of coeds would be in the hands of receivers.

He: That man is an outside painter.

She: Landscape?

He: No, fire-scape.

Ten o'clock
The iceman's knock
Five fingers for poor papa
And everything for dear mama.



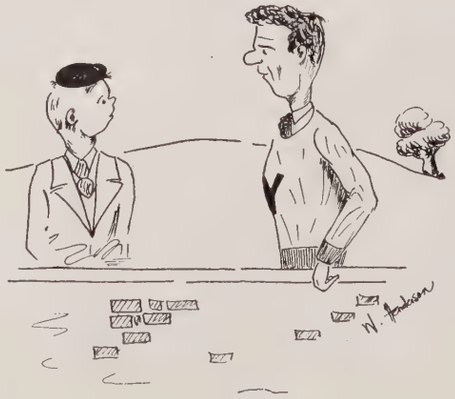
"There you go, falling for another one of those damn crooners."

A cute little freshman is Eloise Helms—
She reminds me of "Desire Under the Elms."

I wonder if, in all this university,
There be one pianist as bum as me?

Prof: Your recitation reminds me of Quebec.
Frosh: How is that?
Prof.: Built on a bluff.

Chem. Prof: You may recite on gas or chloroform.
Frosh: May I take ether?



"I hear the house mother threw water on your Pi Phi love affair."
"Yes, and you couldn't see a thing for the steam."

Mary had a freshman friend,
His hair was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went,
This frosh was sure to go.

She: I consider that sheep are the stupidest creatures living.
He (absent mindedly): Yes, my lamb.

She: What is a monologue?
He: A conversation between man and wife.

Bill Frosh told Nell of his love,
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of his coat,
'Twas seen for several weeks.

Easter Eggs and Rabbits or An Arrangement of Nothing

By PETE IVEY

Easter is the time when the price of eggs is again a problem and Rabbithood is in flower.

Fox chases, big game hunts and little game hunts may be all very nice and fine, but they can't hold a flicker with the good old-fashioned Easter egg hunt. The charging of wild beasts in the African jungle have noting on the boisterousness of small boys crushing their female companions underfoot in their eagerness to find the eggs who are concealed in their little hide-away. The baying of hounds after the fox are like unto the screams, shouts and exultations of the ex-enfants upon finding the eggs in their secret rendezvous.

The Rabbit, so I am told, is the man who is responsible for the Easter eggs. The night before Easter morning he goes around and lays the eggs on every god little boy and girl's doorstep, which is quite a skimption to say the least. Let us not forget, however, the hen who, bewildered and amazed by the strange proceedings, can only wander about the yard muttering, "bunk, bunk, bunk, bunk, bunk, bunk," while to herself she says, "That Rabbit may be a scab to some folks, but he's just a pain in the wing to me."

Easter is also the time of the year when clothes are bought for no definite reason, and young men's fancies turn heavily to buying corsages to pin on dames who look as if they can't wait to get home and take them off.

After reading in the daily yellow sheet, "At least thirty out of the party of forty were intoxicated," the economics professor exploded with: "Well, what a staggering number!"

Ten Little Bummers

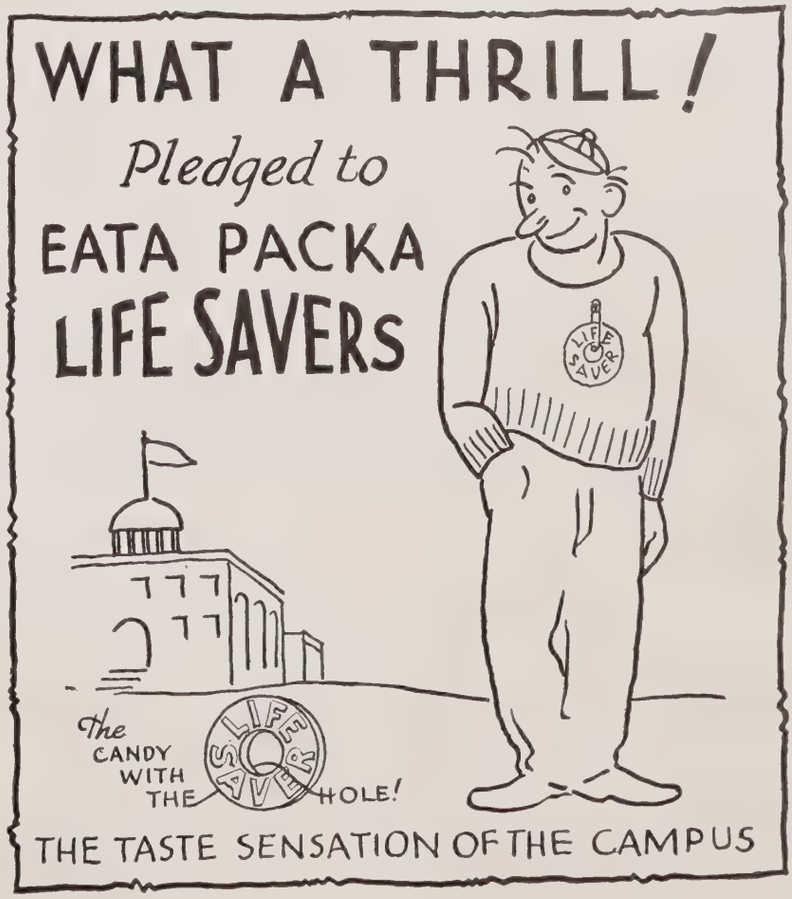
Ten little bummers standing in a line:
One wasn't on the curb, and then there were nine.
Nine little bummers, one hopped a freight,
He overdid himself, and then there were eight.
Eight little bummers, one got to Mebane,
(That's the bummers' graveyard) then there were seven.
Seven little bummers, doing college tricks,
State Patrolman thought 'em cute, then there were six.
Six little bummers, one got a chance to drive
A honeymooning couple, then there were five.
Five little bummers getting mighty sore;
One went back to dorm to sleep, then there were four.
Four little bummers going on a spree;
One gave up the ship, and then there were three.
Three little bummers wondering what to do;
One got in Virginia, then there were two.
Two little bummers sweltering in the sun;
One got all het up, and then there was one.
One little bummer bumming all alone;
He got a ride home, and then there were None.

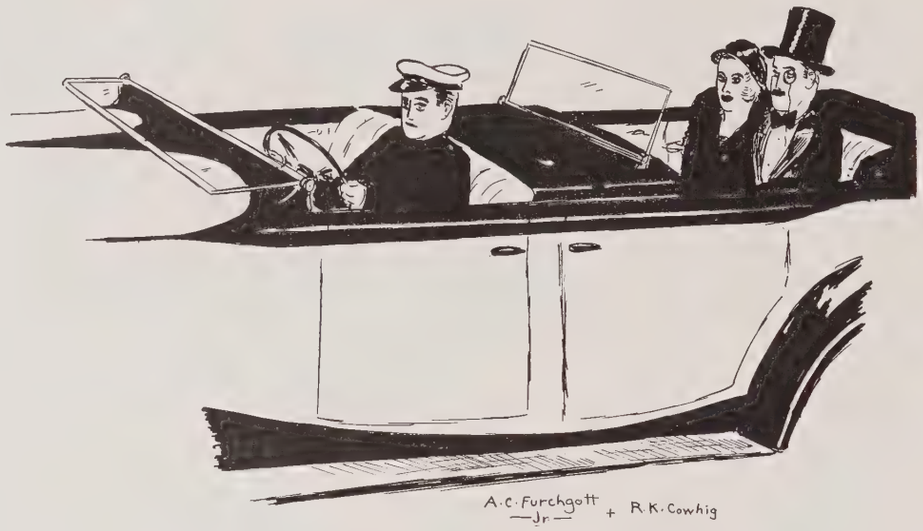
"I don't like any of the courses here."

"Did you ever like a course, anywhere?"

"I used to like spelling."

The first settlers in this country came from Europe. And that's the last settlement we've had or will have from them.





"You will be the swellest girl on the floor."
"Say, I'm perfectly willing to go to this dance, but I'll be darned if I get down on the floor."

We've men in *Battle,*
Rough Inn gang, men of *Steele,*
Sons of *Vance, Pettigrew,*
Manly men—ray Tar Heel!
Westerners, Old and true,
Virile men, what a mass
Yet they all can't get up
For an eight-thirty class.

Humpty Dumpty
Sat on a class.
Humpty Dumpty
Failed to pass.
All of our 'fessors,
All of our men
Couldn't make Humpty
Take Latin again.

"Why is 'U. S. Mail' on your mail box?"
"Because that's us's mail."

Rabbits, eggs, clothing, hens;
Concentration, darkness, ideas, grins.
Juggle the puns from far and near,
Any old thing to fill the BUCCANEER.

A SPANISH BULL-SLINGER

A Spanish bull-slinger
Sat in his retreat
And to his room-mates
Slung a line neat.
His boasting so great
Would *oftimes* inflate
His reputation and tales of past life, dear.

The girl brought her escort to the game late. Upon arriving, she asked a man in front of her what the score of the game was. He told her nothing to nothing.
"Oh, goody, goody," she exclaimed, "we haven't missed anything yet."

How could little Red Riding Hood
Have been so very good
And still kept the wolf from the door?

I've heard of modesty,
But not this kind:
She lowers the shade
To change her mind.

CAB CALLOWAY REWRITES MOTHER GOOSE

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
HEY! HEY!

When along came a roue who was slightly screwy.
YEAH MAN!

"My Minnie's dead," he said, "And gone from the shoe."
HO DE HO!

Flashing his roll he asked the moll, "How's chances of keep-in' you?"
YEAH MAN!

She took the cash and tucked in her tuffet,
HI DE HO!

And came back at Jack with a Garbo crack, "I'd luff it!"
YEAH MAN! and HOW DE HOW!

Mary, Mary, quite contrary—
And that's why she didn't have any dates!

Mother, may I go out with boys?
Yes, my darling daughter.
Hang your clothes on the cherry-tree,
But don't go near the water.

"And what's the price of the catalog?"

Where can you get so much Good Writing Paper FOR SO LITTLE MONEY

300 Note Sheets *Formerly* **200**
150 Envelopes . *Formerly* **100**
450 Pieces . . . *Formerly* **300**

All Printed with your Name and Address

$1.00
POSTPAID

"I ***DON'T see how you do it!***" That's the gist of the flood of letters we have received from old friends and new since announcing our new "450" Package.

We *knew* the "450" Package would amaze everyone. Here's why. The ordinary box of stationery contains 24 sheets and 24 envelopes. The "450" Package contains *300 sheets and 150 envelopes!*

Cheap paper? Not a bit of it. *Finer paper is used in the "450" Package than in many boxes of high priced social stationery!*

And each sheet and envelope is neatly printed with your name and address—the smart and logical way to have your stationery finished. It is convenient—protects your letters from loss in the mails—helps business houses get your name accurately and lends a neat distinction to your notes.

Two million people can't be wrong—and two million people have sent to Peru, Indiana, for American Printed Stationery!

Try it. It's the same style note paper we have sold for 18 years—same printed name and address—same correct size, 6 x 7—same price. ***But the quantity is now 50% greater!***

Send one dollar—check, bill or money order ($1.10 west of Denver and outside of U. S.). Your package will be printed and mailed within 3 days of the receipt of your order. Sold by mail only. No agents or dealers. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS Being printed with the recipient's name and address, American Stationery makes a distinctly personal gift—and a most pleasing one. Simple, neat, fine quality, in good taste—and inexpensive. Make up your Christmas list at once. All orders printed and mailed within 3 days of receipt of instructions.

THE AMERICAN STATIONERY COMPANY, 700 PARK AVE., PERU, IND.
Originator and World's Largest Manufacturer of Printed Note Paper

Here is $1.00 for a box of "450" Stationery to be printed as shown below. ($1.10 west of Denver and outside of U. S.)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

OVER 2,000,000 CUSTOMERS — ALL OVER THE WORLD

BRRR!
1.
SNAP
CLICK
2.
THUD
G
3.
HOT CHA!
PAT McCOY
4.

SONGS TO BRIGHTEN CHAPEL

A Merry Car

My auto 'tis of three,
Old T of Henry,
Of thee I sing.
Ford, cause my blues to die,
Let spirits jump in high,
From every shaking side,
Let spreedom ring!

Life's Old Sweat Song

Just a song at midnight; into books we delve
As the flickering twinkle marks the hour of twelve*.
Tho' the soul be weary, hard the night and long,
Still we must cram some facts, ere morning's dawn.
Ere morning's 'xam comes.

*Since this was written we have found that the flickering time has been changed to one o'clock.

Jangle Bells

Dashing down the walk, in a race horse, dizzy sway,
O'er the grass we stride, cussing all the way.
Bells in Old South ring, causing statements rashs,
What luck it is to run and swear at eight-thirty classes.

Jangle bells! Jangle bells! Jangle in Old South;
Oh, what hell it is to run while foaming at the mouth.
Jangle bells! Jangle bells! Jangle in Old South;
Oh, what pain it takes to creep
On a three-hour's snatchy sleep.

Mary had a little swing
A rather catchy kind
Wherever little Mary went
The swing was right behind.

Wee Mary Winkle
Runs through the town
Upstairs and downstairs
In her night gown
Tapping at the window
Crying at the lock
All the boys, they let her in
For they know old Mary's knock.

Then, there is the guy who took a dose of epsom salts before the cake race.

Oh, sing a song of finance,
A pocketful of greens,
To bait the bulls and bears, sir,
Of Wall Street's fair demesnes.
With gold at two-and-forty,
And payment in greenbacks,
To raise a brood of children
Is a most enormous tax.

David Garrick was a poor poet that lived in an attic and made up songs to sing to the king.

This was actually noticed by an observant student in one of those famous publications entitled DR. ——'s ALMANAC AND LADIES' HANDBOOK. It is from a testimonial in the "DO YOU WANT A BABY IN YOUR HOME" ad: "Dear Dr. ——, I have always wanted a baby in my home. Now, I am the proud mother of a bouncing baby boy. I owe it all to you."

Some people say that talk is cheap
But 'tis not safe to heed them.
I've known two simple words, "Be mine"
To cost a man his freedom.

Editor: Say, I wish you'd stop using so many puns in the stuff you hand in. The first thing you know, you and I are going to have a private war about it.

Contributor: Already have.

Editor: What do you mean, "already have?"

Cont.: Already had a war about puns. Haven't you ever heard of the Punic wars?

(Slow music)

Three dumb frosh! See how they run!
Down to Spencer Hall they came
To take three co-eds to a football game—
Each one too broke to take his regular dame!
Now, isn't that an awful shame
For three dumb frosh!

Oh, Chaperone! Why do you make such great big eyes?

I like Mary Jane, her lips are so hot.
She's cute as can be and far from a pot.
I'll not try to kiss her and drive her away,
But Mary and I very gently will play.
She'll sit by my side, and I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me because I am gentle and good.
I'll squeeze little Mary and then she will purr
And thus show her thanks for my affection to her.
I'll not try too much, we'll just sit and smoke
For to tell you the truth, I'm terribly broke.

Clothe the old horse,
Clothe the old mare,
But let the college girls go bare.

Little Co-Peep has lost her sleep
And can't find time to find it.
Leave men alone and you can stay home.
(But see how many mind it.).

This little pig went to Swine Hall.
This little pig ate at the Cupe.
This little pig had cole slaw.
This little pig ate zupe.

"I'll Admit I'm a Pretty Bad Fellow, but I Draw the Line on That."

"Is that guy up stairs trying to tear down the place?"

"No—it's just an active case of athlete's foot."

"Are you married?"

"No, I got that way riding a bicycle."

"So you can't take it," said the Scotchman as he tried to get in for half-fare at a movie.

"Why do you think it is safer to ride on trains than it is in automobiles?"

"Because the engineer doesn't try to neck the fireman."

As one crow would say to another: "What, no soap?"

Mary had a little skirt
It was so small and—whew!
Every time that Mary stooped—
Aw, I don't believe it, d'you?

WOMAN

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her wo-man,
But when she wooed with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woo-man;
But now with folly and with pride,
Their husband's pockets trimming,
The women are so full of whims,
That men pronounce them whim-men.

Which is a Freshman's brain most like: The inside of a doughnut or the outside of one?

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
On a beautiful day in May.
Along came a Beta, who tried to date 'er,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Girls today
Funny that way—
R'arin' to go, and Hell-bent.
In Mother Goose day
They were not that way—
But one thing they were—innocent.

HAMLET, JR'S. SOLILOQUY

I'd like to know
Just how in thunder
'Gramp' Davie knew which poplar tree
To sit under!

He was a cokey, "Little Jack" Horner,
HI DE HI!
Who peddled smokey on a Bowery corner.
YEAH MAN!

Po-lease, a Camel!

IF there's anything fresher than the freshman's first plea for a kiss, it must be a Camel. These fine cigarettes of blended choice Turkish and mild sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos are made fresh — never parched or toasted — and kept fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack. That's why every puff of their mild throat-friendly fragrance will prompt you to say, "Here is perfection in smoking enjoyment."

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

Never parched or toasted

CAMELS

***Made* FRESH — *Kept* FRESH**

© 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

SNICKERS from our *CONTEMPORARIES*

Pi Kap: How was the dog race?
A. T. O.: Naw. He was left at the post.

—*M. I. T. VooDoo*

Housemother: Did you go to the Sig Alph Frontier dance?
Inmate: No, I ripped that shoulder strap playing tennis.

"I'd love to go to a fraternity dance.
That's the way to get there.

—*Kitty Kat*

Dean: What does this mean? I found a bottle of whiskey in your trunk.
A. T. O.: That means you know whiskey when you taste it.

—*Malteaser*

"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the pussy cat as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.

—*Kansas Sour Owl*

"Mother, will college boys go to heaven?"
"Yes, but they won't like it."

—*Lord Jeff*

He: Do you know Phoebe?
Him: Sure, she's abroad, isn't she?
He: Say "Europe," old man. It sounds better.

—*Kitty Kat*

Reformer—Stop, friend! Do you believe that a glass of that vile stuff will quench your thirst?"
College Lad—Nope. I'm gonna drink the whole jug.

—*Texas Ranger*

You never smoked in bed before we were married, Henry!

—*Gargoyle*

"What makes this meat taste so queer?" inquired Mr. Gish.
"I can't imagine," responded the fond bride, "I burned it a little but I put Ungentine on it at once."

—*The Log*

Wife: Oh, I am so sleepy! Is everything shut up for the night?
Husband: That depends on you. Everything else is.

—*The Log*

"Mamma, can I go out to play?"
"What, with all those holes in your pants?"
"No, mamma, with the little boy next door."

—*Bison*

Wife: Henry, where are your shorts? You had them on when you left this morning for the office!
Sig Chi—My God, I've been robbed!

—*Kitty Kat*

Theta: Do you know any foreign tongues?
Sig Alph: No, I only go out with American girls.

—*Kitty Kat*

Many thoughts
Are always surgin'
In the mind
Of any virgin.

—*Kitty Kat*

Teacher: Now, students, write your names in your primers.
Son of a Z. B. T.: What, and kill the resale value!

—*Juggler*

He: How come you know so much about married life?
She: I didn't sleep as soundly as my parent's thought I did."

—*Kitty Kat*

TELEGRAMS—A PAIR

"Twins arrived and doing fine. More later.—Dora."
"Cancel that last order. Two's enough.—John."

—*Wesleyan Wasp*

Io: Football has done a great thing for this country.
Dine: In what way?
Io: Why now you can walk down the street with a blanket on one side and a girl on the other and not be talked about.

—*Wesleyan Wasp*

Business is so quiet you can hear the passing of dividends.

—*The Log*

Wife: The couple next door seem to be very devoted. He kisses her every time they meet. Why don't you do that?
Husband: I don't know her well enough yet.

—*The Log*

The R. O. T. C. was in camp.
"Who goes there?" called out the rookie guard.
"A Sigma Nu," came back the answer.
"Corporal of the Guard, drunken man on post number two."

—*The Log*

"What are you mad at Bill for?"
"He proposed to me last night."
"I see nothing wrong in that."
"You ought to have heard what he proposed."

—*Yellow Jacket*

"I know every girl at this dance."
"But not one of them has spoken to you"
"Isn't that proof enough?"

—*Wautaugan*

BUCCANEER

GREETINGS

Bettie Mason

The Buccaneer Staffs

extend to you very best wishes for a

Merry Christmas

and a happy and prosperous

New Year

THE

CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME X DECEMBER, 1932 NUMBER 3

BOBBIE MASON ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
BERNARD S. SOLOMON ..... *Business Manager*

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Patronize Our Advertisers
They Patronize You.

It was their first wedding anniversary. "Jim, dear, the cook did not come this morning. Don't you think you could live on love today?"

"Surely," he replied, "but the maid hasn't come yet."

—Punch Bowl

Dumb: We're going to give the bride a shower.

Dumber: Count me in. I'll bring the soap.

—Log

It used to be that the first man out of a fraternity house was the best dressed—now he's the only one dressed.

—Orange Peel

"I'll see you," said our hero as he laid down four aces in a game of strip poker.

—Punch Bowl

FANCY ICES SHERBETS

PHONE L-963

"Ice Cream Specialists"

Durham Ice Cream Company
Inc.

"BLUE RIBBON"
FAST FROZEN
ICE CREAM

Made With Pure Cream "Good to Eat at all Hours"

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

BLOCKS PUNCHES

She: Are you sure you'll love me forever?
He: Well, I may have to get some sleep.
—*Froth*

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," runs an old saying. Personally, we'd say someone's aim is a little off.
—*Banter*

If every boy in the United States could read every girl's mind, the gasoline consumption would drop fifty per cent.
—*Battalion*

"One down and ten to go," as the Mormon said on his honey-moon.
—*Punch Bowl*

"Sergeant" Sapp says that he calls his girl opportunity because she lies everywhere.
—*Exchange*

Mother's advice to daughter: Fear no man and do right.
Father's advice to son: Fear all women and do not write.
—*Banter*

You know the honeymoon is over when she asks for a hot water bottle to keep the bed warm at night.
—*Cajoler*

Father: Mary, is that young man there yet?
Mary: No, father, but he's getting there.
—*Lampoon*

"I'll bet you can't tell me why most flannel is red in color."
"Oh, yes I can. Because it is virgin wool blushing at what it hides."
Virginia Reel

He: Do you know from which sheep they get virgin wool.
Him: No, which?
He: The one that outran the shepherd.
—*Mountain Goat*

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water
Jill came home and Jack left town
Because they had done something they hadn't oughter.
—*Cajoler*

"Gee, I made a terrible blunder at dinner last night!"
"What happened?"
"Mother asked me if I wouldn't have some corn, and I passed my glass."
—*Ohio Green Goat*

CERTAINLY

Mother (on entering the room unexpectedly)—Well, I never—
Daughter: Oh, mother, you must have.
—*Owl*

Groom: Darling before we marry I want to tell you that I snore, but for you I will quit sleeping on my back.
Bride to best man, who by the way is the groom's room-mate: Can't you make him quit sleeping on his back?
Best Man: Sorry, but you alone have that power.
—*Cajoler*

Kissing a girl is like opening a bottle of olives, the first may come hard, but it is a cinch to get the rest.
—*Exchange*

"Harry surprised me by telling me that we're going to take our honeymoon in France."
"How nice, and how did he spring it on you?"
"He said as soon as we were married he would show me where he was wounded in the war."
—*Octopus*

"Singin' in the Rain"

I FORGOT my galoshes, but I'm going along in the rain . . . having a good time . . . smoking my Chesterfields.

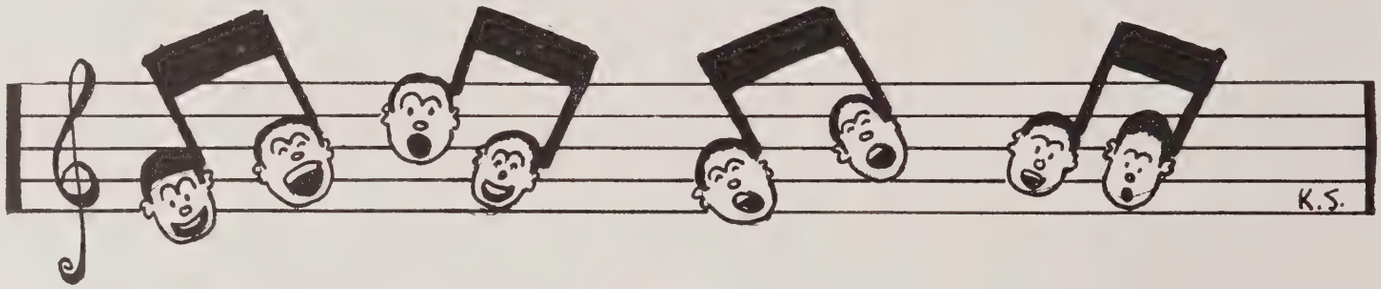
Just downright good cigarettes. They're *milder* and they taste *better.*

Just having a good time. *They Satisfy.*

© 1932, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

WITH RADIO AND RECORD

By Jim Jackson



Those remarkable Lombardos . . . Everything has to have a beginning, and these lads began when they were wee tots. It was a little Canadian town that the Royal Canadians' embryo was formed. Guy, Carmen, Leibert, and Victor, all being musically inclined, first started to play for their own and their family's amusement . . . led by Guy's first fiddle with one string. With time they improved enough to entertain others at their mother's social functions until they had established a reputation around the community. After gradually increasing their organization they went forth into the cold, cold world—of all places—to Chicago, but went without Victor who, even then, wasn't quite good enough . . . and without that smooth rhythm by which they are now universally characterized. Then came odd jobs, moneyless days and all the other elements to complete the "from - unknown - to-fame" story. With experience came the Lombardo smoothness and rhythm that led to their "discovery." Two years ago the nineteen-year-old Vic joined them, after having been kept in second rate bands for experience. Now the four of them, with the seven other boys in the band—intact from its beginning, bide their time between The Roosevelt Grill in the winter, The Pavillion Royal during the warm months, and tours at odd times. Now Guy is also lending his fatherly advice to the fifth brother Joe, to help him get started in his chosen profession, interior decorating —and I don't mean bootlegging. Incidentally, Guy went to McGill University.

"Collegioorchestrana" — Carolina's Kemp, and Kyser . . . U. of Chicago's Gus Arnheim . . . Penn's Ted Waring . . . Penn State's Ted Weems . . . Columbia's Ben Bernie . . . Michigan's George Olsen . . . Iowa's Wayne King. All of which goes to prove that these lads were once in the same fix we are.

This and that among the radio favorites . . . Ted Weems' collosal opening at the Pennsylvania Hotel was attended by a whole host of celebrities—Guy Lombardo, Isham Jones, Paul Whiteman, Don Bestor, Abe Lyman, Jack Denny, George Olsen, and a like selection of stage celebrities. If we can judge from the goings-on over the radio it must have been a right tidy little affair . . . Speaking of Ted Weems, that little lamb, Andrea Marsh, who made such a hit at the State Finals with him last year was eighteen years old last month. Her voice and personality are surely going over big in the big city . . . Hal Kemp has been asked to play for the Inaugural Ball at Raleigh . . . Wayne King's arrangement of "I Love You Truly" is a beautiful thing, don't you think? . . . Ben Bernie's Vocalist, Frank Prince, is a graduate of Wisconsin . . . It is said that all of Ben Bernie's line is not of his own making . . . The Lombardos earn about $8000 a week . . . Wayne King will spend the Christmas season in Chicago, making the rounds of the North Side debutant's "shines" . . .

Among Radioland's fairest of the fair . . . Jessica Dragonette, Anne Leaf, Andrea Marsh, Countess Albani, Harriet Hillard with Ozzie Nelson's band, and Whiteman's finds—Ramona, Irene Taylor, and Janey Vance are all gorgeous lassies. (Say, that big ox isn't so dumb!) My my, what a pity we haven't television.

On to the Records . . . Christmas brings us (besides "good cheer") some fine tunes, but unfortunately all of the finest have yet to be released as records as we go to press. "WILLOW WEEP FOR ME"—a brand new heart song is, I think, the month's most beautiful release. Ted Fio Rito delivers it in tricky change of time and an equally fine vocal. "MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER" very appropriate comes up when you turn it over. It's smooth and good-to-dance-to.

Others you may like (or should I say "will like") . . .

I'M SURE OF EVERYTHING BUT YOU—The Royal Canadians at their finest—perfect, flawless.

YOU'LL GET BY — HAL KEMP again with the best sax chorus you ever heard, but that's not all . . . try it.

FIT AS A FIDDLE — WARING'S Pennsylvanians with a harmonious vocal by the trio.

GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING—Speaks for itself in CAB CALLOWAY'S own way.

DOIN' WHAT I PLEASE — DON REDMAN gives us the musical musings of a dusky playboy.

Other fine ones . . . I CANNOT TELL YOU WHY . . . A BOY AND A GIRL WERE DANCING . . . MARRY THE GIRL . . . JUST A LITTLE HOME FOR THE OLD FOLKS . . . CONTENTED . . . BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A DIME from "Americana" haven't been released yet, but already they're favorites and sure to make good records if given to good bands . . . I haven't played the role of the particular, choicy connoisseur this month because of the quality and variety of appeal of all these fine tunes, so just take your choice . . .

Merry Christmas.

Give Us a Trial

When you want the new releases.

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Also sheet music

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118 East Main Street
Durham, N. C.

When you're in a Hot Spot —light a cool OLD GOLD

Finer tobacco, that's the answer. Queen-leaf tobacco from the heart of the stalk. The choicest and coolest burning of all Turkish and domestic.

Get this, folks:
OLD GOLDS are FULL-WEIGHT

not a cough in a carload

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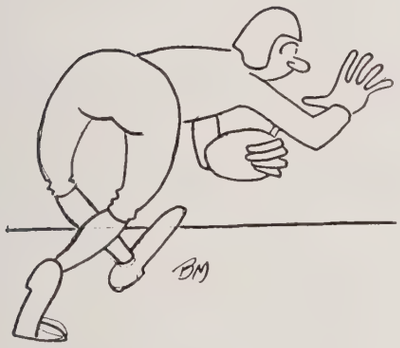
Bobbie Mason

The Carolina BUCCANEER
UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME X DECEMBER, 1932 NUMBER 3

BUCCANEERING

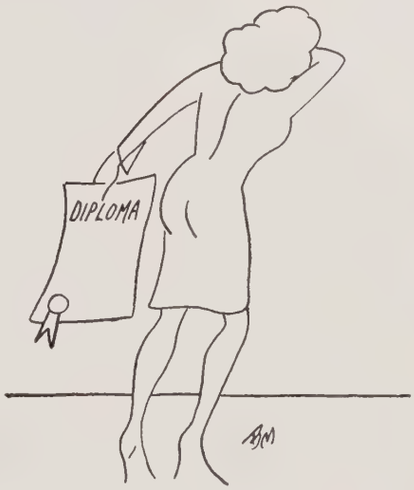
THE EDITOR'S COLUMN



Football

The *Tar Heel* and the *Carolina Magazine* merged and called themselves the "Tar-Mags." The BUCCANEER and the *Yackety Yack* became the "Yackety-Bucs." Both factions organized football teams and battled it out on a muddy field. We asked the Exchange Editor to write an account of the contest and he said, "The day was clear and the air was crisp and invigorating. I remember that. But my head struck something hard and solid, possibly the cranium of the chairman of the editorial board of the *Tar Heel,* during the first few minutes of play and I remember nothing else about the game. However, I refuse to shift the responsibility of defeat to the shoulders of another."

Anyway, the game was just like something you sometimes see in the movies. There was one minute left to play, the score was 0-0 and the teams were tied for first downs when Editor Charles (Snozzle) Rose of the *Tar Heel,* termed by his own publication as "The Mighty," intercepted a pass and tore down the side lines. Our own befuddled Exchange Editor tore after him, but "Snozzle" won by a nose and crossed the goal untouched. That's why we suggest that Intramural field No. 1 be officially known in the future as the "Rose" bowl. And we also suggest that a friendship trophy be supplied and that the event be made an annual one.



Viewpoint

It is very seldom that our coeds give their viewpoint of this college life. However, one of the fair left a scrap of paper on which she scrawled her idea of it in our copy box. The paper had been soaked with tears (I guess) and its contributor did not leave her name, address or telephone number. Here it is.

"I've often wondered since I've been here if it really matters what one does. Apparently no one gives a damn if you're not respectable. In fact, you're not respected even if you try to be, but you do get a little attention if you are not. Even in this place attention helps a lot, believe it or not. I think that to get along in Chapel Hill one must forget God, forget ideals, and throw aside virtue. Then at the end of four years of such life, what have you? Hell! you have an educated girl. Ha-Ha —and everyone envies them. Such is life.

"Usually a girl leaves Chapel Hill with a degree but disillusioned and minus her faith in God and in mankind and minus all that was once admirable in her: her hope, her ideals, and what some people call her virtue."

Election Results

The Presidential election is now history and the citizens are ready to renew the ancient and honorable art of beer drinking. It has been reported that an ex-bar tender in the neighboring town of Hillsboro, now grown to a ripe old age, has dug up the worm eaten sign that once announced his popular saloon and means to give it a new coat of paint and put it into immediate use. He is unable, however, to decide as to what price he should advertise his beverage. Some

say that ten cents per mug is fair enough but those who have been hit harder by the depression consider it the duty of the government to give us a pint for a nickle.

And speaking of the election, during the past month we have continually heard that old gag that comes back every four years. Gentlemen whom Mother Nature smiled upon and made wise go about offering to bet unbelievable sums that four months after the new President takes over the offices, all the banks in the country will be closed. Money is often raised to cover the wagers as the unsuspecting do not stop to think that four months after March 4 is the Fourth of July.

Pledges

We prophesied some few months ago (and it wasn't in the last issue!) that the unsuspecting freshman who pledged fraternities would be converted into activity men by their various organizations. We were right. The Intramural wrestling tournament was announced and the head of one certain fraternity that recently won the campus football championship informed all the first year men within its walls that they were to take up the cauliflower sport. One of the lightweights knew nothing of the gentle art, in fact, he had never even seen a wrestling bout. Being an ambitious lad, however, he made his way to the library and proceeded to read all about toe-holds, half-nelsons, and such personalities as "Strangler" Lewis, George Londos, and the Chinese Jui-Jitsers. Considering himself well informed on the subject, he donned a pair of trunks, went to the scene of the battles, and was matched against the one who made him start the whole business. And then he was pinned in less than a minute. "There aint no justise," he said.

Exchange

The following recently appeared in the **Lord Jeff**, Amherst's very fine humorous publication.

"Ante-Volstead Philology

This one comes from those Suth'en genne'men down in North Carolina. It seems that once when the Chapel Hill basketball team journed north a player was detailed by a stay-at-home friend who had tired of the eternal corn likker to visit a purveyor of a better brand of beverage in Washington. On arrival there, however, the player found that the bootlegger wanted $12 a quart for his Scotch. Fearing that this was more than the friend would want to pay he wired back to college the following: SILK COSTS TWELVE DOLLARS A YARD. The answer was immediate and equally frought with meaning; NEVER MIND COMMA WILL USE HOMESPUN."

After all, twelve dollars is a pretty fancy price to pay for any kind of beverage.

Personal Again

Stuart Chandler and a few other members of the football team were walking down a street in Charlottesville after the Thanksgiving game. A colored forgotten man approached them and asked for a dime so that he might be supplied with the usual cup of coffee. "Listen you," said Chandler, "You get on the other side of the street. I've been working this side for two hours and business is bad enough without you muscleing in."

. . . Someone phoned John Entwistle, Norm McCaskill, Booker Erhinghaus, and Stumpy Franklin, all members of Dr. C. C. Crittenden's famous History 47 class, and invited them to a tea that the professor's wife was giving. The invitation was accepted. Dr. Crittenden heard about the procedure that had taken place and informed the whole class that the party was to be a very select affair and that none of his class were invited to attend. Very untactful, we call it.

. . . The "Speaking the Campus Mind" department of the *Tar Heel* seems very much concerned regarding this publication and has done its very best in boosting and panning us. Keep it up. It's an interesting fight from the sidelines.

. . . Editor Charles G. Rose was seen coming out of the Beta house at 9:06 o'clock on the morning of November 30. There were four women with him. This will probably appear in another column but it's worth it.

. . . Don Shoemaker, the boy would-be editor, is a nice looking chap. Recently he had a fem-

inine touch added to his appearance; in fact, the femme snipped off the greater portion of his hair, considering it a good idea at the time. And Don told us he got it cut that way because it had been falling over his eyes, the liar.

. . . President of the Woman's Association Mary Frances Parker recently made her debut as a columnist. She calls her little section "Among Us Girls" and some of the boys tell me it's pretty good.

"What is the difference between mashed potatoes and pea soup?"

"Well . . . anybody can mash potatoes."

—*Exchange*

Everett (at 11:00 A. M.): Give me a Dr. Pepper.

Sutton's Soda Jerker: Sorry, too late. You'll have to come back at 2.

"Who is this Shaw fellow, anyway?"

"You know, the guy that Archibald Henderson made famous."

We hear that the Socialists are to form a L. I. D. (League for Industrial Democracy) here in the near future. Certainly David Clark will have to blow the LID off the campus again.

"What turns green in the spring?"

"Christmas jewelry."

"I see Officer Blake's been eating soldier food."

"What kind's that?"

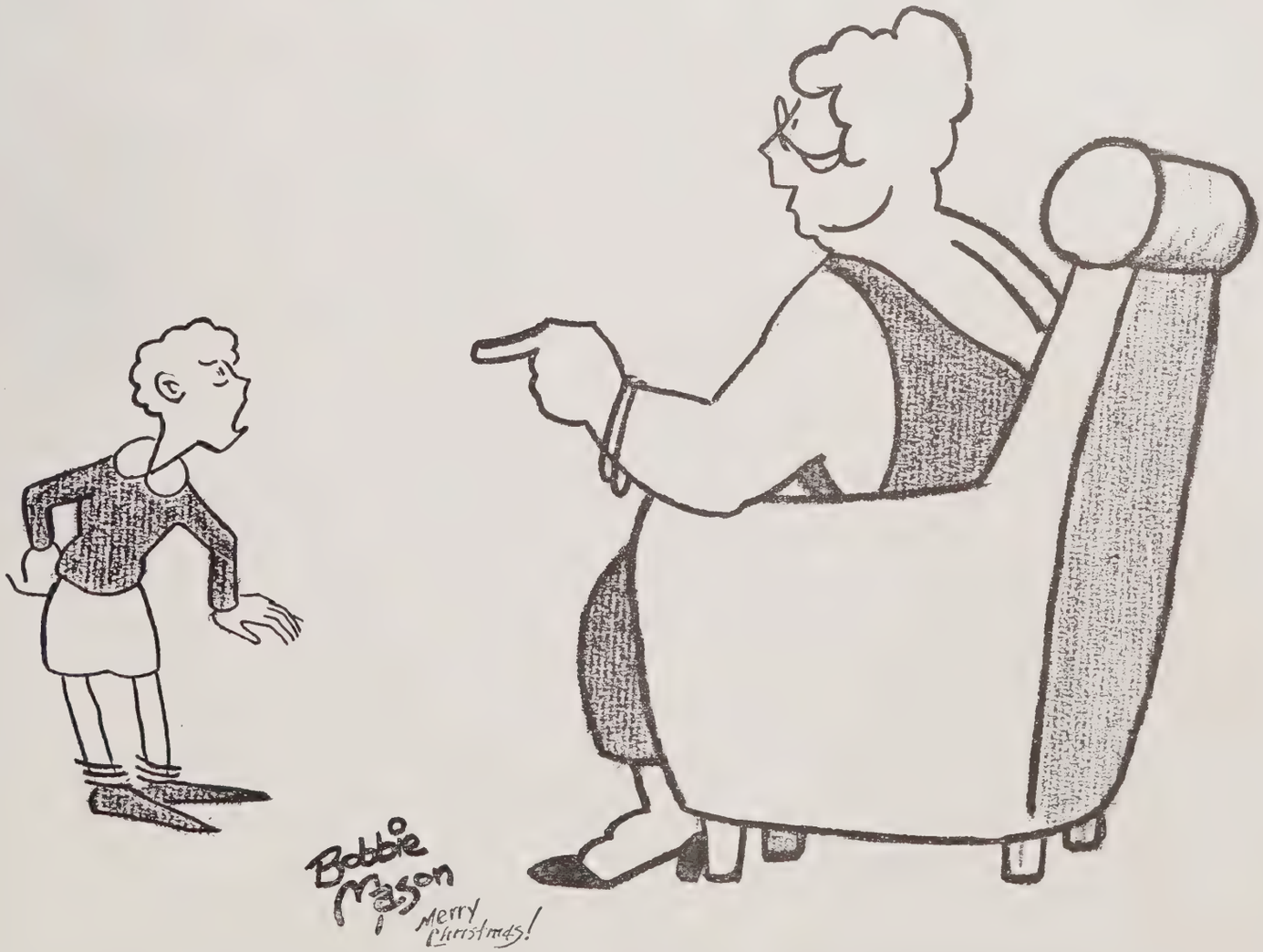
"The kind that goes to the front."

You know how Eve checked up on Adam when he came in at nights?

She counted his ribs.

Ho: Has the ferry boat come in yet?

Mo: What, you guys ride on them things now?



Old lady: And what do you want Santa to bring you, my little man?
Kid: Hell, lady; do I have to go through all that again?

"'S O. K. lady—I gotcha covered."

Away up yonder at the old north pole,
Where the wind blows so awfully cole,
Santa Claus was taking a little strole,
When over the top of an icy knole,
He met a polar bear coming from schole
And calmly lit a Murad and said "Amscray!"

———o———

Little Johnny raised up to see
Old Saint Nick standing by
The beautiful Christmas tree
With a tear in his kind old eye
At beholding the sight so ritzy,
And hollered "Santa is a sissy!"

———o———

'T was Christmas eve in Caroline,
The land of tar and turpentine
And turtle dove and rare woodbine.
The frost was on the pumpkin vine—
The air was sweet with scent of pine.
The hired man was milking the kine
And watching the maid's trim back line
As she stooped 'way over to feed the swine.
I'd like to tell you what he did opine,
But that damned remark wouldn't rhyme.

———o———

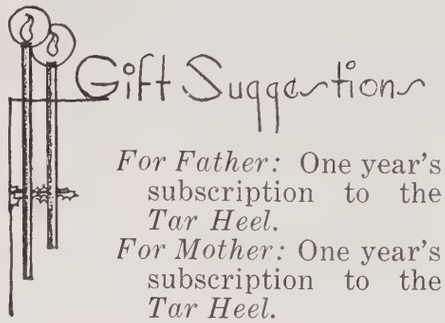
With a groan, she cast me upon the firth
To be mingled with the flotsam and jetsam—
She was the salt of the earth,
And I was only the epsom.

———o———

Put your arms around me, Dear,
Passionately you must hold me,
And tell me the things I want to hear—
The things my mother never told me..

———o———

Of all glad words of tongue or pen,
The gladdest are these,
The Buc is here again!



For Father: One year's subscription to the *Tar Heel.*

For Mother: One year's subscription to the *Tar Heel.*

For Brother: One year's subscription to the *Tar Heel.*

For Sister: One year's subscription to the *Tar Heel.*

For Auntie: One year's subscription to the *Tar Heel.*

For Uncle: One year's subscription to the *Tar Heel.*

Application blank to the Home for Destitute Orphans will be furnished you on request.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star
Right above the trolley car
If the car goes off the track
I want my little nickel back.

Thanksgiving is a holiday, says Fanny the fat girl, that was originated by parents whose sons had survived the football season.

He: What do you see when you look down a dog's throat?
She: The seat of his pants.

Am: If any one gets lost in the desert why is it that they can always survive?
Bush: I suppose its on account of the sandwiches there.

Dumb: Go out and sit on the patio.
Bell: Why should I? I don't have to.

And our friend Oscar was asked to use the word "vicious" in a sentence.
"Well, best vicious for a merry Christmas."

We wish you joy and lots of cheer—
A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.
If our bootlegger friend were anywhere near,
We'd drink your health in lagar beer.

But, nevertheless, our wishes sincere
Go with you to your home town, where
You'll find the greetings you long to hear
And fill up on turkey from toe to ear.

We'll be tickled pink to see you here
When the Old Year we officially inter
And again assemble and slide into gear
To pursue our studies with vision clear.

We may come back a bit dizzy, I fear,
From two weeks of boozing and chasing the Dear,
But we'll be damned if we would wear
The tie you'll get from your aunt Guinivere.

"Say, what's the matter with that dog of yours; is he blind? I just saw him bump into a telegraph pole."
"No, he's not blind, he's just not particular."

Little Mary was walking her dog in the park one fine afternoon. A gentleman approached and as he did so the dog slipped from Mary's arms and ran across the street. Mary called after him excitedly: "Here Broker, here broker."
"Oh," remarked the gentleman, "is your dog on the stock market?"
"No," replied Mary, "he does his trading on the curb."

Lying Labels

Movie marquee's
are an art;
Lights in blue and
flaming red
Screaming titles
from their mart
Where the inn'cent
public's fed.
"Passionate," "They
Call It Sin,"
"Virtue," "Sinners
In the Sun,"
"Merrily We
Go to Hell,"
"Street of Women,"—
one by one.
'Tisn't that the
shows are bad—
Mild to what they're
thought to be,
But what makes the
audience mad
Is the way they
fool 'em, see?

May: What were you doing in bed with those two girls the other night?

Be: Doctor told me to go to bed between one and two every night.

There was a young lady from
France
Who learned to play golf, by
chance.
Her partner did hug her,
The club pro did mug her—
The caddie did away with her
stance.

———o———

I know that kisses cost theatre
tickets
And embraces portend silk hose
and shawls—
I know, of all women, the co-ed
is slickest,
And I have discovered there's
no Santa Claus.

———o———

Jolly Old Saint Nicholas,
Wouldn't it really tickle us
And wouldn't you be in a pickle-
lus
And look so awfully ridiculus,
If somebody swiped panticulus
And revealed your particulus?

———o———

A girl I admire is Amelia
Spivin—
Christmas fills her with the
Spirit of Givin'.

———o———

It would take a man made of
iron bars
To smoke a box of those Christ-
mas cigars.

And then there's the one about the man who was in such a hurry in his automobile to get into the next country that he went right on into the next world.

1832

1932

"From Hand to Mouth"

When at night
I try to sleep
After coming
from the show
All my frightful
nightmares keep
Me in fear and
writhing woe.
Creatures come to
torture me;
Frankenstein or
Mister Hyde,
Dracula? Not
those I see,
But gruesome girlies,
I'll confide.
Slinkey ladies,
breastless, lean;
Eyebrows threadlike,
worming up;
Catish eyes of
murkey green;
Hollow cheeks which
inward cup;
Lips, a huge and
bloody smear—
Sucking human
hearts for food!
Snaking towards me,
how I fear
Modern sirens
of Hollywood!

A Sad Sad Story or Too Late

After having heard all the traveling-salesman jokes, our hero joined the ranks.

The first assignment was going along according to "Hoyle"; a pouring rain, and the light in the woods. Our hero approached the farmhouse and expectantly knocked on the door. His expectations were high. His ambitions were soon to be realized. Patiently he waited. Soon he heard footsteps approaching toward the door. The door opened. His heart stood still, for there stood the district superintendent!

The eternal triangle has now become He-She-Settlement.

Times are so bad that when one business man meets another business-man he says, "Are you still in business?"

Evidence of plagiarism is seen in the song beginning, "Please lend a little ear—". Anyone can see it was stolen from Mark Antony's speech which began, "—lend me your ears."

As one competitor to another, "How's business, liar?"

"Did you know that John Hill beat his wife up the other day?"

"No kidding?"

"Sure, he did. He got up at 7:30 and she didn't get up until 8:00."

Of course Paul Revere didn't get thru till dawn; look at the stop lights he had to wait on in Lexington.

We noticed a Fidler in the violin section of the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra—unusual?

Santa Clause, whats dat you got
Makes de chillun think you so hot?

"Wong, are you going to have some Holly Xmas?"

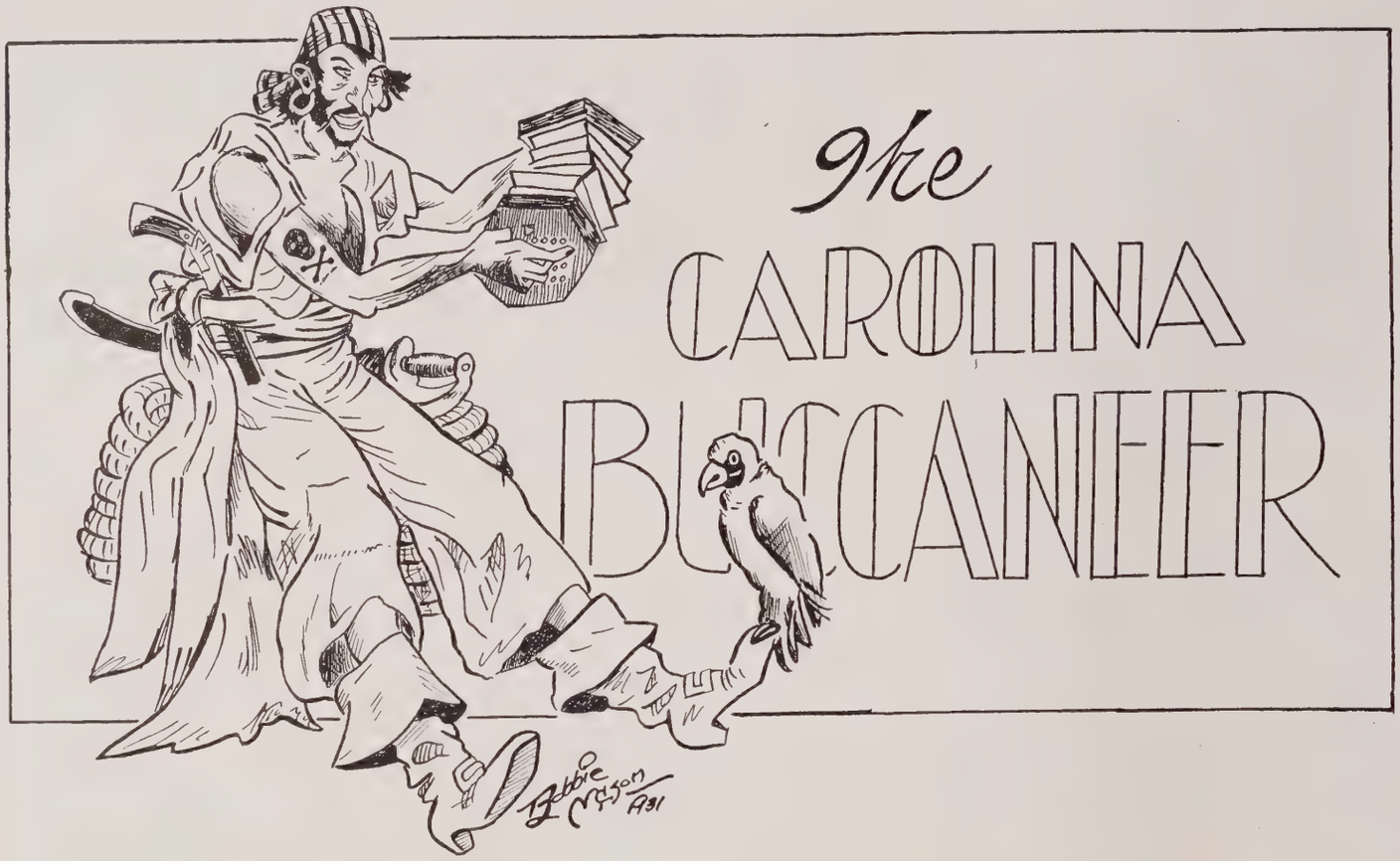
"Yessy, hollee, whoopee, and raisee hell."

Just ask old Santa Clause. He knows whether nature in the raw is seldom mild or not.

Old Lady — My little man, what do you want Santa Clause to bring you for Christmas?

Little Ronald—Hell lady, do I have to go all over that again?

An example in compound interest.



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KARL SPRINKLE ..... *Art Editor*
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Editorial

The Christmas season is a funny thing; there is nothing exactly like it. The holidays, of course, break the usual routine, but there is something else that causes a change. Most of us, it seems, sort of stop about this time of the year and look back over what has happened during the past, and it is natural for our minds to center around school activities.

The term has slipped away. It seems but a few days since we were loafing in our favorite chair in our favorite barber shop and reading that the Carolina football prospects were rounding into shape. Then we came back to Chapel Hill, stood up under the strain of registration, and classes started just as they always start. The freshmen got used to things and the rest of us felt at home.

The football season started — not so good. That seemed very important at the time and remained so for three months. Now it is all over and is generally forgotten. Other things draw more attention.

The fall quarter has been eventful, but has been very slightly different from other fall quarters. "The co-eds are smoother this year." That sounds familiar. "This time I'm going to study." It seems that we have heard that before. The same old underhanded rushing, the same old lying after pledge day, the same old griping about courses and profs, and the same old talk of plans for next year. We even hear the same old depression jokes, including the one about "just around the corner." Looking back, it seems hardly possible that we have lived through and enjoyed another term at school, and we begin to seriously concentrate on New Year's resolutions.

The fact that this is an election year stirred up more sources of conversation and means of excitement than did the past three, but that is over, and that too becomes unimportant. The consolidation of the University of North Carolina, N. C. C. W., and N. C. State College was a big thing; Mr. Graham's being elected as the head of the resulting Greater University was even bigger. A vice president must now be chosen to direct this unit and that, together with the Presidential election, reminds us of the same old straw balloting.

We have had the usual fall dances, the usual lectures and entertainments, and the usual knocks and boosts of our school. These, too were important at the time but they are no longer so.

There is something else about this time of the year. Things that did not go so well are also forgotten. Everything takes on a brighter hue and we think no further into the future than the next few days. Nothing else seems to matter much.

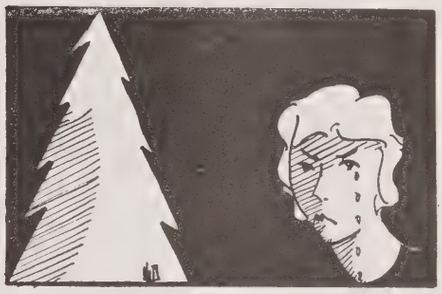
This was planned to be a summing up of the events and happenings of the past quarter but it has slipped badly off track. Anyway, the BUCCANEER wishes you a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Who, me?"

Club Southerland

Friends of this great radio audience, we are going to take you for the next few minutes to that rather new Club of distinction just off the avenue—the justly famed "Club Southerland." I want you to know that there is a place where friend meets friend, where wife meets husband. This place has come into the gaslight just this fall and has fast risen to the crest of popularity. For its hostess, entertainer, or what have you, there is none other than that pretty, pickled and peroxided sweet Sue, what-a-gal Southerland. Come on now and we're going to knock you down to some of the habitual hangers-on there. Reading from left to right we have that budding young lawyer Bob (Hawk) Geitner, the man with the great capacity and iron throat, and right along side him is that Burlington flash, partner in law of above Geitner, none other than Snappy (Snozzle) Quinn. That's enough from that quarter. Over on the sofa is slouched that Northern smoothy, Mousey Hardin that pie-eatin' Sigma Chi—without his derby which he wore to the Duke game of his freshman year. Mousey, old boy, keep away from that cheese—stick to checkers and milk the dish of Griffin (pass-out) Lynch, the Goldsboro green-horn (yeh) with the million dollar smile. Griff's going to leave us this quarter. No, he wasn't lynched. Ohhhh.

Who is that individual with the droopy eyes slumped over in the far corner? Oh, yes, I should have known friends, it's none other than the blond beast, Hugh (three drink) Sawyer the Pi Ka's black sheep. Hugh's had three which is usually his limit. He makes a picturesque sight to say the least. Tomato juice, waiter. And now, ladies and those who are always under suspicion, here's the one you've been waiting for: fifty drinks—no more, no less, in the flesh, good old Pete (put 'em to bed) Calloway—old stud himself. This boy, it will be remembered, kept the roads hot all last summer between here and midway to Durham. Hoover saved the working man and Pete saved the co-eds from what would otherwise have been a very gloomy summer. "Powerful Pete" they call him up Concord way. Pete, along with Griff, is leaving Club Southerland this winter—not by request, you mug. His stall will be hard to fill. Friends, you have to see this club to appreciate it, to realize its possibilities. Every night during the week, rain or shine, a good time is always in progress here. John D. Blake, local constable, could not even resist the chance of coming around to join the fun. That was November first. November second the club assumed a new policy. However, good times are just around the corner—at Club Southerland. Come on and join the fun; follow the crowd to the most popular place in town. And so dear friends—hotcha, hotcha, AND Hotcha. (Not an adv.)



Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the tearful fate of Paula dear:
On the Christmas Morn she woke to cry
For old Mister Claus had passed her by;
In same and sorrow she hid her face—
On the Night Before she trumped Dad's ace!

—*Wilbur Dorsett.*

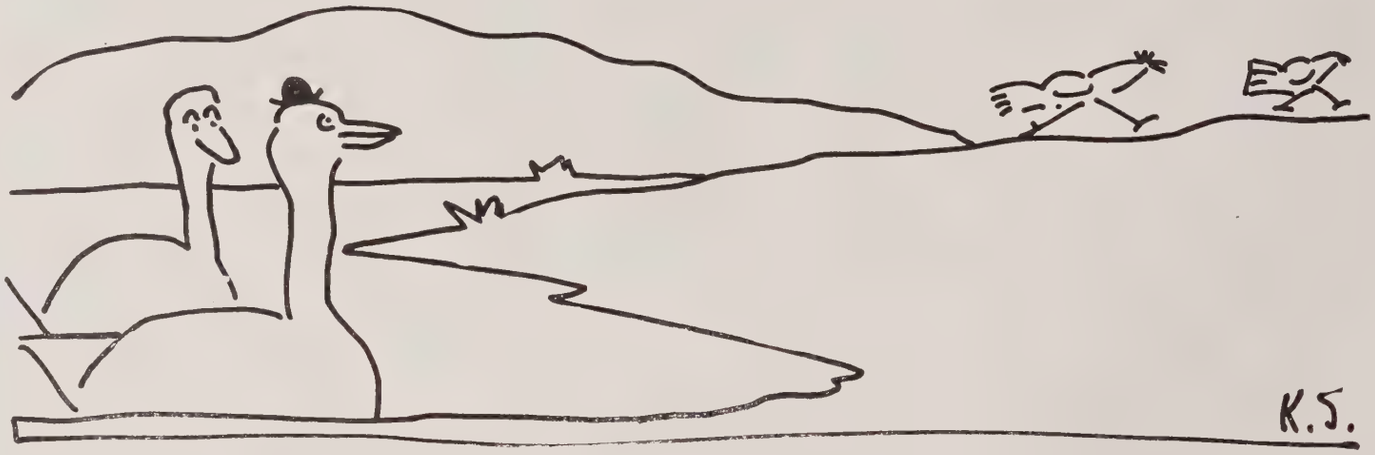
Among other kinds of close harmony we have—love in an Austin.

The great artist had finished his work. His long, unkempt hair was hanging in his face, but he paid no attention to it. He surveyed his masterpiece with an air of satisfaction, and knew that he had done a great work. His harmonious blending of the beautiful gold, purple, pink, yellow, and orange of the sunset, the beautiful greens of the trees and grass, and the blue of the ocean pleased his soul. He had created a work of art, and now fame was to be his. As he breathed a sigh, he bundled up his canvas and sent off the design for another Christmas tie.

A prominent movie star making a personal appearance tour "And," he said, "if I have anything at all to do with the making of my pictures in the future, I promise you I will leave out every bit of smut and dirt." (Much hearty applause). "I want the children to take their parents to the show without blushing."

Hey there, mister,
Don't hit that guy
With the red necktie
He might be
Somebody's sister.

"Do you think you are Santa Claus?"
"No, why?"
"Well, then leave my stockings alone."



Goose: Why don't YOU ever want to play tag?

Rich Richard's Almanac

Give a man enough rope, and he'll start a cigar factory.

Early to bed, and late to rise,
Shows you haven't been married
very long.

Don't put all your yeggs in one prison.

You've made your bid; now you can lie out of it.

What's sauce for the Duce is sauce for the Ghandi.

'Tis better to have loved and lost, yea much better.

Eat, drink, and make Mary, for tomorrow Mary may move out of town.

Don't cry over spilled milk; there's enough water in it as is.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the hen.

Never look a gift horse in the --- (three letter word meaning D. K. E.)

She: You vex me.

He: Listen baby, if I wanted to vex anything, I'd go home and vex the floor.

After tasting corn liquor the song "Shine on Harvest Moon" has been changed to "Moonshine from the Harvest."

After all, birth control is merely avoiding the issue.

—*VooDoo*

BLUE AND THE GRAY

The policeman called the first of May,
The mailman called the very next day;
In February, there was hell to pay.
Who fired the shot—the Blue or Gray?

—*Red Cat*

He: You see if we enter a companionate marriage we can live together a while and then, if we find we've made a mistake, we can separate.

She: Yes—but—what'll we do with the mistake? —*Wataugan*

Christmas Daze

FAIR and WARNING

By Frank Hargreave, Jr.

Last month I made a mistake when I said that Alan Smith did not like Freshman co-eds. He is crazy about them.

It seems that Frank Crowell, the Sigma Chi, doesn't like his home town. I heard it announced over the radio Thanksgiving Day that he was missing. I wonder if they searched all the ditches along the road before that message went out, or maybe it would have been better to look in some of the nearby jails.

If some of the fair young ladies of the campus had been down at the intramural field the day of the Yackety Buc-Tar Mag football game they would have seen the latest thing in long drawers, displayed by Bobbie Mason. A treat to be sure.

Speaking of that game, some of the freshmen can see that it pays to be editor of the *Tar Heel*. Headlines—"Charlie Rose gallops sixty yards for a touchdown. Charlie Rose star of big game." What price glory!

One of the Deke football men has been kept in a storm by a young lady on the campus. She writes him and says she is keeping a watchful eye over him to see that he does right by our Nell.

Grace Bows was standing in Pritchard-Lloyd's drug store giving a profile, and some ignorant person said, "Hello Charlie."

Did you know that "Bert" Anderson and "Irv" Brower had moved out to their summer home at Sparrow's Lake?

What was the boy's name that sent cards to many of the Pi Phi's saying that he would like very much to take them to their dance? Some guys will do anything to go places and see things, won't they?

George Barclay was seen at the shack the other day playing hide and go seek. He says he found. Draw your own conclusions.

What Deke took a terrific razzing when the Philadelphia Ledger came out with the headlines—"WASH THAT GOAT"?

Who is the Kappa Sigma that got high from beverages served at the Virginia Deke house and then refused to let any of his hosts enter their own house?

Down in the Shack there hangs a sign that reads—*"Betty Barnett Gives—24 Hour Service*—on fountain pens." Mayne Albright took her up on it.

What is the girl's name that Howard Manning would like to date a lot more if he had the power?

John Sehon is expected back in town real soon. Do you think that will make any girl feel good?

Why does Ed Martin—Zeta Psi—have a passion for bright green bow ties? What boy likes to play Tarzan with my (?) girl?

He: I slept on a cot all the time I was in the army.

Did: Sounds like bunk to me.

Instead of making-up and kissing, most girls make-up to kiss!

When the new member of the tall-story club told a true story, he was immediately elected treasurer.

When dumber frosh are made, God save us from the sophs.

THERE are mountain ballads,
* * *
AND railroad ballads,
* * *
AND sea life ballads,
* * *
AND dance ballets, all.
* * *
THERE are ballads
* * *
FOR all perilous livelihoods.
* * *
(AND the political world
* * *
WITH its *Ballothood.*)
* * *
EVEN college life
* * *
HAS its ballots.
* * *
"Straws in the Wind"
* * *
TO show the drift of
* * *
STUDENT sentiments
* * *
WHICH are used by
* * *
PUBLIC leaders
* * *
TO pilot *the Ship.*
* * *
THEY tell me that
* * *
THERE'S a depression on.
* * *
LET'S all vote against it.
* * *
IN a straw ballot.
* * *
(OR sign a petition.)

—Wilbur Dorsett

"Yeah, I always drink it to keep myself in shape."

Hooray For Santa Clause

(By Pete Ivey)

Bobbie Mason told me to write something in the BUCCANEER about Santa Clause for this issue. I went to the library and locked him up in the catalogue but was unable to find him listed there. Maybe there ain't no Santa Clause after all. There used to be one, but he is not the same since he merged with the Salvation Army. That little bell he rings by his little wash pot on Main street don't seem like the sleigh bells we used to read about.

If Santa Clause does come this Christmas he will have to have his bag stuffed full of tricks and all kinds of presents. He has received many letters asking Beer for Christmas. How would you like some ice cold beer from the North Pole?

Our Allies want Santa Clause to bring 'em a Moratorium. (Uncle Sam does look like Santa Clause, doesn't he? Probably a case of mistaken identity).

The soldiers want a bonus, the farmers want relief, the postmasters want a stay of execution, the Republican party wants a new deal, the Carolina faculty wants a raise, the gal back home wants a present (who told her Santa Clause lived in Chapel Hill?), we all want passing grades on examinations, and Santa wants to know where all this is coming from.

An optimist is a man who believes in Santa Clause. A pessimist is the man who has to play Santa Clause on the twenty-fifth and have the claws of his creditors work on him on the first of the month.

Did you hear of the absent minded professor who put his socks to bed and hung himself on the mantle?

The smartest man in the world and the meanest man in the world was the Scotchman who told his children that Xmas was just around the corner (prosperity corner).

There was a crazy man who thought he was a sleigh bell and went around ringing noses (oh well, that helps to fill up space, you know).

On account of the depression Santa Clause is going to leave his reindeers at home and ride down on an iceberg this year. To cut down overhead Santa takes advantage of the North Pole weather, freezes fire and operates a canned heat factory.

The NORTH POLE NEWS says that the polar expeditions have made all the Penguins go collegiate with their new bowties. It's quite a fad.

It might be a good idea to write Santa Clause a letter and tell him what we want. Here goes:

Mr. Sant A. Clause
Corn. Snow St. & Frigidaire Ave.
North Pole
Dear Santa Clause:

Will you please bring me for Xmas an A on math. If you ain't got an A, a D will do.

I would also like to have an alarm clock that has the courtesy to be quiet until my dream desires are fulfilled.

If you have a pun exterminator, I certainly would like to have it.

If it is not asking too much, please bring the following things:

An innumerable supply of pencils, a cast iron stomach, a little whosis (whatever it is), and a gong to kick around.

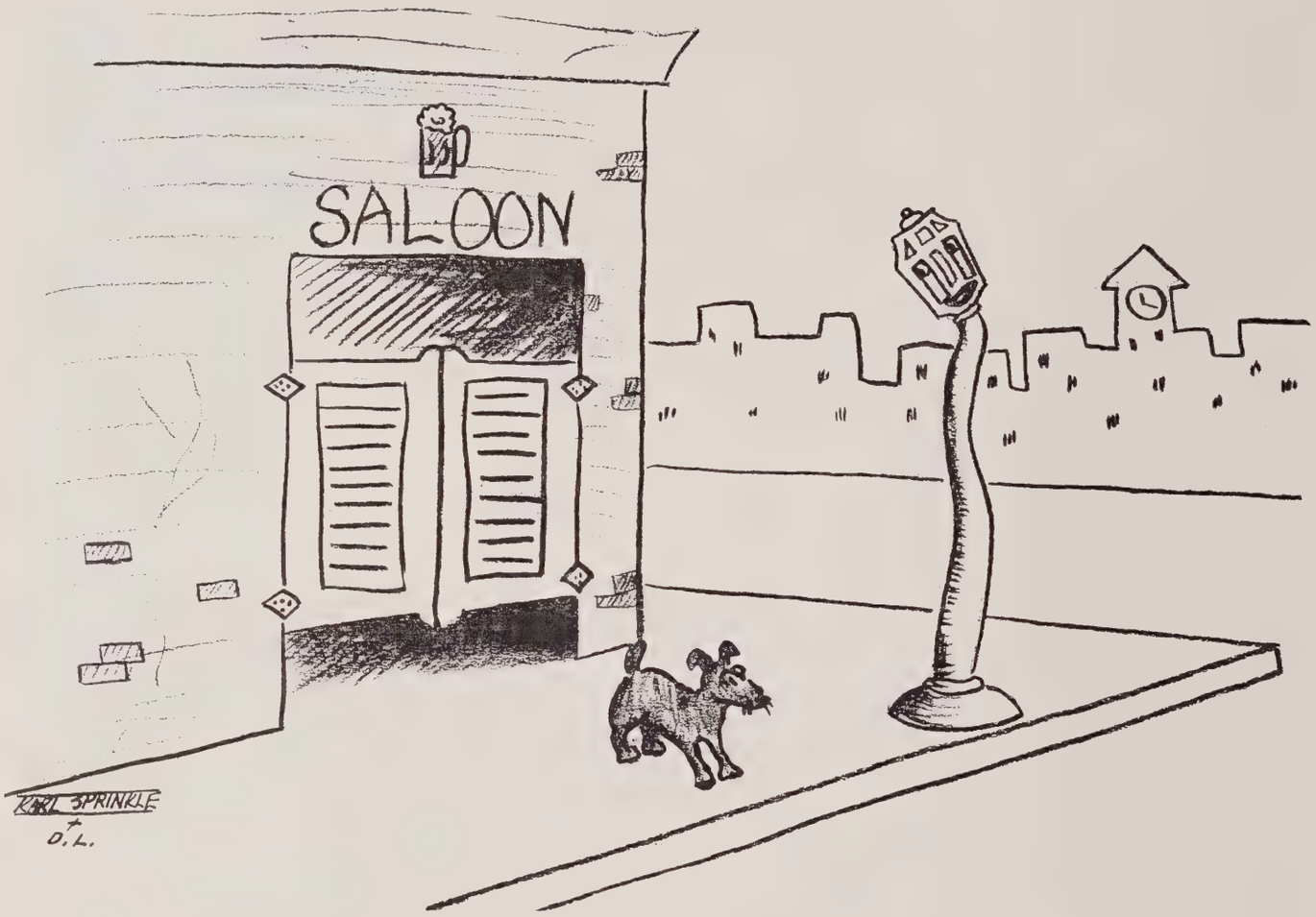
Awaiting your visit, I am

Yours expectantly,

"Gimme a lemonade and I don't care how strong you make it."

She called her boy friend Lucky Strike because he was so kind to her throat.

—*Colo. Dodo*



Said the lamp-post to the dog: Have one on me, my friend.
Said Fido: Thanks no, old chap, I just had one on the house.

Dedicated to a Co-ed Who Was Too Damned Superior to Ride in a Model T

The tendency today is to produce an automobile that is similar to a diving bell, rather than a pleasure machine. Today the sill of the front window is on a level with a driver's upper teeth. He can't even spit comfortably. The cowl is on a level with his eyebrows, so that he can see ahead only by tying his neck muscles in a brutal fisherman's knot. The windows are so small he has to shut one eye and squint as he would through a gun sight. The seats are pitched in a mean V shape, in order to bring on stomach cramps with the least possible delay; and the whole machine is constructed so low to the ground that it is a wonder it isn't infested with those gray brownish mammals with soft fur, rudimentary eyes, known as moles. The only way to get through the doors is by crawling through on one's hands and knees. Getting brutal, are we? Not at all. We have always desired automobiles as such, and still do. We owned a model T Ford roadster once, and it wasn't so hot, but we could hang our left leg over the side when the day was warm and fine. Have you ever tried to hang your left leg over the side of a modern roadster? You'd break every bone in your body. Those old machines had something, something worth remembering and hanging on to. Why do old folks back home hang on grimly to their ancient limousines? It isn't the depression, or the style, that makes them do it, it's because the doors are high enough to walk through without getting your hat knocked off, the seats are level enough to sit on without getting indigestion, and the windows are big enough to see out of.

Come to think of it, those linen dusters were handy things, too!

Announcer at Duke Game: A lost key ring has been turned in to me. It has on it a Ford key, another smaller key, and a Texaco tag with the figures 11356. The owner may have the ring on giving a description of it.

Family Life at the Pole

It was the night before Christmas. All was hurry and bustle at the North Pole. Santa was pulling on his socks.

"Martha, how many times I gotta tell you to sew up the G*? @ D||%&℔ holes in my hose? Ever since you went down to Nome to that there pitcher show, you think you gotta live a life of ease like them Hollywood beauties. Well, ease me them boots."

"Here's your boots. And quit that griping. I'm getting dam tired o' your bellyaching alla time. All I've had outa you for the last four years is gripe, gripe, gripe. What if them last trips didn't turn out so good? Am I to blame, if the Salvation army takes your place on every corner? Ain't I told you time and time again to get outa this lousy racket and go into beer? There's a guy in New York made a cool million outa it in six months. I got it onna radio you brought back last year. His wife can live inna pent house all steam het, while I gotta lose my complexion and get my hands frost-bitten in this abominable climate. Wotta life. Why did I ever marry you?"

"Still wishing you'd a married that guy Atlas, I reckon. Well, he mighta held up the world, but what is he now? Just a collection of maps. And he didn't feel like holding yours. Go on, and crank the dam Ford —and be sure to see if the anti-freeze is O. K. Hell, no, not the truck. The roadster will be plenty big for this year's business. Next year, I'll prob'ly just send Greetings."

"Dam thing sounds like a threshing machine. How much gas have I got, Martha? All right. Good-bye. Be good, Old Girl. I'll bring you back a movie magazine. And don't forget to call the butcher and tell him he can have the whole batch of reindeer for a grand. See you around New Year's."

Mary Christmas and the Little Dwarf

By Pat Gaskins

Once upon a time there was a very beautiful girl who had a wicked stepmother. One night her stepmother put her in the barn with a load of hay and said,

"If you don't spin all this hay into gold by tomorrow morning, I shall kill you."

The little girl sat in the barn crying because she could not spin the hay into gold when suddenly a little dwarf appeared. "What are you crying for, my child?" he said.

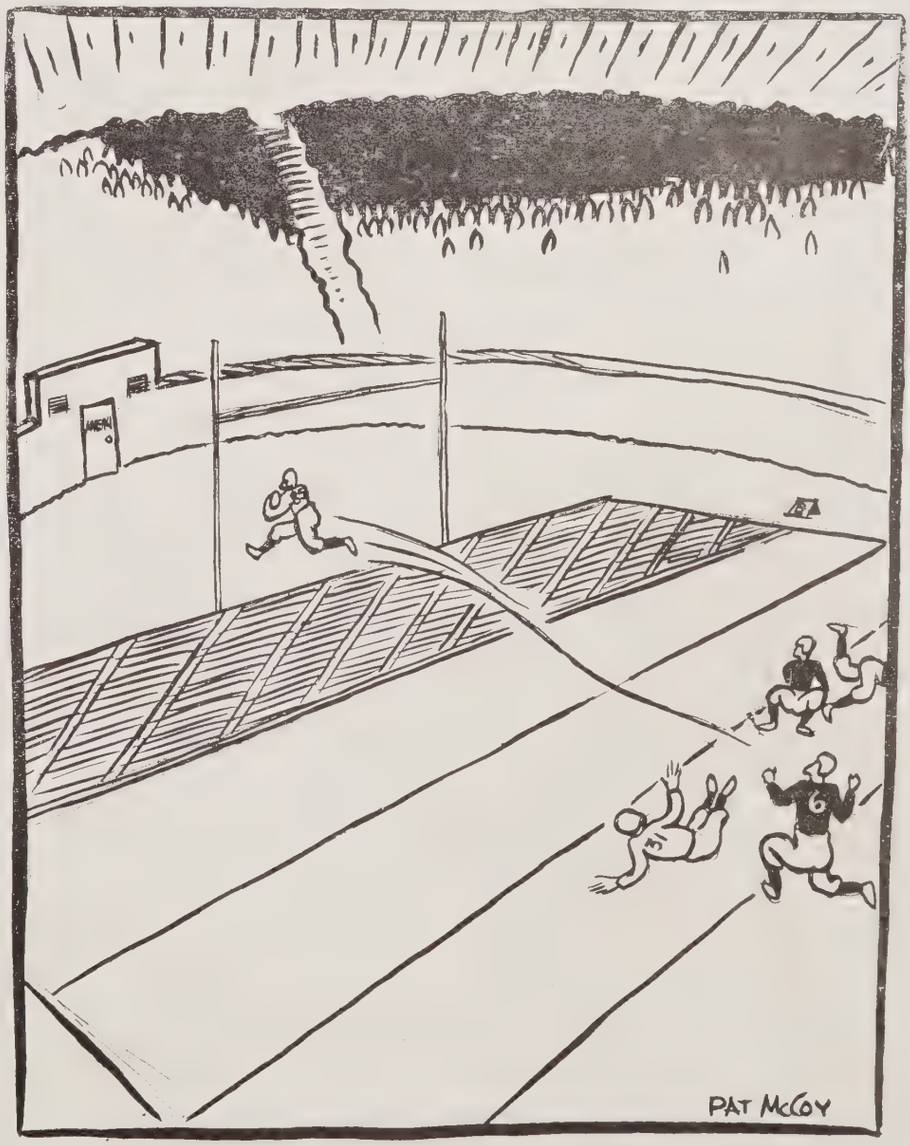
"I am crying because my wicked stepmother has said that I must spin all this hay into gold by tomorrow morning or she will kill me," replied little Mary.

"Then what will you give me to spin it into gold?" asked the little dwarf.

"I'll give you my necklace," she sobbed. Just as soon as the words had left her mouth, her necklace and the little dwarf disappeared while the hay immediately became gold.

The next night her stepmother put her in the barn with the same admonitions. Little Mary began crying at once and almost instantly the little dwarf ap-

(Continued on page 24)



Botanist: Beware, young woman, first channce I have, I intend to osculate you under that 'Phoradendron Flavescens'.

Innocent country maid: Well, Paw said the boys can kiss me, but if you dare try anything else, you'll get the shot-gun cure.

SANTA CLAUS, OR THE BIG DECEPTION

(By Pete Ivey)

It was the night before Xmas and all through the house,
Everyone was high, the hostess was soused.
The whiskey was served to the drunks with care;
They all drank it down and yelled, "gimme air."

In one corner sat Whiskey Mamie, her eyes were big and green;
While next to her sat snaggle Tom, has an uglier man been seen?
Frog-face Tony was there, and so was lisping Gertie;
Poker-face Frank smiled a bit, seeing the antics of Slew-foot Ferdy.

They all waited up for Santa Claus, to see what he would bring,
And as night grew on they all began to sing,
"It's not de present dat we git dat makes us all delight,
But jes' cause we can stay up late on Christmas evening night."

So they all stayed up and waited, but Santa didn't come;
They all grew restless and began to say, "where is the dirty bum?"
Then out in the hall there rose such a racket
They opened the door, Santa Claus in his little red jacket!

"What do you want for Xmas"? said Santa to Stinky Bill.
"I'll take Vanilla, Pistachio too," Bill was heard to trill.
"I want a lavender blackjack," said frog-face Tony with glee.
"All I want," said whiskey Mamie, "is an everlasting spree."

"What do you want?" said Santa Claus to big old Poker-face Frank.
"I pass," said the big boy boldly, and gave Santa's beard a yank.
Which all goes to prove that there ought to be a million laws
Against showing children, men and women there ain't no Santa Claus.

Impossible Interview

(Margaret Sangster Interviews Santa Claus)

"My dear man, there are millions of women, old before their time, their beauty ruined by excessive child-bearing, tied down to the wash tub, when they might be out dancing with some handsome traveling salesman were it not for the ignorant law that keeps them from learning the Truth. What do you think of this execrable situation?"

"Well—heh, heh, I believe in joy and happiness, Miss Sangster," patting his large paunch that shook like a bowl of mayonnaise.

"But—" looking down at the enormous girth of the jolly saint —"if I were not fully acquainted with masculine anatomy, I should swear that you have been masquerading in more ways than one, my dear fellow. You remind me of a poor young lady in the Brooklyn slums—poor dear, she has sixteen. If I were President, I would make a law forbidding anyone to have children for the next thirty years."

"What the hell, Marge—you would take my job away from me. Wait until the depression is over."

"O. K. Santa. Want to come to my apartment for tea?"

"You wouldn't kid me, would you, Marge?"

Mary Christmas and the Little Dwarf

(Continued from page 23)

peared again.

"For what are you crying this time?" he queried.

"I am crying because I must spin all this hay into gold by morning or be killed," she wailed.

"And what will you give me this time?" he asked.

"I'll give you my bracelet." The same thing happened as before and once more the hay was spun into gold.

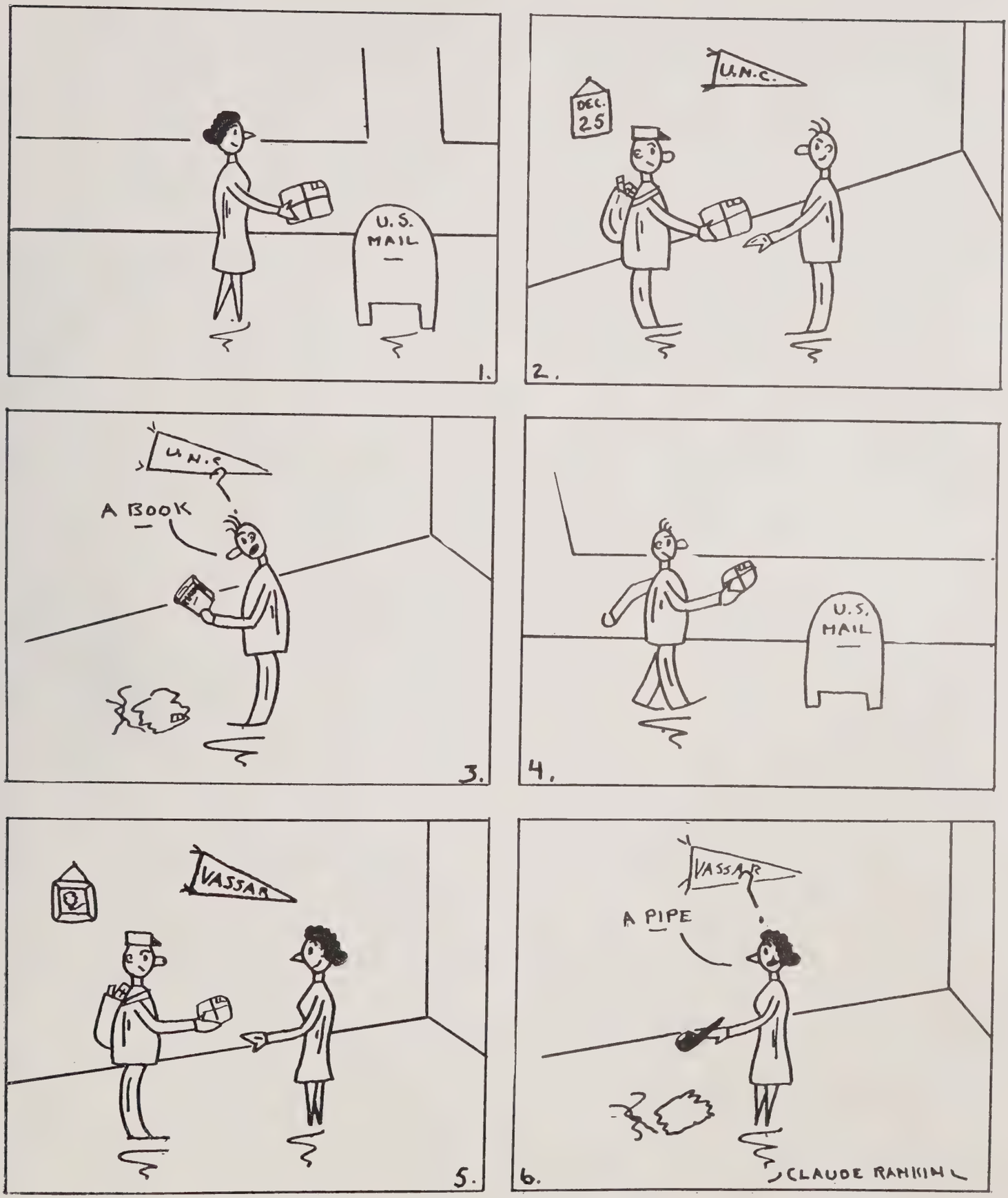
The next night her wicked stepmother put her in a still larger barn and told her that she must spin all the hay into gold. She was sitting there crying as if her heart would break when the little dwarf appeared.

"What will you give me this time if I spin all this hay into gold?" he inquired again.

"I am sorry," she answered, "but I have nothing further to give you."

"Don't be silly," said the little dwarf,—and the next morning all the hay was spun into gold.

. . . And the "Tar Heel" still continues to print editorials.


U. S. MAIL
1.
U.N.C.
DEC. 25
2.
U.N.C.
A BOOK
3.
U. S. MAIL
4.
VASSAR
5.
VASSAR
A PIPE
6.
CLAUDE RANKIN

Football in the Future

Once upon a time, a lot of men played a virile game called football. Then someone invented a rules committee. This committee proceeded to pass a lot of rules. The flying tackle must go. The goal posts must be moved back behind the goal line. Something must be done about fumbles. No roughness must be allowed. And, so an entirely new game was invented under the old name.

Then, the Universities of North Carolina and Duke—two so-called institutions of higher learning down here in the state of North Carolina, in case you haven't heard of them—played this new game in the fall of 1943, and the local society editor wrote it up thusly:

The Duke team tripped onto the field and looked very fetching in blouses of copenhagen blue with lace points at the wrist and throat, and chemise-effect skirts of a lovely shade of pea green with cerise ruffles. Their little bonnets of deep amber struck a contrasting note in the mellow glow of the autumn sun.

The Carolina team wore lace blouses over pink silk brassieres. The tops of egg-shell panties showed an enticing half-inch above long orange evening skirts.

After the captains had embraced each other in a manner at once shy and very cute, the official tapped on her tambourine and the game began. The Duke half back received the toss-off and piroutted two yards, before he was tapped by a Carolina player. On the next play, it was ruled that Carolina had committed a foul, as one of the players had been caught peeking, while the opposing team was in a huddle. Carolina was penalized, and the pellet placed within an inch or two of the goal. Carolina was unable to score, and time was taken out for tea and cakes.

Though apparently very tired and ruffled, both teams went back into the strenuous contest with brave smiles. It was soon seen, however, that all were totally exhausted, and as the coaches were reminded that it was time for the boys to have their beauty naps, the remainder of the game was postponed until next Sunday after Sunday School.

A HANGOVER FROM THE LAST ISSUE

There was an old man from Spindle
Who poured out his drinks in a thimble.
The thimble was so small that he couldn't drink it all;
That poor old sot from Spindle.

Player: But I didn't hold that man! You can't penalize us!

Sarcastic Referee: Oh, I can't? Well, you just have a look at the newspapers tomorrow.

"Are you John Jones?"

"Yes."

"John Jones of Duke, the big star on the Duke football team?"

"Yes."

"Are you the guy from Duke that all the women crowd around?"

"Yes."

"Are you John Jones of the Duke football team, the year's biggest sensation?"

"Yes."

"Boy, are you lousy."

Baseball Coach: Are you a southpaw?

Dumb Prospect: No, sir; I'm only a freshman.

Among the unusual letters bearing a serious vein, received in Washington during the War, was the following:

Mr. Headquarters,
U. S. Armory,

Dear Mr. Headquarters:

My husband was induced into the service long months ago and I ain't received no pay from him since he was gone. Please send me my elopement as I have a two months old baby and he is my only support and I kneed it every day to buy food and keep us enclosed. I am a poor woman and all that I have is at the front. Both sides of my parents are very old and I don't suspect anything from them as my mother has been in bed thirteen years with one doctor and she won't take another. My husband is in charge of a spittoon. Do I get any more than I am going to get? Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and child and please send me a wife's form to fill out. I have already written to Mr. Wilson and get no answer, and if I don't hear from you I will write Uncle Sam about you and him.

Yours truly,
Mrs. E. Victor Conrad

P.S.: My husband says that he sets in the Y. M. C. A. every nite with the piano playing in his uniform. I think you can find him there.

She: But, dear, I can't go to meet your friends with these rags on.

He: All right, take them off.

She: But haven't I always been fair to you?

He: Yes, but I want you to be fair and warmer.

Beta: My life is an open book.

Pi Phi: I know, but it's not good reading for a girl.

Po-lease, a Camel!

THERE she stands beneath the mistletoe, calling you "fresh" and saying "po-lease, a Camel," instead. When it comes to freshness, Camel takes the cake. *Made* fresh, never parched or toasted—these fine cigarettes bring you in prime condition all the cool throat-friendly fragrance of blended choice Turkish and mild sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos. That's why every mellow puff of a Camel will prompt you to say, "here is perfection in smoking enjoyment."

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CHAPEL HILL

OUR TRUCKS COVER THE CITY

Tom Collins Column

"While strolling through the park one day,
In the merry, merry month of May,
I was taken by surprise by a pair . . . . ."

Only it seems that I was not strolling, I was walking rapidly into one store and out of another, and furthermore it was December and not May, and the pair of . . . do not or did not interest yours truly. My business this month, it seems, is to tell all about the pretty gifts that I have been avidly poring over in a vain attempt to find something that I really like. I always give myse'f something for Christmas because most assuredly I never get what I want. First I travelled over to Durham and strolled into the **Durham Men's Shop**; the manager over there detained me for hours and hours showing me the niftiest cigarette lighters for table use. One is in the form of a gun, pull the trigger and a light shoots up (sometimes); others were in various and sundry forms, among those present were airplanes, a metal golf caddy, the bag of clubs being the lighter, also some very swelegant electric lighters. They also have some neat cock-tail shakers made so that a turn of the shaker tells (in writing) just what ingredient to use for what. Also some nice decanters, cigarette boxes, all sorts of luggage, tie pins, men's jewelry, ties and the regular merchandise.

Took a turn around the block and found **Miller-Bishop's** who are showing the swellest braces in plaid designs and in leather. They have an unusually nice assortment of men's jewelry. **Pritchard-Bright's** are showing some very nice scarfs, hats and an atlas world cigarette lighter. It is really worth seeing. **The Young Men's Shop** over there have some splendid looking leather braces and also a set of a tie and scarf to match in the latest plaid design.

Durham Stationery Co. have one of the nicest gift departments that I've ever had the occasion to visit. They are showing, in particular, diaries—the five year kind. Decanters, with glasses to match. Also a very nice glass cock-tail shaker. Ash-trays, lamps, cigarette cases, desk sets, and all sorts of other things for the desk to make it attractive and usable. Also, some awfully nice book ends.

Coming back to the Hill we went into **Stetson "D"** and lo! They have some braces in velvet, quite neat too. Leather jackets, cigarette humidors, sterling silver belt buckles, key chains in the new large link that has come back, very nice handkerchiefs and a few flasks and cock-tail shakers. **Lipman's** said for that present to yourself why not try a suit or top-coat. I quite agree with them. **Alfred-Williams** are showing some very nice seal jewelry and pen and pencil desk sets. They also feature a very nice portable typewriter which is something that every college man should, if possible, strain the old wallet to obtain. They have some very nice books in the dollar editions. **Ledbetter-Pickard** is showing some very fine and aristocratic stationery, also seal jewelry and greeting cards. **The Book Exchange** has all sorts of pennants, paper, and very fine seal jewelry.

That is all for this month and to all of you, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and here's hoping something more important—may you pass all your exams.

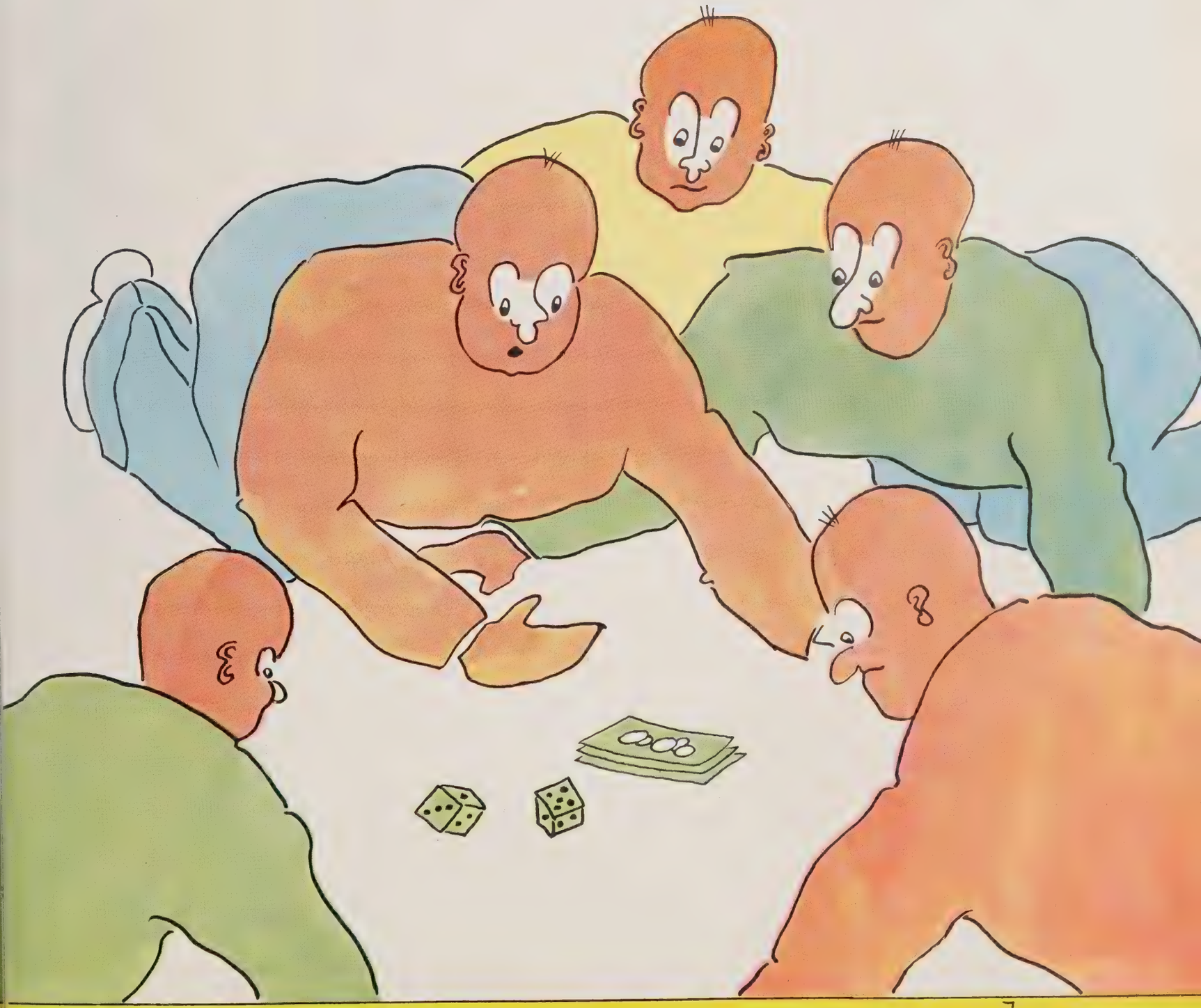
Give a Christmas carton of **LUCKIES**—the mildest of Cigarettes

"It's toasted"

That package of mild Luckies

Copr., 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

buccaneer



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KARL SPRINKLE

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paving job (and who later received the contract), and this fact has strengthened the suspicion that the owners were subjected

an Administration it will not be done later. This will be a Democratic opportunity.

with all its expensive activities, cannot be accomplished in a short time, but if it is not planned for at the very beginning of

Why Technocracy?

—o—

Students in recent survey find that RECTIFIED dollar is the thing today

—o—

At a meeting of the RECTIFIED BIT ASSOCIATION on Friday January 13 it was decided to introduce a new sort of currency against the recent influx of advice given by the Technocrats. This new currency is a Bit System. We give you a pound of tid-bits (cheese) for each bit. Those not liking tid-bits may secure ginger snaps or vanilla wafers. The co-authors and heads of the Association will only give one pound of bits at a time, because they get stale very easily. The bit system is taking the country (?) by storm. **We bit, why not you.**

Every one on this and other campuses of the country is asked to do this bit. One the face of the bit will be found two tid-bits supporting a brace and bit. The motto will be, "One for all and all for us." This is thought to be a fair proposition since we originated the idea anyway.

Have you seen Gracie Allen's brother? He bit. Do you play solitaire in the dark? If so, then why not be a member of the bit plan.

If you have a bitter plan or suggestion we do NOT wish to hear about it.

The association is growing bitter and bitter every day. It is the bitterest system ever inaugurated in this or any other country.

Inflation, bah! The only inflation that can come up (or go down) under the bit system is when a bit is dropped in water; it will swell up. It loses its taste in such a case, but upon drying it in a warm oven, about 6000 C, it may go down. Inflation is a subsidiary commentaion of the present monetary unification under which will be found an exemplification of the that only a technoengineerconomistically-minded sort of personality would worry about. As for delation, well, you would worry about. As for delation, well, you worry about that.

"Gentlemen," said our president of the Bit Association, "there is a surplus of wheat in this country. What we need is a new system." So the bit systen arrived. Elmer Zilch bit, why not you?

We hope you get bit if you do not think that the bit system is the best bitof thinking ever produced. We have only about 300 words. They will make a bit of history.

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THE

CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

Volume X January, 1933 Number 4

BOBBIE MASON ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
BERNARD S. SOLOMON ..... *Business Manager*

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POME

Why is it professors can wear purple ties,
Haphazard haircuts, and coats the wrong size,
Trousers too short, and color-schemes vile,
Yet bust me in English because of my style?

—Cornell Widow

A Scotchman, an Irishman, a German, and a Jew were eating dinner together. When the meal was finished and the waiter came with the bill the Scotchman promptly said that he would take it. The next day a Jewish ventriloquist was found murdered.

—Puppet

They were watching the colored lights illuminate Niagara Falls. The bride bestowed a tender kiss on the lobe of her spouse's left ear, then whispered shyly, "Did all your friends at the stag supper congratulate you?"

"Some," he frankly admitted, "but eight of them thanked me."

—Clarkson Tech Green Griffin

Frosh: Boy, that girl sure has a school girl complexion.

Freshman: Say, that girl is a colored girl.

Frosh: That's all right, she's from night school.

—Yellow Jacket

"But, I can't understand it, doctor—Winchell said it wouldn't be until November."

—Sun Dial

Dear Son: Please join a fraternity, as I cannot afford to keep you in clothes. Your Dad.

—Rice Owl

Buying a car is just like getting married —once you get the license you can go as far as you like.

—Ohio Green Goat

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What this country needs is dormitory road signs, or something. Take for example the Frosh who had a two o'clock class. He rushes madly up the steps and tries for ten minutes to get in his room. Finally he decides that he is in the wrong section, and so he again makes a fresh dash and runs into the wall while making a turn for the fourth floor (they aint no fourth floor). But there's more to follow. He now dejectedly descends and opens the door to step out onto the campus. Now what does he see but a guy standing in front of him calmly shaving. Alas, gentlemen, he realizes that he has one more flight to descend, and . . . aw, what's the use anyway?

"Well blow me down!" said the whistle as the engineer pulled its leg.

She used to sit upon his lap
As happy as could be.
But now it makes her seasick—
He has water on the knee.

She: How do you use hydrolic brakes?
He: Put on in case of an emergency.
She: I see—a kind of kimona.

Frosh: (On crowded bus) Quite a load on this evening, eh?
Beta: Ye-yesh, b-but don' tell nobody.

"He's a college man."
"Yeah, a four years loaf."

He: What is more pitiful than a man without a college?
She: A college without a man.

She was only a plumber's daughter, but oh those fixtures!

Hi, N. Door!
Hi, sport!

"Lend me a dollar."
"This aint Monday, ya dope."

Impossible instances: The cross-eyed Frenchman who tried to put a Jig-saw puzzle together during a hang-over.

Another favorite indoor sport is the touch system—and we don't mean typewriters.

She starts off by saying "no," but I . . .
Aw, quit bragging.

First Co-ed: How did you hear the Dean slipping up on you all?
Second Co-ed: Oh! I had an ear to the ground.

—Rammer-Jammer

"Why so much mail today, Mr. Postman?"
"Well, the National Correspondence School is having a pep meeting and they've mailed each student a bonfire."

—Penn Punch Bowl

It wasn't liquor that killed old Ben;
Nor women that stopped his breath—
'Twas an Austin somebody drove up his leg
And tickled old Ben to death.

Rammer-Jammer

"Love-making is just as it always was."
"How do you know?"
"I've been reading about a Greek maiden who sat up all night and listened to a lyre."

—Log

We know a banker's son who says he doesn't scratch matches on the bottom of his shoes any more because it tears his socks.

—Ohio Green Goat

Bing: What do you mean kicking my dog? He don't even bite.
Bang: Yes, but he raised his leg, and I thought he was going to kick me.

—Ram Morgue

Two co-eds sauntered through the Aggie building, picking out their courses by the names on the doors.
First Co-ed: I'd like to take these two; comparative anatomy and animal husbandry.
Second Co-ed: And I'd like to take this one here, marked "Men."

—Arizona Kitty Kat

"How much did you say them apples is?"
"Fifteen cents a peck."
"What do you think I am—a bird?"

—Ohio Sun Dial

Co-ed, conscientious English major, at Grail Dance: Don't mind my dangling participles.

Partner: Not at all, not at all."

The Simmons Mattress advertisements must register zero with our agriculturean neighbors who go to bed with the chickens.

Where there's a still there's a sway."

Is my girl angry?—She just got through house - cleaning when the **Buccaneer** arrived!

"Here lies love," sang the Sugar Daddy as he pulled out his bankroll.

Shortest Bed-Time Story
No!!!!

Believe it or not—there is a man who admits business is picking up—the street-cleaner.

The depression certainly solved the question for a great many lazy people.

It has been discovered that all the best wrestlers do have **A** girl!!

Form your own conclusions—I have mine———.

Overheard at a Party

Sweet young thing to wrestler: "Now show me the crotch hold". And then the party got rough!!

The path of love leads but to the———Maternity Hospital.

"Why is stationary sometimes called 'lawn'?"

"Because you lawn to write on it."

The closed car is just the extension department of a certain division of indoor sports.

"That's a close fit." said the Scotchman as he bought a new suit of clothes.

"That'll be enough out of you," said the farmer as he led the cow to her stall.

"How was your date last night?"

"No soap."

"What's her address, quick?

1st. Coed: How'd you come out with that tough prof?

2nd. Coed: Quite mutual.

1st. Coed: Meaning what?

2nd. Coed: He made me, I made a C.

The Coed is the only type of student we have that can be popular by not no-ing anyone.

She told me to fly, and I flew.
She begged me to lie, and I lew.
I'll allow her to task me,
But if she should ask me,
To die, I'll be durned if I do.

"Did you hear about Bill droping his suitcase with a quart in it?"

"No!"

"Oh, it leaked out."

In the last few years, girls clothes have changed a lot, but under it all, they are the same sweet girls.

He: Darling, I have been thinking of something for a long time. Something is trembling on my lips . . .

She: Why don't you shave it off?

A Strong Bank in a Good Town

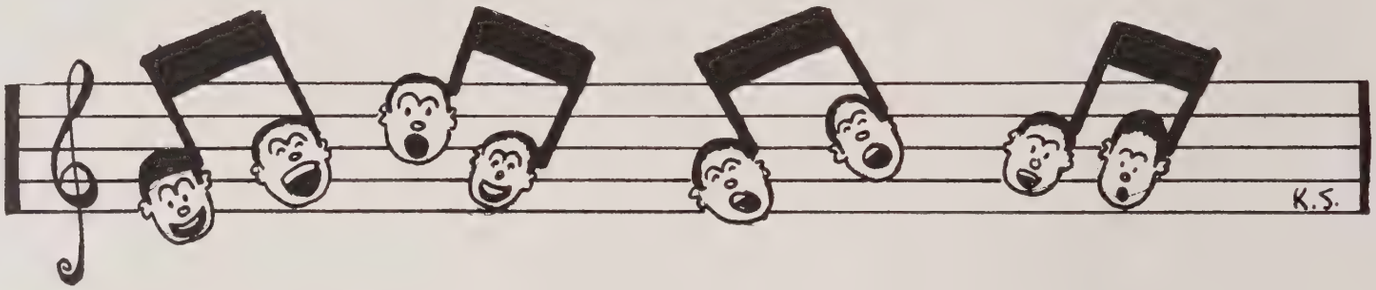
Over the years the Bank of Chapel Hill has developed on a sound basis and is now abreast of times and financially big enough to care for all the banking needs of the community.

The Bank of Chapel Hill

M. C. S. Noble, *Pres.* R. L. Strowd, *Vice Pres.*
M. E. Hogan, *Cashier*

MUSICAL MUSINGS

By Jim Jackson



Jack Denny—you've hIeard of him—He's the smooth maestro that bides his time entertaining New York's best people at the Waldorf. His recent Debutant Auditions have brought forth some beautiful lassies with equally fine voices and personalities in the forms of the daughters of some of the best families in the Metropolitan City, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Chicago, and Washington. He uses them as guest soloists and has even sent some of the best abroad for study. Denney, you know, is a prime advocate of the new smooth dance rhythm. He employs no trumpets or other brass in his orchestra . . . Soft music, with beautiful crooning debs . . . fitting entertainment for the patrons of the Waldorf-Astoria—so it seems.

Are you tired of hearing about the Lombardos. . . . Let's hope not, because here's a little more. . . . Extry! Extry! . . . Be it known that Guy Lombardo, for the first time over the radio, played his well-known fiddle on the 20th day of December! Boy, it's a good thing he doesn't play it more often, 'cause he "ain't no good a-tall." . . . Carmen's latest tune is the popular "No More Love." Some of his others you may remember are "Coquette," "Sweethearts on Parade," "Snuggled on Your Shoulder," and "We'll See It Thru." . . . Larry Owens is the lad that puts together those typical Lombardo arrangements. . . . Useless information—Carmen holds that clarinet note in the St. Louis Blues for exactly fifty seconds.

More about nothing in particular. . . . Tal Henrys' popular little hunchback vocalist is no more, as a singer that is. He broke an ear-drum and can't judge his rhythms any more. That's real tough luck because he was one of Tal's best features. . . . Ozzie Nelson went to Rutgers and prepared to study law, but it appears he cared more for the orchestra he organized while there so he kept it up. . . . Andrea Marsh (Ted Weems' Band) stated in a recent interview that she didn't care so much for College men, but preferred blond-dominating-lads, two or three years older than "kids" in school. . . . Ted Fiorita's fine band is very popular on the West Coast. . . . Ben Bernie's family wanted him to be an engineer, but again the call of Orpheus was stronger. But after all, he does engineer humor and good music—Ohhhh. . . . Incidentally he attended C. C. N. Y. . . . Every man in Ted Weems' ultra-fine band is an ex-college man.

Boys --- Come To See Us

When you want the newest releases.

Victor and Brunswick Records

Also sheet music

L. E. O'Briant Music Store

118 East Main Street
Durham, N. C.

RECORDS . . . and more of them. The first month of 1933 brings us a collection of musical notes put together to create one of the prettiest tunes you ever heard. Its rhythmic melody suggests perfectly its very name—NIGHT AND DAY—and its lyric is equally as clever and appropriate. Leo Reisman with Fred Astaire vocalizing, and Eddie Duchin have both recorded it. I think you'll prefer Reisman's because, Duchin's band, fine as it is, lacks the body or filling backtime for a number like this.

HOW DO YOU DO IT . . . Set to music by ABE LYMAN and his nigh perfect time and distinctive arrangement. HARLAN LATTIMORE'S swell husky-but-dreamy voice completes the ensemble.

IT'S WINTER AGAIN . . . HAL KEMP and his triple-toning band at their finest.

LOOK WHO'S HERE . . . on the other side makes this one of the best all-around records of the month. If you've heard Hal play them both on the radio you know they're both fine tunes.

WHAT A PERFECT COMBINATION . . . EDDIE DUCHIN . . . Heart song personified. One of the newest, but already headed for popularity.

DIXIE DOORWAY . . . Chuck full of CAB CALLOWAY'S delightful slow vocalizations. All in all a fine slow number without the usual hey-de-hey stuff.

HELL'S BELLS . . . HAL KEMP again. If Hell has music like this, all of us are going to have lots of fun in years to come. Middle sax chorus is a beaut.

STREET OF DREAMS . . . I CALLED TO SAY GOODNIGHT . . . and I'M SURE OF EVERYTHING BUT YOU are the ROYAL CANADIANS' contributions. . . . 'nuff said.

If you want to splurge a little, get one of the 12-inch records of the favorites from "Flying Colors." It's real music.

Others sure to be good when released . . . TAKE ME AWAY . . . OUT OF THE DARKNESS . . . YOU'VE GOT ME CRYIN' AGAIN . . . AIN'T YOU KINDA SORRY NOW . . . I'M PLAYING WITH FIRE.

May They Please You.

FAIR and WARNING

with which is combined

Penn Scratches

Has a certain Pi Phi pledge turned her pentagon into a perfect triangle? We ask you.

And what about the girl who went to the basket ball game with an A. T. O. and left with a Beta? Is it as bad as it looks?

Phi Gam or D. K. E.—which is it? Let's let our N. C. C. W. graduate judge this issue.

Attention, you co-eds! Don't try to climb in the windows at the Shack any more. One of the fair who resides there is awaiting her sentence. So are a Beta and an A. T. O. Well, boys, it's a month.

Is Frank Johnson beating Bill Moore's time. What's the trouble, Bill?

What Deke on the boxing team received a wire from a fair (pardon, she's a brunette) Carolina co-ed while he was at the V. P. I. match?

John Jacob Bender seems to have changed his tactics. He is now courting a missionary. Well, boys, on with the crusade.

We can't leave Ashby Penn out of this. He turned big time sportsman (or maybe we should have began "The memorial sleigh ride of Ashby Penn); anyway he did go sleigh riding. That's not so good, but this is: there was no snow on the ground.

Well, Betsy Barnette, make up your mind; you can't handle more than one at a time.

Wilmer Hines seems to excell with co-eds as well as at basket ball and tennis. For further information see the smallest Pi Phi pledge.

Another missionary, one Miss Caroline Ward, went Shanghai at the Beta dance the other night.

It's none of our business, of course, but we suggest that three certain boys around at the S. A. E. house get together and map out a schedule for their duties at the co-ed Shack. This little scheme might save a lot of conflicts.

We understand that Shady Lane is going to attend the fancy dress ball at Washington and Lee and that he is going to escort a fair young dasmel from Raleigh.

Charlie (Tar Heel) Rose was asked when he was seen in church if he thought they were going to have acrobats that day. going to have acrobats that day.

We thought Ike Minor looked quite well in the mask that he wore in a recent basketball game. Someone suggested, however, that it doesn't hide enough of his face.

How did George Barclay get the idea that Psychology is a course in rat catching?

Fuzzy Philips is no longer her radiant and charming self. Can it be that she is pining away for her lost wrestler?

Why did Kat Jamison get Benny to carry her around? Or can't she take it?

We contribute this toward impossible interviews: Parchie Fowler and Mr. Woodhouse on Technocracy.

Burt Anderson is pining because he has lost his mistress in the wilds of Florida. We refer to one Brower.

It is reported that Basil Hall and Henry Burnette are back in circulation after an air raid.

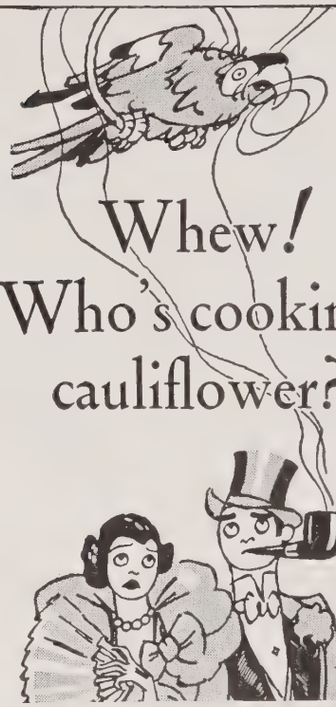
Professor K. C. Frazier was seen enjoying the snow after the A. T. O. dance the other night.

Charlotte Winborne announces that she is giving dates for the spring. She and Kat Jamison have had dates every night since they have been here. So they say.

Miss (Red Head) Stewart was seen doing a three quarter waltz in Physociology lab—with another of the local theatrical troupe—one proude d'homme.

Percy Idol is now in the ring for the beautiful Miss Strickland. You can tell by the heart beats, you dope!

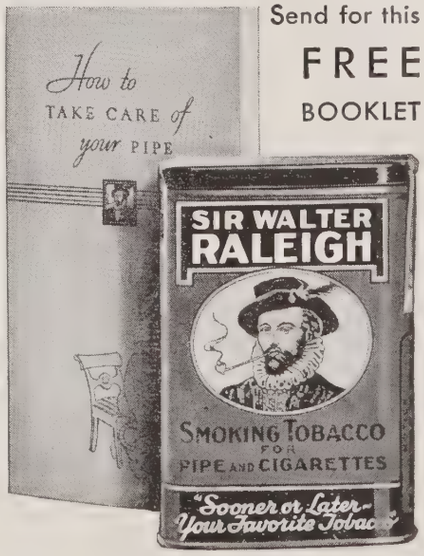
Is that a girl's basket ball game going on over back of Mr. Frank's home? Or is it a fashion show? That's all we want to know.



WHEN you smoke a foul, reeking pipe, you may think you're getting away with it with your hostess. But you can't fool a bird.

For your own sake as well as others, start today smoking a *good* tobacco in a well-groomed pipe. Sir Walter Raleigh's mild mixture of Kentucky Burleys is an excellent tobacco. It's so mild that it always pleases the most haughty hostess. And it's so rich, fragrant and full-bodied that it will give you infinite satisfaction. Your tobacco store has it—kept fresh in gold foil.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-31



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Pot Shots

The Carolina BUCCANEER
UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME X DECEMBER, 1932 NUMBER 3

BUCCANEERING

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

Athletics

The Shan-Kar dancing and musical (?) outfit that went through strange and previously unknown to the Chapel Hill public motions resembled an athletic show in a good many ways. There was the band, of course, and the brown skinned Hindu with the lady tattooed on his right forearm made the campus drum major perk up when he whirled and slung his sword and performed what was claimed to be a dance in honor of weapons. The dancers also impersonated cheer leaders and one gent demonstrated how a first class jaelon thrower makes his letter. Another showed how a wrestler performs when his opponent has been successful in securing a toe hold and a couple half nelsons on him. And it was all very educational, so I hear.

The little man with the big nose and Bronx accent, however, lent the final athletic touch to the whole performance. He sold programs for the usual two bits and, probably for the benefit of the college students in the audience, yelled at the top of his voice, "Buy a program! Get a complete lineup and an interpitation of all the dances! Buy a program and see what goes on intelligently!"

Pain

Some of us Southerners can be spotted as inhabitants of the land of cotton and A-1 mammy singers much more easily than can others of us. Dale Ranson, the head man of cross country and Coach Bob's assistant for the cinder and field boys, has been around and about quite a bit and has never once been mistaken for a Yankee. Dale just naturally talks that way.

Claiborne Carr, the up to the minute campus sports writer, tells this one on Coach Dale. It seems that some unmannerly person deliberately and for no reason at all stuck a pin into that region of the ex-Carolina track star which he was once so fond of showing to those who raced against him.

According to our information, after the pin had well been drawn out the coach remarked, "O-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-," finishing the little exclamation exactly forty five minutes after he started it.

First Aid

Kay Thompson breaks into print this month because he organized a football club in Burlington, his home town, and played a team from Mebane on the very last day of 1932. The event is an annual one and always stirs up a great deal of interest.

The powerful Thompson, as the boy is known in those parts, looked natural in a football uniform and it didn't take him long

to prove that he really was absolutely at home. During the early part of the game he intercepted a pass and ran some sixty yards for a touchdown. The teams were lining up again for the kick-off when a Burlington player decided that he was injured and needed medical attention. He lay perfectly still and the trainer came running from the side line with a little black bag. The players formed a huddle around the bag and the injured man produced a half gallon jar from it, and pretty soon he felt much better. So did the rest of the players.

Misfortune

We tried our hand at turkey hunting during the holidays and spent a very enjoyable half week at the lodge of one generally referred to as Uncle Ben. Uncle Ben is a hunter extraordinary, a philosopher in general, and an ardent lover of animals. His favorite pet is a huge cat of the Thomas sex, and the beast gets more attention than do the old man's hunting dogs.

We had finished our evening meal one night and smoked as we watched the panther-like animal consume what had been allotted to him. The cat purred and began to lick himself clean after he had eaten to his heart's content.

"Now, that's what I call a real tough break," said Uncle Ben. "The Lord certainly played a dirty trick on the cats. He made them so they have to wash themselves with their tongues and then didn't give them the power to spit."

Foiled

Two students recently visited the nearest thing that this section of the country offers in the way of speak-easies. They delayed for quite a while in the back room of the filling station and consumed innumerable mugs of beer and cleaned up a couple plates of pretzels. Their contentment was so complete that they neglected to keep account of their bill, but the proprietor, a big man who has the reputation of being very tough indeed, was more businesslike.

Finally deciding to leave their so far peaceful surroundings, the students asked for the check and were more than alarmed when they learned that they owed $6.25. Although they expected to be slugged at any moment they were loud in protesting. They swore that they had but three dollars and finally persuaded the tough one to reduce the amount to that sum. Imagine the embarassment of the unlucky student who had agreed to pay for the little entertainment when he reached into his pocket for his money and discovered that he had only a ten dollar bill. Growing faint, he handed it over. Nothing was said and he received $3.75 in change and was invited to drop around again sometime.

Martyr

There is probably a moral to this. The BUCCANEER, always striving to promote better, or at least more careful living, furnished a man who was more than willing to oblige sinning individuals by relating their little shines and lethargy actions to the gaping public.

Our representative did his task well. Although his duties caused him to stoop low for dirt at times, and even though he was barred from polite society and was never invited to attend affairs where men and women are prone to give way to their emotions and to sort of whoop it up, he remained dutifully at his task. Yet, that worthy columnist is now a martyr. So unappreciated was he that sentiment made it impossible for him to return to school and to the noble work that he so unselfishly began.

The BUCCANEER is fortunate, however, to receive the services of a pinch hitter, one who already knows danger to the sting of gun fire, for at least this issue. It is indeed our hope that this Penn will not be taken in hand. But that reminds us of the last editor and brings a lump to our throat.

Rich Richards Almanac

Absence makes you get put on probation.

Jack of all trades is paid to the bill collector.

Spare the rod, and miss a helluva good time.

Great oafs from little acrons grow.

Half a joke is better than one.

Practice makes women.

People who live in glass houses should not have neighbors.

Out of fight; out of wine.

Birds of a feather should not be directly overhead.

by the proverbial Pat Gaskins

"But for the Grace of God there Goes You or I"

Before the pulpit stands the culprit,
While the old man cocks the shotgun—
And, around the room, the neighbors sit
To see that justice will be done.

The bridesmaids troop into the room,
Carrying tiny garments soft and white.
The traveling salesman waits his doom,
As the church grows still and quiet.

Down the aisle comes the happy bride,
Who had said "yes," instead of "maybe,"
And the best man smiles with pride,
As the organ plays "Yes Sir, That's My Baby."

"Do you know why I call my gal willow?"

"No, why."

"Because only God can make a tree."

Bridge fan: O, Henry, you're vulnerable.

"But Mc Glowsky, I think I'd better cnosult my barber first."

Poet

I thought I was a poet,
So, feebly, I linked words together
——Of you.

Fool!
How could I best the poetry in your eyes?
The music of your voice?

I thought I was a poet,
So, like a boy, I wrote poems
——Of you.

Fool!
To trust to paper what should best be spoken—
(What will it cost to get them back?)

Professor

He meets his many classes,
Where he roars, shouts, and gasses
—Poor professor!

He wears such funny glasses,
He never attracts the lasses,
—Poor professor!

His words are lost on asses,
That, hopelessly, he passes,
—Poor professor!

Much money he never amasses,
All idiots he surpasses
—Poor professor!

The Co-Ed's Confession

I'll paint my face,
I'll bob my hair;
I'll smoke, I'll chew,
I'll even swear.
And then, all night, I'll guzzle gin—
Anything to attract the MEN!

I'll stay out late,
I'll neck a lot;
I'll give my kiss—
I'll sure get hot
And discard nearly all my clothes. Then—
Surely I'll attract the MEN!

I am one of the modern girls,
Hotter than hot, and full of rum.
Get HELL ready, Mister Satan. Cause—
HERE I COME! !

Live and Learn

I had been admiring her from afar. She was a lovely creature with big, brown eyes, and beautiful, full, red lips which were the color of ripe cherries. They looked as if they had never been touched by anyone (the lips, not the cherries, you dope). After a desperate attempt I managed to get a date with her to take her to the basketball game. At first she worried for fear that the players would catch cold from running around in their B.V.D.'s, but I explained to her that they wore uniforms. They didn't look so uniform to her because half the players were dressed differently from the other half. She then wanted to know why they didn't cut the fish nets off the bottom of the hoops so the ball could get through easier. Next she inquired why everybody stood around and let one person throw at the basket when the referee blew his whistle and said, "Pooshing." She had evidently been to a football game because she wanted to know why they hadn't tackled the guy with the pigskin. Uttering a maniacal shout, I grabbed my hat, date, and overcoat and rushed from the building. I haven't called her up since.

Moral: Ask the man who phones one.

Pocahontas: "Yeah, girls, and then he tried to pull a fast one—told me his name was John Smith."

AFTER THE BALL

Ladies and gentlemen, we have for your pleasure this evening a short snappy play by play description of a moonlight classic taking place tonight in Kenan stadium at the hour of twelve-thirty just after a fairly good brawl in the tinny Tin Can where Zelly Leftovitz's Barnyard Serenaders have been murdering your neighbor's sleep for the past three hours. This description will be brought to you through the medium of the golden-plated voice of

E. Mumford Jess, R. F. D.

Well, folks, here we are down in Kenan Stadium. What a night. What a girl. What a boy. It's going to be a humdinger of a time, yes, sireee. We've just about time to give you the probable line of action for the evening. On one side is Oscar Burp, Carolina's favorite in tonights tussle and what a tussle this is going to be. He held down the female position for the team last year. Burp is president of his chapter here, Rho Dammit Rho—what a man this boy is. He's an up and comer if ever one set foot or hand in the nocturnal history of this great mass of benches. And on the other hand (with the other hand) we have (in fact we'd all like to have) that sensational upstart of virtuous Vassar, the sensational Chi Slumega, the one and only Lizzie Zilch. Lizzie's all primed for action tonight. She's in great shape from all reports and we'll soon be able to see for ourselves what this little charge of dynamite really has got. You will all remember at this classic last year the same little Lizzie tossed this same great big powerful beast for a terrific loss. In fact Oscar could get just nowhere. He didn't stand a chance. From the very first he was repulsed with every bit of strength that this young Lizzie had. She more that proved herself to be an offshot of old virtuous Vassar. This year Burp is determined to come back with everything he's got. Deep dark determination lurks in those lusty eyes of his and he's going to put up a tough struggle for the sake of dear old Carolina and you can best believe he's not forgetting little Oscar.

Are you folks getting our money's worth tonight, I ask you, I ask you? Well here they come right through the main gate — arm in arm. Careful, Lizzie, careful, you're giving him a start. Wait a minute, wait a minute, Burp's stopping a minute. Surely this brazen bunny hasn't lost that iron nerve of his. We see now—He's reaching for his hip pocket; he pulls out a flask. He raises his arm, higher, higher, ah, he imbibes the rotten stuff. He offers Lizzie a snort. She refuses. Atta gal, Liz, atta gal, chalk up one for Lizzie. Lizzie by the way is a former Meredith girl which you've probably surmised by now. They approach the stands. They enter. Oscar is a little wobbly, but we have faith in him. He offers to pick Lizzie up and carry her up the stairs. She is heard to exclaim that she doesn't want to be carried—she'll walk. Good old Lizzie, she's walked plenty before. It's just about time for the tussle to start, folks. Don't worry, Oscar is just as much on edge as you. In fact he's moving back from the edge to keep from slipping off. So while these two are settling different disputes relative to getting started, we will give you a short description of the place where this struggle is about to take place. We're down here in Kenan stadium at the University of North Carolina, one of the two beauty spots of the South—the other being East Durham. This stadium is a beautiful place, really. It is banked by tall fragrant pines standing bleak against the moonlit sky. Flowers are blooming all around. About the entrance to the stadium are banked spreading laurel boughs while in various secluded corners of the stadium can be seen entwined about each other, Carolina's most ever-blooming flower—the pansy.

Well, it looks like they're about to get under way. Burp is on Lizzie's left. He approaches from a sitting position with his left arm. His right hand meanwhile slowly but surely grasps the right hand of Lizzie. Yes sir, his left arm is all the way around Lizzie's shoulder. Good old Burp; that boy is displaying the true Carolina speed and technique. He slowly draws Lizzie close to him. She tries to move away. She struggles a moment and then with a violent twitch she frees herself from the embrace of this monster. Oscar is crestfallen; he's taken back—to think that he, the mighty Burp, should be refused by a mere Vassar girl. Poo poo, padoop, says Oscar. Lizzie is getting impatient. She asks for a cigarette. Oscar seeing his chance to serve fair lady joyfully brings forth his pack of Murads. Did you hear me ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, I said Murads. Murads are easy on the throat and provide a mild form of enjoyment for the man or woman who has good taste and knows a good cigarette when they see one. Go to your nearest cigar store right now and get a pack of these delicious smokes. We are sure you will be a Murad fan or fanny everafter. But, from what we can see from here Murads don't hold such stored up power for our friend Burp. Every pass he makes at Lizzie is being repulsed before it even gets started. It sure looks bad for Burp. Is this going to be a repetition of last year's performance. Is Lizzie going to throw her opponent for a total loss? Lizzie

(Continued on page 16)

I *really don't know if I should smoke . . .*

. . . but my brothers and my sweetheart smoke, and it does give me a lot of pleasure.

Women began to smoke, so they tell me, just about the time they began to vote, but that's hardly a reason for women smoking. I guess I just like to smoke, that's all.

It so happens that I smoke CHESTERFIELD. They seem to be milder and they have a very pleasing taste.

the Cigarette that's Milder

the Cigarette that Tastes Better

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Editorial

The BUCCANEER is the only college comic, so far as we know, that has to submit to the student body at large for the election of its editor. In the past years the system has often proved itself unsatisfactory. However, unofficial nominations have always been held by the art and editorial staffs of the publication, and the convictions of this group as to who should be the next editor have always borne at least some weight.

This year, however, self appointed campus leaders have already composed two complete factions and are deciding who the student body may vote for. The staffs of the BUCCANEER have not yet acted or attempted to select from their group that person whom they consider most fitted to control the magazine next year. Why should we act at all? Campus political bosses are willing to relieve us of the trifling matter and have decided that they will play the part of a fairy Godmother and will determine the candidates for the editorship for us. The political standing of the men, the political desserts of the fraternities to which these men belong, and the personal desires of the politicians will be thoroughly considered and, naturally, the rest of us will have little to worry about. Very little.

Unable to see the slightest element of fairness in this system, the staffs of the BUCCANEER met to discuss and to attempt to iron out the matter. By a unanimous vote it was motioned that the BUCCANEER be allowed to select its own editor. This plan, we feel, will eliminate politics and will guarantee the election of the proper leader. The staffs should certainly be in a better position to decide who is best qualified for the position than are the few individuals who boss nominations and the student body at large, since most students vote without knowing the merits of the candidates.

The student body supports and owns the BUCCANEER. Naturally every student is interested in the publication and wants it to live up to certain standards. We feel that the plan which we suggest will be better fitted to carry out the desires of the students inasmuch as every man allowed to vote will know the merits and abilities of all the BUCCANEER board and will select a leader accordingly.

Because the situation is already bad enough and is becoming much worse, we sincerely hope that the other publications on the campus and the student body will back us in doing our darndest to straighten out a matter that needs a lot of straightening out.

"ALF'S ALPHA"

"Co-Ed-ucated"

Was down to Spinsters Hall last night,
The "Co-Ed Shack," they call it,
Knocked on the door. Got in all right.
Asked one, "How 'bout let's haul it?"
She heaved a breast and cried, "Yea man!"
Grabbed coat and hat and lipstick,
Told House-ma-Ma about't and ran
To kiss her on the lips quick.

* * *

"How come caresses wasted thus?"
Long gone, I asks my dated.
She shrugs, then edges close to us,
And us goes on breath bated.

* * *

We strolled the Arboreatum's depths.
And 'ow that Arbor 'eats 'em!
I plumb forgot to watch my stepths—
She showed how Garbo treats 'em! Ugh!!
My dazes told 'twas time for home,
My watch ticked nearly twelve.
Was feeling like I'd burnt my Rome,
Knew we were N for L.

* * *

House-Ma-ma's waiting at the door,
But when she glimps my pan,
She says two words, "You'll learn."—no more.
—That House-mama "gets" her man.

—Alf.

Overheard:

"You tell 'em, Corset, you've been around women!"

"Mother" 'cause he'd cer-
"Mother 'cause he'd certainly known Bess.

It's rumored that the chicken crossed the road because a certain young rooster spurred her on.

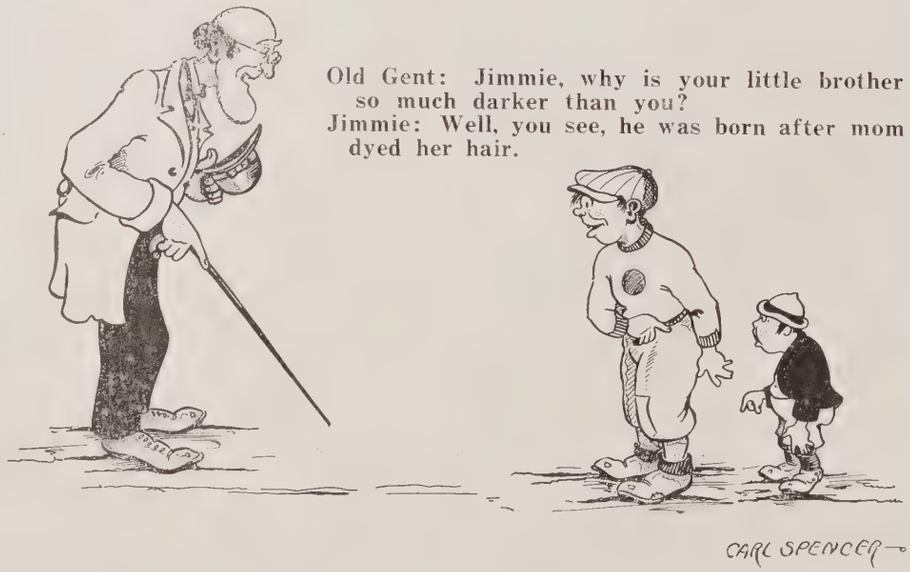
It's generally conceded that:
While a Freshman is Fresh,
A Sophomore's a Sop,
A Junior's a Ju,
And a Senior's a Sen an' a shame.

"To You From Falling Hands We Throw—etc."

Helen—I heard a man on the Name Analysis program last night say that the name 'Helen' is one that down through the ages has symbolized a Torch.

Mac—Yeah, something to be tossed from hand to hand.

withlove,
"Alf."



Old Gent: Jimmie, why is your little brother so much darker than you?
Jimmie: Well, you see, he was born after mom dyed her hair.

After the Ball

(Continued from page 12)

seems to be cold; they have gone in a huddle. All of a sudden Burp comes forth with what appears to be every ounce of his strength and gives Lizzie a terrific squeeze. Oh, exclaims Lizzie; hell, that's nothing replies Burp. What are you trying to do, asks Lizzie? Why I want to kiss you, pants Oscar. Mi gawd, retorts Lizzie, why didn't you say so in the first place. They embrace. Of all things. Is this going to result in tie score? Is Lizzie actually going to weaken to her opponents advances? They are still in the embrace. Oscar can officially be said to be making definite headway. Yes, sir, that good old power has not been lost. What was once a vertical position of the two opponents is gradually assuming a horizontal. Lizzie is clinging to Oscar for dear life. Oscar's doing all he can. I tell you folks I can well feel for him out there in that struggle. The poor boy's expending every bit of energy allotted to him. Oscar has just about got her shoulders pinned to the mat and is stopping to mop his brow when along comes a thin ray of light and shines in the faces of the bewildered and bedraggled couple. A voice blurts out: "What's your name?" Oscar is petrified. He knows only too well that he is trapped. He has seen many the time before the countenances of these rude intruders. He sees that they are none other than the city sleuths —Blake and Fysal—names that have many the time struck terror in the mind of many a Carolina student. It's the roads for us, exclaims Oscar. Like hell, says Liz, you mean the fraternity house. Come on.

"Say is Henry bat crazy?"
"Is he, why that is all he thinks about."

—Exchange

WOMEN are funny that way. They'll rebuff a fellow's advances by calling him "fresh," and ask for a Camel instead. As a matter of fact, Camels are the living soul of freshness—*made* fresh, never parched or toasted, and *kept* fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack. Blended of choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos—surely these fine cigarettes will prompt you to say, I'd walk a mile for a CAMEL!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

Never parched or toasted

CAMELS

***Made* FRESH—*Kept* FRESH**

© 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Colonel: George, how come you look so much like an ape?
George: Wal, boss, dats' becaus a ape chased my mammy and scared her nearly to death a little while befo' I was born.
Colonel: "George, I believe that ape caught your mammy."

"Talk about promptness in paying insurance, now our company is that. Why, the other day when Mr. Thwirp, who has his office in our building, committed suicide by jumping out of the tenth floor window, we had his policy ready and paid it to him in full as he passed the third floor.

"I know a tenor who can hold high C for ten minutes."
"That's nothing. One is holding a note of mine for ninety days."

"Speaking of the cinema, who's Queen of the Movies?"
"Castor Oyl."

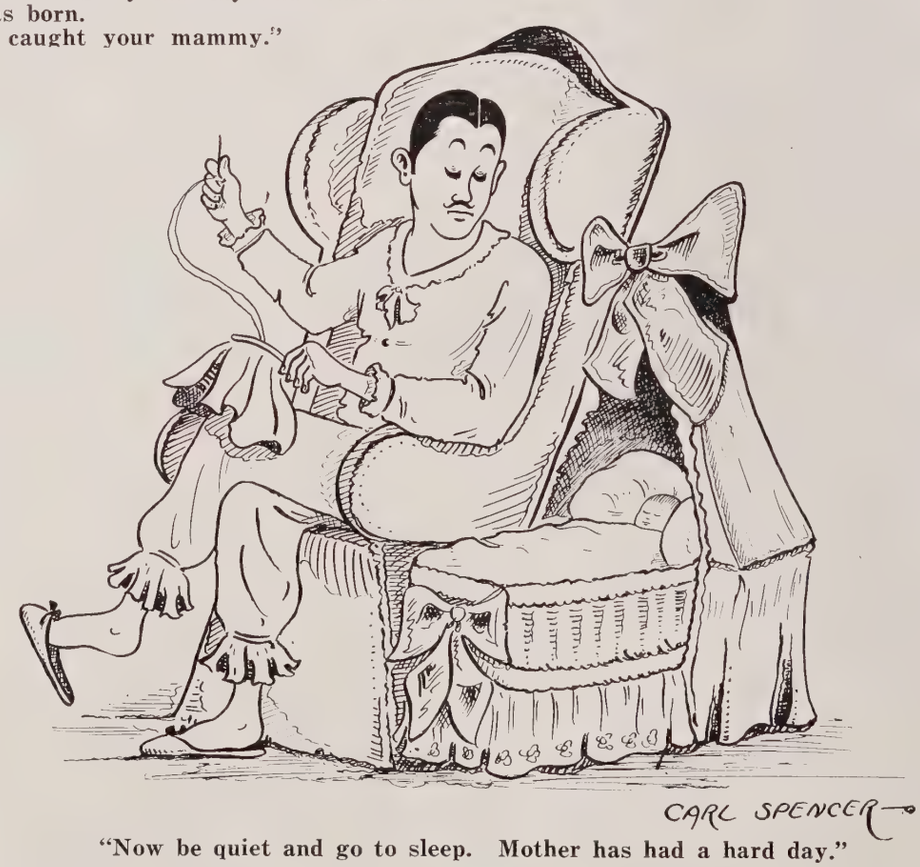
"I'm desperately in love with two married women?"
"No kidding? Who?"
"Joan Crawford and Nancy Carroll."

"This driveway is pretty good as a whole."
"Yes, but we want to use it as a road."

"We had an organ recital at our house the other night."
"How was that?"
"Mrs. Twittlebottom was giving us an account of her appendicitis operation."

"I heard about your catching that three hundred pound lady that jumped out of the window. How did you do it?"
"Oh, I just waited till she had bounced a couple of times."

The approaching one: Mister, what do you do with your old clothes when you take them off?
The approached: Put them on again the next morning.



"Now be quiet and go to sleep. Mother has had a hard day."

Postage Due

I layed three pennies down at the window marked "Stamps." "I would like one three-cent stamp, please," I asked the clerk.

The man in the window looked at me in surprise. "How about some five-centers?" he asked, "or some nice Special Deliveries?"

"No," I repeated with firmness in my tone. "I want only one three-cent stamp. If it will please you, however, I will accept three one-cent stamps, or six half-cent stamps, or one one-cent and one two-cent stamps in lieu of the one three-cent stamp."

Disregarding my alternatives, he looked at me in pitying contempt. "Why not a ten-cent stamp?" he asked. "It's a lot easier to put one ten-cent stamp on a package than it is to put five two-cent stamps there."

"I can see that what you say is true," I admitted, "But I am not mailing a package; I'm mailing a letter. I will accept two one-and-a-half centers if you like. All I want is that the postage add up to three cents."

"You have a letter? Well how's this?" He placed a stamp on the counter.

"That's an air-mail stamp," I objected.

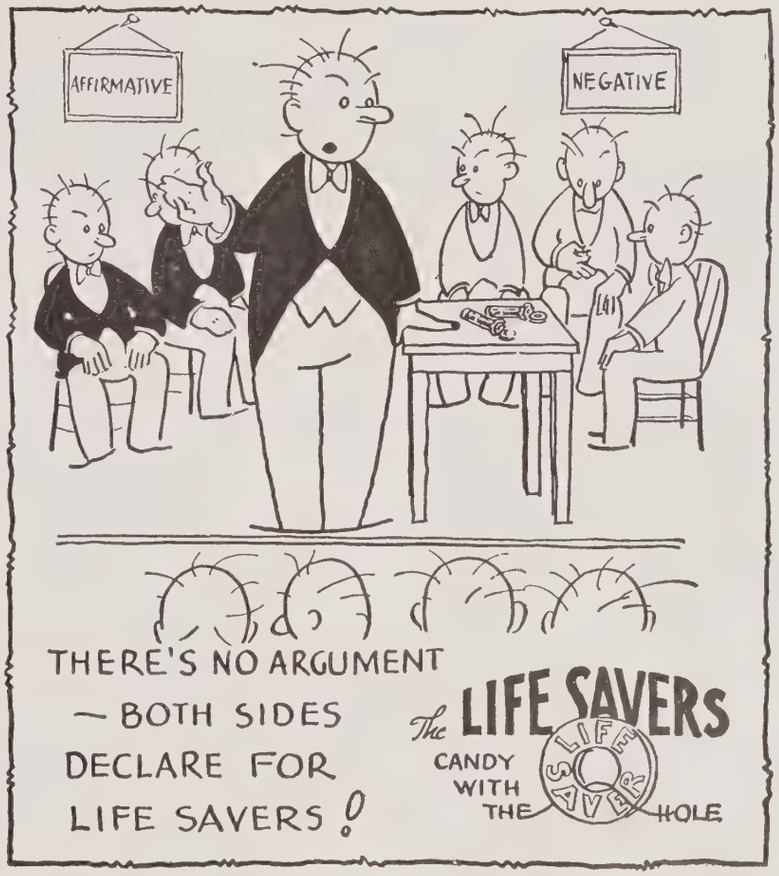
"Sure," he said. "You see, when you use an air-mail stamp, the letter goes by air-mail."

"That sounds reasonable. The only objection I have is that I want the letter to go the old, ordinary way. It's to my girl, and she might get suspicious if I sent it that way."

"I've got just the stamp you want. Here. It's got a picture of the statue of liberty on it. Isn't that pretty? And a nice color too. If you use this fifteen cent stamp, you can send it by air-mail and Special Delivery too."

I stalked down to the corner drug store and got some stamps from a machine there. Turning to go, I popped a question at the druggist: "Who is that guy that works in the Post Office."

"Why, that's Joe Bland," said he. "He used to work in the Franklin Barber Shop."



Dictionary of Sport Terms

By Pat Gaskins

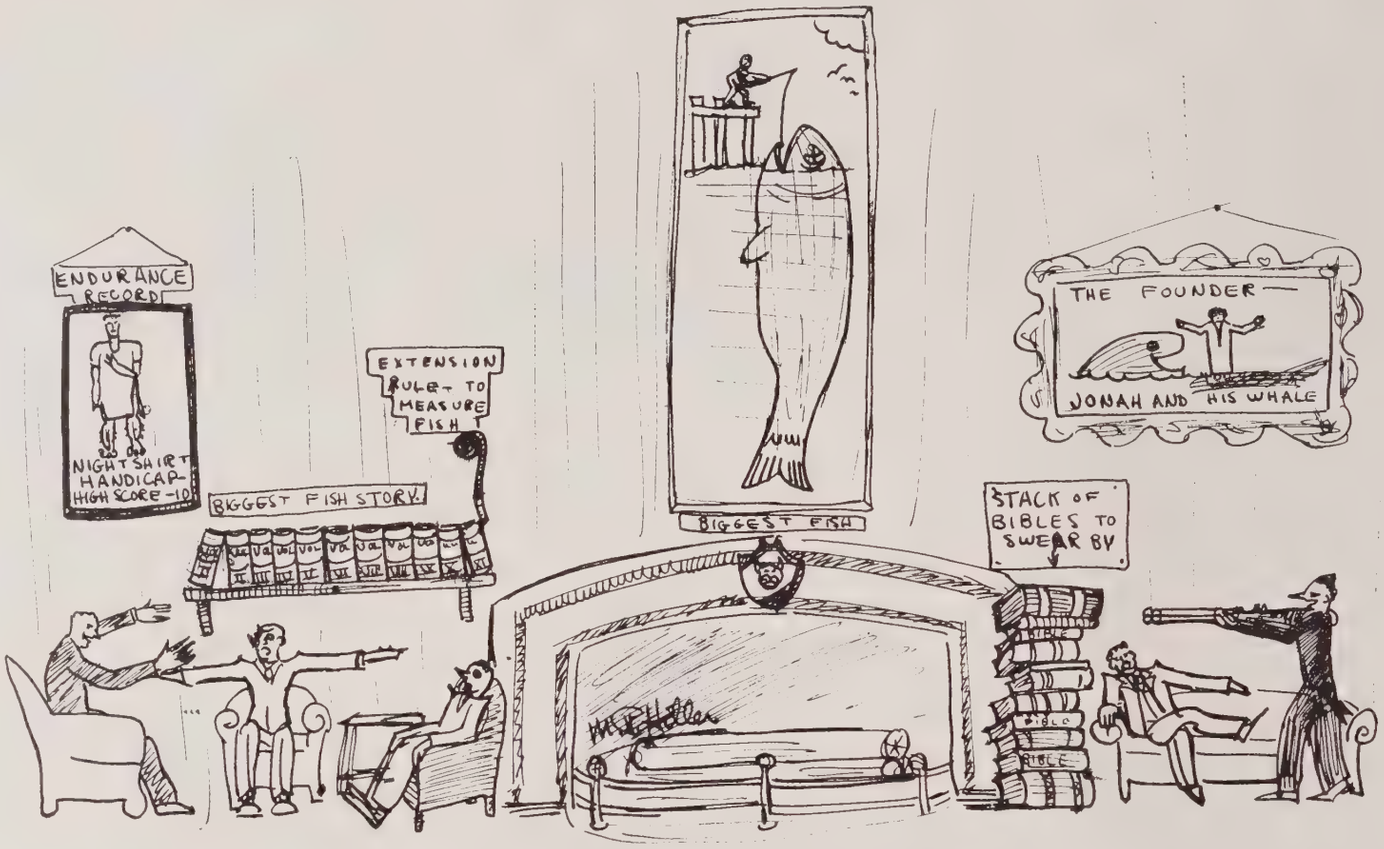
Vault—an error or mistake.
Court—a reduction in salary.
Sprint—something used to set a broken leg.
Feint—pass out.
Pit—a horrid word in baby talk.
Workout—result of trip to the infirmary.
Dash—an indetermined quantity used in cocktail recipes.
Hurdle—a kind of reptile.
Discus—talk things over.
Dribble—a running of water out of a spigot.
Tip-off—information about the stock market.
Fumble—a protection for the finger, used in sewing.
Bat—draw your own conclusions.
Wrestling—a form of sport. Call Spencer Hall for information adv.)

Athlete

He ran round and around, almost staggering as he went. His breath came in pants. His mouth was wide open as if to take advantage of every bit of air. Everyone's eyes were upon him. The people cheered him as he ran. From all sides they shouted advice he did not heed. He merely ran as they had never seen a man run before under similar circumstances. Ah, he was slowing down; no, he was only gathering energy for another sprint. Now he was springing, sprinting as no one had ever sprinted before, sprinting as if his life depended upon it. Suddenly it was over. The crowd went wild. He had dropped the handkerchief beside the prettiest girl in the bunch.

"Rufus, I understand you expect a blessed event."

"You is right. My wife expects to land a good job tomorrow."



Indoor sports: The Tall Story Club.

Indoor Sports In My Day

By Nelson Robbins, '87

Golf

Click . . . Rattle . . . Come, Seven . . . Sweeten the pot . . . Oh, you Snake Eyes . . . Take your knee off my sideburns . . . It's a six . . . Two bits, on the side, that you can't make it . . . Be nice . . . Papa needs a new tandem . . . Here comes Johnny marching home . . . Look at these box cars . . . I'm going through you fellows like we went through the Yanks at Manassas . . . Phooey . . . Get your mustache out of that beer . . . Shoot your point . . . No Confederate bank notes accepted . . . Bump 'em . . . Look at that eleven; would you? . . . Pay off . . . Well, boys I guess I must be cleaned . . . Rah! Carolina! Eighty-seven! . . . 4.98 . . . That's a lot of crap.

This is supposed to be a series of personal reminiscences, and personally, I know nothing about dice except what the boys have told me. I never could set the blamed things. Let's quit fooling around, and get down to a serious consideration of Carolina indoor sports during the latter quarter of the last century.

Three Cat Paddle

Back in those early days of crinoline and smelling salts, there were no well organized sports at the University. We had no baseball team, of course, but we boys used to play an indoor game of bat and ball very similar to the modern game. One advantage of our version in those days following the Civil War, was the fact that only three men were needed to play the game.

A soft thread ball was used, and a barrel stave usually served for a bat. The batter was allowed three strikes, and there were no fouls. When the ball was hit, the runner had to attempt to traverse the room, touch the opposite wall, and return to the batter's box before being touched by the ball in the hands of one of the other two players. A man could remain in bat so long as he was not put out in this way. When the batter was retired, he became pitcher; the pitcher took the catching position, and the catcher went to bat. When Ruth was in school here, he stayed at bat for three weeks, once. The Buildings Department finally broke up the game after someone had slipped in a ball wound around a white flint and Ruth had broken out all of the windows in the room and left pieces of rock sticking out through the plastering on the other side of the wall. I always said, back in '75, that boy would be a great tennis player some day. No, the University wasn't open in '75. That's right. It must have been a few years later.

Wrestling

I will never forget the wrestling match between Joe Zykisbimko, of Guilford, and Carl

Schknieeze, of Carolina, for the Southern Championship, in 1881, the first year that I was a sophomore. Joe had a black silk hat that came down over his ears, and which he wore everywhere, even to table, and it bothered him right much in the match. It was rumored that Joe was really a red-headed Irishman and had wrestled at Notre Dame before inheriting a farm near Greensboro and moving his family over there. However, he was a power on the mat and was often loaned to Carolina, Trinity, and Wake Forest when his alma mater had no meet scheduled. In the match with Schknieeze, it seemed that Joe had everything all sewed up after winning the first fourteen falls with his famous block and tickle hold, but he was fast tiring from his stupendous efforts at keeping the hat in place and holding on to his opponent at the same time. Presently, Carl ducked quickly backward as Joe was reaching for his ears, and the latter's hands became hopelessly entangled in Carl's whiskers; whereupon, Schknieeze quickly knocked the beaver off its perch and discovered that it was not Joe Zykisbimko, at all, that he had been fighting, but Benito Muscleinto, a foreigner from South Carolina.

Swimming

'T was a gala day at old Carolina in the late spring of '85. The banks of Morgan's creek were lined with scores of handsome young men wearing bowler hats and mingling with bevies of the Old North State's fairest maidens in blue and white sunbonnets, fifteen petticoats each, bustles, pouter pigeon busts, and hoop skirts. (Those were the days when a girl could keep a man at a distance.)

Carolina's "One Girl" swimming team was holding a meet with the team from Miss Person's Female Seminary. This would have been an outdoor event, but a huge canopy had been erected over the creek and the banks for several hundred yards.

The girls, who were wrapped from head to foot in long army blankets, were carried, one at a time, down to the water's edge, where they could slip quickly into the water as a female orderly unwrapped each blanket carefully and held it between the girl and the crowd.

Now, there was a great noise of splashing and coughing, as the girls tried daintily to see which could be first to crawl bottom to a stake about four yards out, and back to shore. Of course, our co-ed won the meet. She had been swimming for forty-six years and had a slight advantage over her opponents, who were mere girls of thirty-five or so.

A mighty cheer was started up for the winner but was quickly hushed in regard for the poor girl's feelings, as she blushingly called her trainer to the edge of the stream and whispered that her bathing suit had become ripped at one ankle so that she could not leave the water before so many eyes. The men gallantly strolled off, lighting Murads, while the ladies formed a ring near the water and helped the suffering conqueror into her blanket.

Pretty soon, the girls began to join the men along the path back to the campus, but there was much silence and many blushes of remembrance. I think that this incident was responsible for the barring of swimming here, which had never been popular.

It was their wedding night! They had been married since morning. The two love birds had cooed all day and now that it was night, they were very tired. John put on his spangled pajamas and lay him down to sleep. The light went out! All was silence for a moment. John held his breath. Then the bride spoke. "I'm thirsty, John," she said.

"I have a business proposition to make to you, Miss Jones. Will you marry me?"
"Well, Mr. Schmaltz, I'll sleep on the matter and tell you tomorrow."

Keelhauling 'em

By Billy Arthur

Toward the end of a collegiate career, one oftimes wonders if he has not been subjected to involuntary servitude, begins to purchase that magazine called *Opportunity,* and hopes the breadline isn't long.

The other night this fell on our ears, and after it's told something will probably fall on our head.

It seems that a boy was telephoning Miss Betty Barnette, of the Florida Barnetts, never saw snow before, cousin to Bobby. When told she lived at the Pi Phi house, the boy asked, "What fire house?"

And this was said on a history class not so long ago: During a war a baggage train carries food, medical aid, women, and everything an army needs. (We could go on like that for days!)

On the campus the other day two freshmen were discussing the loss of a pencil. Said the first, "Did Red have it?"

The second: "He said he didn't."

And the first: "Did you search him?"

Here's something we'll dedicate to the poetry section of the *Carolina Magazine:*

Let's walk through the forests
And convey our thoughts to
the virgin trees.

Nuts!

More:

He has the best looking wife
That I've seen in my life. (You pay particular attention to the rhythm, while I pay particular attention to the wife.)

Great Moments of History

The scene is a meeting of the board of trustys (trustees, to you) of the Greater University of North Carolina. Of all things. They are preparing to select a vice-president for the Chapel Hill branch.

Secretary: Mr. President, the following men, R. B. House, L. R. Wilson, R. D. W. Connon, H. G. Baity, and Frank P. Graham have been nominated and voted upon. I will read the results: R. B. House, no votes; L. R. Wilson, no votes; R. D. W. Connor, no votes; H. G. Baity, no votes; and Frank Graham, no votes. But David Clark casts 100 ballots for himself, is elected, and charges fraud in a two-column letter to all the state papers.

While in this vicinity of men who would probably like their names in 24-point type, we presume the most famous of famous last words would be:

Mr. Tatum, will you accept the head of the psychology department at the University?

"Suppose you made a million dollars, what would you do?"

"Marry him, of course."

The difference between a pessimist and an optimist is that a pessimist says all women are immoral and an optimist merely hopes so.

"Why do you love me, Jack?"

"Well, who wouldn't love your jack?"

Who was he who said that the flappers favorite flower is the marigold?

Doctor: It's a little peach, sir.

Father: Thank heaven it's not a little pear."

Host: This port has been in my cellar for twenty years.

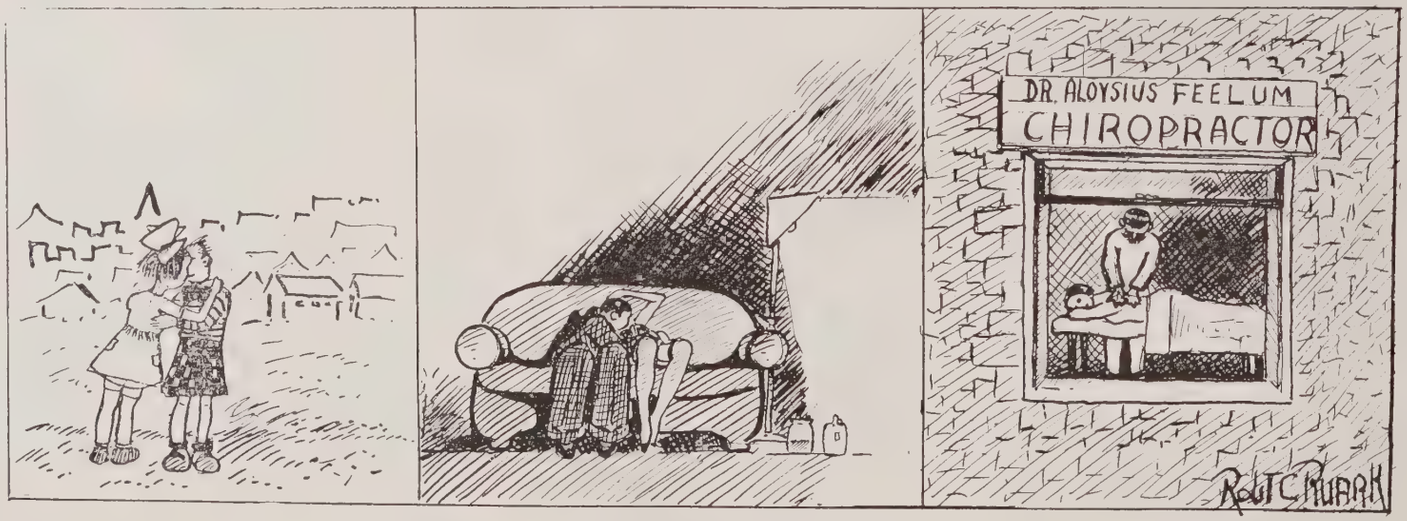
Guest (after sipping it): I don't wonder.

"Say, I didn't know you were a college man. Yesterday I saw the initials N. Y. U. on your sweater."

"I never went to college. N. Y. U. means New York unemployed."

"I'm a big gun at Carolina now."

"Then I'd like to hear some better reports from now on."



Time will tell.

THE UMAY SHIN-DIG DANCE

(With all apologies to the Student Entertainment Committee)

Here is a new parlor game. When your party is getting dull (I said *when,* not *if*) try this on your guests. Then the party will not be dull any longer. There won't be any party.

Give them the *Umay Shin-Dig* dance. It is simple; I will show you how. All that is necessary for your costume is a pair of pajama pants with accessories. Your pajamas must be loud enough to carry out the tone of the dance. Add a few layers of lavendar towels, curtains, and those Christmas ties that blind. A nice little living room rug, if rolled right, will set your head off at a good angle. This is a take off dance, so leave the torso bare. Johnny Weismuller and Joel McCrea are making millions with this idea. Wear nothing on the feet but blisters.

And your orchestra, that is no trouble at all. A few little waste baskets turned bottom up and arranged in a semi-circle will make a swell *tabla taranga* on which to beat a fanifare. That big, yaller vase in the Mayne Lounge of Graham Memorial will make a fine *thingamagig* if laid across the knees. It is an kneesy instrument, anyway, so you won't have any trouble there. Soup bowls, obtainable at any boarding house in Chapel Hill, will make an excellent *yunamit* if filled with graduated water levels. (Even water does that in this town.) Dad's *Glee Club of '98,* mandolins, guitars, etc., will round out the orchestra.

But the dance itself is the thing. And what a thing. The first movement is "Whose necks?" Now, any Carolina gentleman can get his neck in any desirable position. Hold the upper part of your body perfectly rigid and let your neck slide from shoulder blade to s. blade. But cut it when you get to the s. blade—why lose your head over a little neck?

The hands are important to the dancer, especially those of the audience. They must be extremely graceful and patty. Try patting your hands in mid-air like your mother did when she was rearing you. And *don't* show dishwater hands. Better Lux next time.

You can get into the spirit of the dance by putting yourself into the feet of the man stepping out on a floor scattered over with tacks when getting up in the morning. Or walking thru a barn yard.

This *Umay Shin-Dig* is also recommended for your snow bound house party at which there is no radio, no *they laughed when I sat down* pianist, no *Do you make mistakes in English?* conversationalist. In other words, at a party at which there is nothing else to do but put out the lights and go to bed.

"To hell with the public; I'm tired."

They tell me an orangutan
'S the animal closest to man.
'Sall right I guess but seems to me
The one the closest is the flea.

"I bet you five dollars you want have any children in the next ten years."

"All right, I'll take your bet and raise you five."

And there is the very modest lady who asked for fannyfitidea when she entered the drug store.

1
2
3
4
5
6
HICCUP + GAS
PAT

"Do you know the new dance step?"
"No, what is it?"
"The Technocrat movement."

"If I mail a letter today, will it get to Philadelphia in the morning?"

"It sure will—first thing in the morning."

"That's where you're wrong; it's addressed to Boston."

"How can you avoid falling hair?"

"Just step out of the way."

Tom: I was just going to ask you to take a drink."

Cat: Pray, don't let me interrupt you."

Two actresses were very pretty, but one was thin and the other was very plump. As they both played in the same company they became jealous of each other. The thin one was, however, a star. One day they became engaged in a bitter quarrel.

"Remember," said the leading lady, "I am the star."

"I know you are the star dearie," replied the other, "but you'd look much better if you were a little meteor."

In marriage the big responsibilities are the little ones.

Brother, there's an artist friend
of mine
Whose so daggone enduring
On an empty stomach he can
paint—
And it's darn good tatooing.

Rhymes for a Modern Nursery

By Bradford White

I

**The king is in his counting
house,
Counting out his money.
The queen is in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.
The chancellor is in a sweat,
Seeking a solution.
The maid is on the doorstep,
Preaching revolution.**

II

**See-saw
Marjorie Daw,
If she enjoys herself
We shouldn't begrudge it.
But with all this going, up and
down,
Can she ever balance her budget?**

III

**Little Boy Blue
Come blow your horn.
The bull's in the market,
A slumps in the corn.
Where is Boy Blue?
Ah me, what a pity.
There he sits fast asleep
On a Senate committee.**

IV

**A diller, a dollar,
A ten-o'clock scholar
What makes you
come so soon?
If you have an M. A.
And a Ph. D.
You may get a job—
On the moon!**

There was a young man from
Doose
Who purchased a new pair of
shoes;
They can squeak anything
From "God Save the King"
To the good ol' "Saint Louis
Blues."

"Ever kiss a girl in a quiet spot?"

"Yes, but it was only quiet while I was kissing it."

"You know that $10 you lent me?"

"Not now. Introduce me."

First mention in history of finance — Pharoah receiving a check at the Red Sea Bank.

An extended
Trip at sea
Brings out all the
Good in me.

"Did you have a good time at the party last night?"

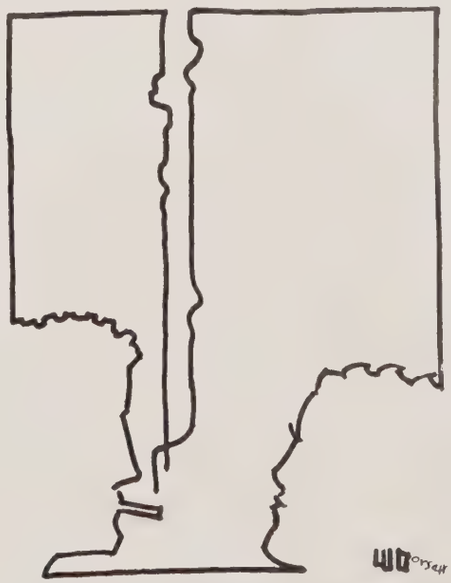
"No, I pulled a bloomer."

"It must have been an old fashioned party."

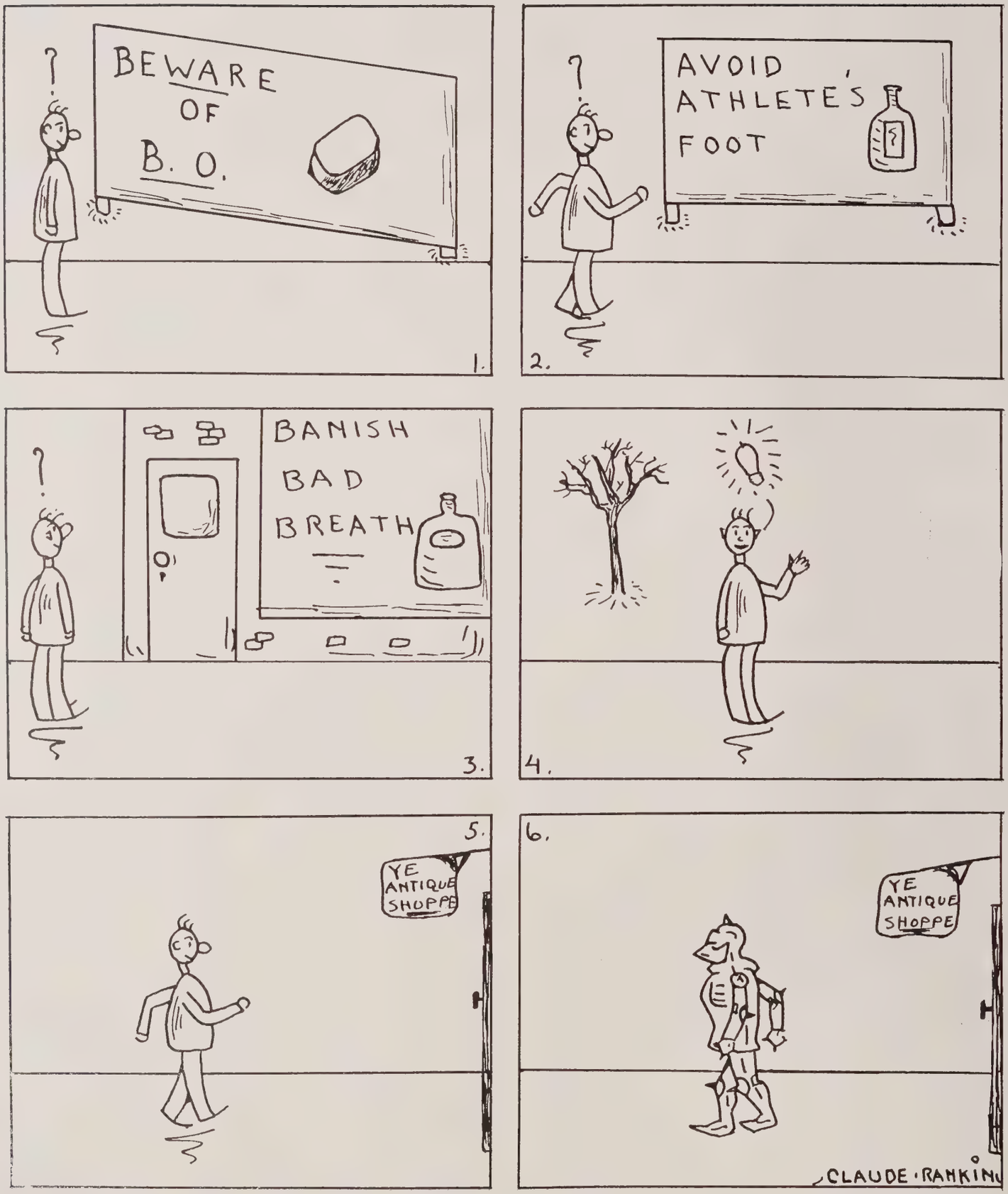
"Help, Mr. Policeman! Stop him. He tried to flirt with me."

"Don't get excited, lady. There are plenty more."

A man, driving a LaSalle, while passing an Austin leaned out of the window and yelled, "Where's your other roller skate?"



"Why did you think I wanted to marry you?"
"You have such an engaging ring in your voice."


BEWARE OF B. O.
1.
AVOID ATHLETE'S FOOT
2.
BANISH BAD BREATH
3.
4.
5.
YE ANTIQUE SHOPPE
6.
YE ANTIQUE SHOPPE
CLAUDE RANKIN

The Inside on Indoor Sports

By Pete Ivey

Basketball

Basketball is a game full of intricacies, eccentricities, and imbecilities. It is also a dog-gone hard game to play. Observing Basketball from the stands without previously being acquainted with the facts of the game, it is a very queer exhibition:

The five men on each team scatter about the court and two tall ugly looking boys come to the middle of the floor and the referee throws up the ball between them. Instead of trying to grab the ball when it comes down, both of them jump into the air and try to knock the ball away. Somebody catches the ball and sells out around the floor bouncing the ball for all he is worth. All the rest of them streak after him like crazy hounds after a rabbit. By and by the man who has the ball throws it to someone else and he starts running around bouncing the ball too. Once in a while someone will get in front of the man who has the ball and wave his arms around like a windmill. The bouncer stops as if frightened by such actions, and throws the ball to someone else. Then somebody throws the ball into a little round net, a whistle is blown, and people in the stands nearly yell their heads off. This kind of thing goes on for about an hour.

Boxing

Boxing, for me, has always been a matter of nip and tuck. Opponents nipped 'em over to my chin and I tuck 'em. To be an expert boxer, one must have the strength of Sampson, the agility of Mercury, the wisdom of Solomon, and the deception of Samuel Insull. The most important blow of boxing is the left jab. This blow is effected by straightening out the left upper appendage of the anatomy and striking the opposing person a blow on the food receiver, the nostrils, the organs of sight reception, or straight to the button. Such blows if consistently applied, will either cause complete oblivion to the opponent or make him feel absolutely unnecessary.

Much has been said in books about heart rending episodes, but hardly anything can compare with the stomach rending

feeling just before a fight. One feels tired and a situation of emptiness pervades the anatomy. Flag-pole-sitters on windy days probably have the same feeling.

A very important blow in boxing is the right cross. This is even more unexpected than the double cross we read about in detective stories.

In their native jungle, Rabbits were originally very wild and fierce. Most rabbits were expert boxers. They had a very dangerous and effective punch which has come to be called the rabbit punch. This punch is barred in most cases.

Wrestling

Wrestling has been an important sport since the time of Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous book RASSELAS. The Greeks of old were noted for their athletic and wrestling prowness as the Greeks are now noted for their hamburgers. Who has not heard of such mighty names as Vulcan, Hercules, Atlas, Vesuvius, Jim Londas, and Harry Tsumas?

The usual requirements of a wrestler are simple. He must be ugly first of all. A big neck and bow-legs are a big help as are also a small though heavy-looking head and hair that stands on end.

The ability to glower effectively at the opponent is one of the greatest advantages a wrestler may have. Some wrestlers may fall on their shoulders in agony when a sufficiently hard look is cast in their direction.

Their are various holds in wrestling. One of the most effective is the half-nelson. This hold got its name from a man named Nelson, who like most wrestlers didn't know where he was half the time; he was on his feet pawing at the other man's head half of the time, and was on his back the other half. He was a half-wit, and for these reasons we have our famous hold, the half-nelson.

The hammer lock is so called because the only way of escaping is by using a hammer.

The Airplane spin is just another way of taking somebody for a ride. It's a new way that the gangsters haven't thought of.

The Jui-Jitsu was invented by a crazy Japanese acrobat with St. Vitus Dance.

"How was the party?"
"N. G. "
"No good?"
"No Gin."

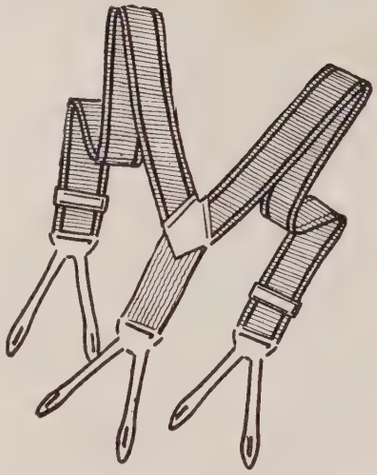
"Let's turn out the lights and pretend we're in heaven."
"But, honey, I'm no angel."
"I know dear, that's why I turned out the lights."

Tom Collins Column

Well, here we are back in school once again and the author of this column is to be congratulated (?) because the editor just told us that we could branch out and write a real long column. We are of the crude opinion that Mr. Mason just needs a space filler, but here goes.

All last quarter we frequented Harry's and noted that all who were present in those wee small hours after those dances . . . had on dinner clothes. Having had numerous requests to write all about full dress and the like we would first like to state that there is a definite trend towards the use of a double-breasted white waist-coat. This is accepted, but when wearing a tux please do not wear a white tie with this ensemble. Note that the college man—and he sets the styles and trends in clothes—is taking to wearing the full dress, tails, and all. A white waist-coat is worn with a white tie, tie-your-own or ready tied. **Durham Men's Shop** has quite the nicest collection of full dress and tux accessories that one can obtain in these here parts. A "silker" or derby (pronounced d-a-r-b-y) is acceptable and though we can not all afford a Chesterfield top-coat it will be noted that the polo coats or camel's hair coats are being worn and will get by the censors.

Now, we find that plaid ties are being worn more than ever and one of the nicest collections on the campus is being worn from time to time by a well known columnist on the staff of the *Daily Tar Heel.* With them he is wearing tab collared shirts in all shades of tan and every now and then he wears a blue shirt, though we think that he has a horror of blue. **Stetson "D"** has a neat array of these ties.



Pritchard-Bright Co.

Features

Hickey-Freeman
Michael Stern Clothes

Manhattan & Arrow Shirts

Knox Hats

"tomorrow's styles today"

Washington-Duke Hotel
Durham, N. C.

Was in **Lipman's** the other day and Jack showed me some of the samples of the cloths that will be used this spring—but we will save that discussion for next month's issue—and the styles of the clothes is a modified drape which, by the way, we do not like at all. The new drape model is a modified model and does not pucker nor wrinkle across the chest. The old model that just came out in reality in this country popularily last fall, wrinkled across the chest and across the shoulder blades. The drape has no flaps on the pockets but we saw one the other day which had a set of small flaps on the pockets and which we like better than those without flaps.

We might mention here that the Buccaneer has lost one of its best advertising salesmen. Well, we wish him luck in that great big business world and hope that he will make as much of a go there as he did on our staff.

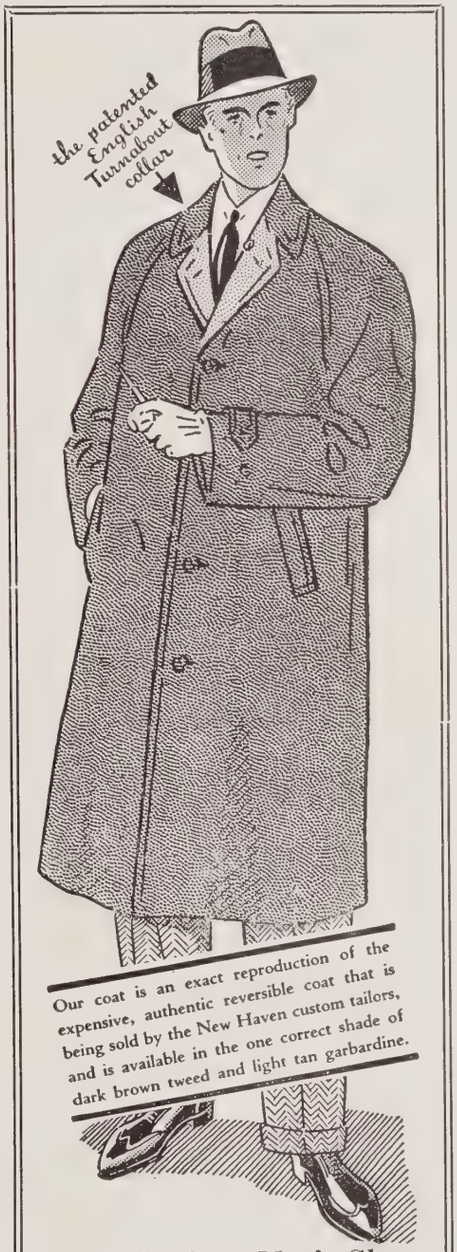
Shoe styles are well worth mentioning, though on the dates of January 13 and 14, all that was being worn on the Carolina campus was galoshers, boots, and high topped shoes, all either spiked to keep from sliding on the snow and ice, or with supposed non-leakable soles. Well, ours leaked slipped and skidded. A mention to Mr. Goodyear to put on a non-leakable-skiddable, and comfortable shoe for use on the Carolina campus during nasty weather (eight out of nine months here). No kidding, **The Young Men's Shop** in Durham, are showing some very neat grey and fawn-colored suede shoes. The manager told me that

white buck shoes would be worn this spring and summer more than ever. He also showed the same patterns of the new spring styles. The wing tips have "it." He has some nice deep shades of brown buck or suede shoes. By the way, they have a few neat plaid ties in dark shades of silk. They are Scotch designs and at Scotch prices.

Am listening to Bing Crosby on the Chesterfield program, with apologies to Jim Jackson and his column, we think that Bing is the "nerts"—pronounced pgnertzes.

We went and visited around a while in **Pritchard Bright's Shop** in the Washington-Duke Hotel Building and they have some awfully neat things there. We noticed that their suit patterns were of the neatest. They stress, and yours truly is happy to write this, a conservative but refined looking array of clothes. Quiet dress, is the best. Ah! those poetic strains that run through my blood. Nevertheless, quiet dress is the most noticed, and when we see ladies turning around to look at a man's clothes, it is not because they are loud, because these particular ladies, whom we noticed, were not laughing, nor crying, but we could just see that they were glad to see the young man of whom I am speaking. He had on a double-breasted blue suit, a blue tab-collared shirt, and a pearl colored silk tie, black shoes pearl colored silk tie, black shoes and a linen, white, handkerchief in his breast pocket. With the tab shirt he was wearing a tie pin and it was swell.

Went casually into **Randolph-McDonald's Shop** and "Goat" told me that he had the finest and best assortment of spring shoes selected for us young 'uns. Well, at present they are showing some very nice ties in pin stripes and small dots and figures. They are also showing some of the best patterned scarfs and mufflers ever.



From Durham Men's Shop

Many of you, I am sure, have not read *Look Homeward Angel* but you would do well, if you follow me and are interested, in reading the chapters on Chapel Hill and the University. They are quite good and one of the best exemplifications—a fifty cent word—of actual college life that we have ever run across. By the way, was listening to the radio the other night and it was announced that the Gauchos would play "A Quoi Bon" and one of the listeners in, when the tenor began singing, said, Oh! it's in French." That should get the prize for the boner of the year.

The ARROW shirts, so well advertised on our back-cover, is the staple stock of **Randolph-McDonald's in Chapel Hill,** and of **Miller Bishop's Shop** in Durham. They are in good taste and the very latest in design and pattern.

Well, harmony in the ensemble is the thing. Our European lead says that he likes rice much better. That is all beside the point. So is this column according to the editor. If you attended the dancers on the Entertainment Committee program the other week, you must have noticed the harmony (which also means contrast) in their costuming. The dancers, you dopes, not the Entertainment Committee!

We have selected for our hall of fame, Mr. Wimpy and his delicious recipe for duck dinners. And speaking of dinners, if you should happen to attend a formal dinner soon, it is quite all right to wear a double-breasted dinner jacket.

If you saw Clark (of the large ears, who makes strong women weak and weak women strong) Gable in the show "No Man Of Her Own," you will have to admit that his clothes were quietly in good taste and were worn with an abandon that it is hard to attain in wearing clothes and still be well-dressed.

This cut which you will see just above this page shows a picture of the two-in-one coat which was mentioned some-time ago in this column. **Stetson "D"** and **Durham Men's Shop** are both showing this coat and it is quite the thing. It is Harris Tweed on one side and French gabardine on the other. It is a reversible and incidentally shower-proof which makes it an all-weather coat, and particularly useful in weather such as we have been having for the last two or three weeks, and of which there will be more in February and March.

Noticed quite a few pairs of white shoes on the campus lately, and while early, they are in good-taste the year-around here.

Must sign off, now. See you soon.

★ NOW, AS THEN, ARROW SETS THE STYLE ★

Here, preserved for posterity, is an exhibit entitled: "The Younger Country Club Set, Vintage of 1911". While the choker collar of the Intrepid Motorist today inspires only laughter, it was a different story in those days of open-work roadsters. As the crowning touch of the well-dressed men, this collar inspired the envy of less smartly turned-out males — and the admiration of the other sex. For then—as now—the style was set by Arrow.

The gentleman here is wearing the Arrow Trump. Its trim-fitting, smart-looking collar is heir to all the style secrets Arrow has learned in tailoring four billion collars. Of specially woven broadcloth, the Trump comes in white, stripes and plain colors. At $1.95, it is America's best shirt value. A companion to the Trump is the Gordon — an oxford shirt with either plain or button-down collar. In white, and plain colors, $1.95.

Wear Arrow Shirts and you won't have to consign shrunken shirts to the poor but worthy janitor's boy. For Arrow Shirts are shrunk by the Sanforizing Process—the only process of its kind—a process that guarantees permanent fit, no matter how often the shirt is laundered—or your money back. And Arrow fit is something to write home about. Carefully tailored shoulders. No bulging at the waist. Sleeve lengths to suit any arm, and that *stay* the same length forever. And that snug, smart fit about the collar that seems to be an Arrow copyright . . . To be sure that you're getting an Arrow Shirt, look for the Arrow label. Remember, if it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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ARROW SHIRTS SANFORIZED SHRUNK

Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — *or your money back*

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Our students on the Hill patronize the advertisers and thank them for their business.

Advertise in the Carolina Buccaneer

THE

CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME X FEBRUARY, 1933 NUMBER 5

BOBBIE MASON ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
BERNARD S. SOLOMON ..... *Business Manager*

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Ex-mid.: Dad, do you remember the story you told me about how you were kicked out of college?

Dad: Sure, why?

Ex-mid.: Well, isn't it funny how history repeats itself?

—*The Log*

Saint Peter was interviewing the fair damsel at the pearly gate. "Did you, while on earth," he said, "indulge in necking, petting, smoking, drinking or dancing?"

"Never," she retorted emphatically.

"Then why haven't you reported sooner?" said Saint Peter. "You've been dead a long time."

—*Battalion*

If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it, he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it, he's a brute; if he doesn't try to kiss her but would get away with it if he tried, he's a coward; and if he doesn't try to kiss her and wouldn't get away with it if he did, he's a wise man.

—*Battalion*

She: Why, I can't marry you. You're practically penniless.

He: That's nothing. The Czar of Russia was Nicholas.

—*Yowl*

"Hey!" cried Satan to the new arrival, "you act as if you owned this dump."

"I do. My wife gave it to me."

—*Drexel Drexerd*

Plebe: What do you repair shoes with?

Cobbler: Hide.

Plebe: Why should I hide?

Cobbler: Hide, hide, the cow's outside.

Plebe: Well, who the devil do they call the cow?

—*Log*

A colored boy was strolling through a cemetery reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He came to one which read, "Not dead, but sleeping." Scratching his head, the negro remarked, "He sure ain't foolin' nobody but hisself."

—*Exchange*

First Stewd: Who's your close-mouthed brother over there?

Second Stewd: He ain't close-mouthed. He's waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon.

—*Exchange*

"What are you doing these days, Ole?"
"I bane a snake in a roundhouse."
"What's that?"
"A viper."

—*Log*

"What have you done," St. Peter asked
"That I should admit you here?"
"I ran a paper," the editor said,
"Of my college, for one long year."
St. Peter pityingly shook his head
And gravely touched a bell.
"Come in, poor thing, select your harp,
You've had your share of h—."

—*Annapolis Log*

FANCY ICES SHERBETS

PHONE L-963

"Ice Cream Specialists"

Durham Ice Cream Company
Inc.

"BLUE RIBBON"
FAST FROZEN
ICE CREAM

Made With Pure Cream "Good to Eat at all Hours"

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

BLOCKS PUNCHES

George Wittkowsky, pudding and pie,
Flunked the girls and made them cry.
When he heard what the ladies said,
Georgie murmured, "Is my face red?"

—*S. Carolinian*

Junk Man: Any old beer bottles to sell, lady?

Lady: Do I look as if I drank beer?

Junk Man: Any old vinegar bottles, lady?

—*Masquerader*

The chorine was examining one of her old gowns. The dress was torn and in a most dilapidated condition.

"Gee," she said, "I wonder what I'll have to do for this dress?"

"My Lord," returned her girl friend, "ain't you done it yet?"

—*Punch Bowl*

THE JOY OF BEING EDITOR

Getting out this magazine is no picnic.

If we print jokes, people say be are silly.

If we don't they say we are too serious.

If we clip things from other magazines, we are too lazy to write them ourselves.

If we don't we are struck on our own stuff.

If we stick too close to the job all day, we ought to be out hunting up news.

If we do get out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job in the office.

If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius.

And if we print them, the magazine is filled with junk.

If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up, we are too critical.

If we don't we are asleep.

Now, like as not, some guy will say we swiped this from some other magazine.

We did* We swiped it from *Witt.*

*So did we. Our swipe was from the *Fulton County Medical Bulletin.*

*We did too. We clipped it from *California and Western Magazine.*

*And we pilfered it from the *Gargoyle.*

*And we from the *Green Gander.*

*And we from the *Punchbowl.*

*Yes, and we stole it from the *Dirge.*

*And we hocked it from the *Mugwump.*

*And our lift was from the *Frivol!*

*And we sneaked it out of the *Beanpot.*

*And we got it from the *Longhorn.*

He: You see if we enter a companionate marriage we can live together a while and then if we find we've made a mistake, we can separate.

She: Yes—but—what'll we do with the mistake?

—*Wataugan*

Little Bo-Peep
Is losing sleep,
Running around to dances.
Let her alone,
And she'll come home,
A victim of circumstances.

—*Sun Dial*

Taxi Driver: My, what a clutch!

Voice from the Rear: Say you—watch the road. This is none of your business.

—*Lyre*

The
Latest
in
College
Girls
Clothes

Ready to Serve Your Every Need in Accessories

The Little Shop

Opposite the Drugstores

Nine green Freshmen—one had a date,
Here comes her husband, now there are eight.
Eight scared Freshmen, praying to heaven,
Then came probation slips, and now there are seven.
Seven little Freshmen, all from the sticks,
One went to Camden, then there were six.
Six poor Freshmen, one had to dive
Into the frog pond, then there were five.
Five bold Freshmen, smoking secretly,
Soon came some Sophomores, then there were three.
Three stupid Freshmen, struggling to get through,
Cribbed in the finals, then there were two.
Two weary Freshmen, one couldn't run,
Crossed Woodlawn Avenue, then there was one.
One lonely Freshman, full of rye and wine,
Looked in the mirror, then there were nine!

—Reserve *Red Cat*

We call our team mascot "Little Pal," because he's our best athletic supporter.

Thaddeus freshman got off the street car, marched down to the Main Building, stepped inside the offices and set his grips down. He took one look at the line in front of the registrar's window, then acted. That was Thaddeus all over. Action. "Say," he chirped, shoving through the crowd and sticking his face through the window, "send someone up with my bags, will ya? I wired for reservations."

—Notre Dame *Juggler*

"Dat's de second time you gave me the wrong size underwear. Another slip like dat and it'll cost you your job."

—*Punch Bowl*

Harvard: There were some Navy men here last night.
Deb: Just gobs?
Harvard: No, only two or three.

—*Lampoon*

He: I was kicked out of Vassar.
She: But Vassar is a girl's school.
He: Sure, I was kicked out of Vassar.

—*Sour Owl*

First Ditch Digger: Help, help queek!
Second Ditch Digger: Whatsaamat?
First D. D.: Tony, he stuck in da mud!
Second D. D.: How far in?
First D. D.: Up to da knees.
Second D. D.: Aw, let him walk out.
First D. D.: He no can walk; he wronga end up!

—*Princeton Tiger*

Man: May I borrow your pencil?
Bank Cashier: What security ya got?

—*Purple Parrot*

DID YOU SAY PAREE?

"Well, if you're a war widow—why don't you get a monthly pension from the government?"

"Oh, I married the unknown soldier!"

—*Exchange*

"No, Josephine, I can't tell you the name of the quarterback, but I am a personal friend of the man who made the best paper airplane at the Cornell game."

—*Jack o' Lantern.*

Captain: I hope the next time I see you, you'll be a second lieutenant.
Cadet: Yes, sir; thank you, sir; same to you, sir.

—*Yellow Crab*

First Man: What are they doing?
Second Man: They're singing "The Road to Mandalay."
First Man: (contemptibly) Hell, they must be on a detour.

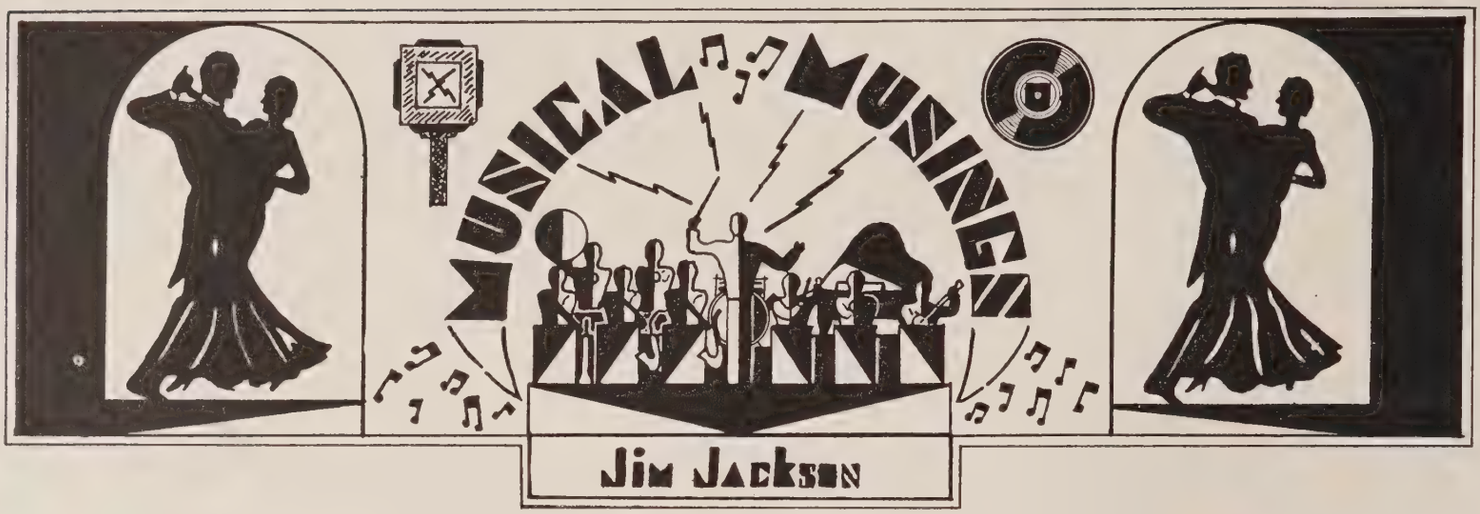
—*M. I. T. Voo Doo*

All You Care to Eat

$22.50 A Month

Crescent Cafeteria

"Finest Eating Establishment On The Hill"



Soft lights and sweet music—and hot music too if it's desired—that's BERNIE CUMMINS AND HIS NEW YORKERS. Bernie and his boys have been big favorites with the collegians for the past several years. This isn't hard to believe either, after hearing the brand of music they deliver. Then too, the fellows themselves are fine, clean-looking lads—the kind of men that people like to see in a fine orchestra. Bernie himself is strongly opposed to the notorious theory that a band doesn't "click" unless everybody in it is about half tight. He allows absolutely no drinking during an engagement . . . but "After the Ball is over" . . . well, then there's no rules a'tall—except the well known and justly famous "18th Joke"—as you will have it . . . you can have it—we don't want it!

Bernie, who used to be a boxer, started his musical career in vaudeville, after abandoning plans to attend Ohio State. Then, about nine years ago, he and his brother Walt started the band. The present organization includes alumni of Ohio State, penn, Ohio U., Illinois, eDnver U., and Penn State. Among the band's favorite stamping grounds are Princeton, Penn State, Yale, Penn, Pitt, Alabama, Ohio State, Notre Dame, Georgia Tech, and Carolina. But Cummins is frank to admit that they get the most genuine pleasure out of playing for the Fancy Dress Ball at W. and L.

It was Bernie Cummins who was largely responsible for the success of the novelty number of a couple of years ago, "Minnie The Mermaid." It is still his most popular novelty tune and is demanded by his audiences everywhere. He also features a little horse-play between trombone and trumpet in that good old number "Wabash Blues." However, the outstanding characteristic of the band is the chorus vocals by all the lads, although the trio and Walt Cummins' fine mellow voice demand, and rightly so, their share of applause.

Incidentally, both Cummins' and Hal Kemp's Bands live in the same apartment house. Bernie is all praise for Carolina's favorite musical son. He says "Hal's a swell kid with a really fine band."

One of the most interesting programs heard recently was one of Guy Lombardo's Saturday night broadcasts in which he played the ten greatest song hits of the past decade. They were selected by the votes of over three hundred and fifty muscicians, composers, and artists. You'll recognize them all.

The Man I Love—Gershwin's hit of 1928.

Ole' Man River.

My Blue Heaven—Walter Donaldson, 1927.

Goodnight Sweetheart — Beautiful favorite of 1931.

When Day Is Done—Imported from a German show.

Stardust—Ever popular composition of Hoagy Carmichael, 1929.

I'll See You In My Dreams—Isham Jones, hit of 1924.

Tea For Two—Vincent Newmans' "bread and butter" for 1924.

Lover Come Back To Me—Favorite contribution to 1928, music by Sigmund Rhomberg.

Russian Lullabye—Irving Berlin, 1927.

What Is This Thing Called Love—*Who*, and *Chloe* were justly selected as the runners-up.

The WinchellBernie feud has at last been stopped by the sponsors of Winchell's program . . . Thus goes another source of Bernie's slightly trite cracks . . . Anson Weeks, who holds forth from the band-stand of the St. Regis Seaglade, organized the University of California's first band . . . Ben Pollack, with his "Song of The Isle," has returned to big-time radio recently—he's right fine too . . . Paul Whiteman's charming feminine song bird, Ramona, was first discovered by Don Bestor . . . Whiteman's recent introduction of the symphony "Tabloid" was more than just good music. In it he used, for atmosphere and effect, everything from clicking typewriters and shouting copy boys to records of the actual press noises . . . a musical composition symbolical of the modern newspaper going to press.

The month's music follows decidedly the trend of the smooth, flowing rythm . . . quite unlike the generally popular vogue of the past two months. With the shortest month comes a beautiful and interpretative number that is destined for a long period of popularity . . . Yes, it's "Moon Song." Even now everyone that ever listens to good dance music is familiar with its beautiful melody. Now it's available on a mighty fine Brunswick record by none other than Wayne King. The Waltz King's delightful style of rendition could be better suited to no other number than it is to this one. His pronounced, but smooth rythmic back-time, carries the melody perfectly. On the other side is "Twenty Million People." Both numbers are hits from "Hello Everybody."

More writings in wax:

Just Because You're You—Lombardo, Lombardo, Lombardo, and Lombardo. With more of same on *No More Love.* Both slow fox trots, especially adapted to an uninterrupted dance with a nice lamb.

Isn't It A Pity—A new slow tune with lots of promise. On the reverse is a snappy number that is very popular on Broadway, so they say. *My Cousin from Milwaukee* is the name. It truly has the most senseless lyric one ever hopes to hear.

That's All That Matters to Me—Hal Kemp and his "What a Band." Skinny Ennis sings to you right from the beginning. These Kemp arrangements are mighty hard to beat.

Try A Little Tenderness and *I May Never Pass Your Way Again*—Eddie Duchin again on two fine ones. In the latter Duchin renders the sweetest piano chorus you ever hope to hear.

Till Tomorrow (Duchin) and *Just Because You're You* (Lombardo) are two more that are right nice to have around.

One of the prettiest of the new has yet to be released—*A White House of Our Own* is sure to be good.

Goodbye, Greeks.

CAGE TALKS

By Ed. Jackson

All Southern Conference adherents will focus their eyes on the annual basketball mecca held at Raleigh February 24th and 25th in the new auditorium . . . Featured by a score of hectic struggles, the 1933 season will reach its zenith when eight outstanding cage contingents begin their battle for premier honors in the Southern loop.

Pre-tourney records give the edge to the South Carolina's Gamecocks and Duke's Blue Devils with outside chances conceded to North Carolina and North Carolina State . . . but giving a team the edge in a tournament based on games won and lost is a lot of noise . . . anything can happen in a two day tournament.

Duke's two victories over Carolina give the Tar Heel coterie a black eye—yet if the two meet at Raleigh, any precocious prediction as to a Blue Devil win can be discarded as Bo Shepard's charges are determined not to drop any more victories to the Durham five.

"Lock me in the closet, will he? I'd like to see him try it again!"

Paced by four members of the Athens, Texas, High School team which won national honors in 29, and in 30 at Stagg Tournament in Chicago, the South Carolina aggregation looks like the cream of the crop. Two Thompkin brothers, a Henderson, and a Rowland make the Laval team look like giants . . . . which means the bigger they are the harder they fall.

Virginia and Maryland may prove to be dangerous as both teams have great potential strength which is rounding into smooth combinations. The Old Liners have two choice wins over Duke and Carolina . . . and Virginia gave the Navy its toughest battle of the season . . . Navy, you know, gave the Tar Heels a trouncing, 66 to 40.

V. M. I., W & L, and V. P. I. all have outstanding men but lack the finesse of a high powered team. They are not looked upon as leading contenders.

State may prove to be the dark horse of the tourney. Their familiarity with the floor, coupled with a home crowd may be the impetus they need to knock off a few top notch clubs.

Far from out of the race, North Carolina will give them all a battle. Always a tournament team, the Tar Heels may find themselves hot . . . if Wilmer and Virgil can start popping them as of yore, the title is in the bag.

As far as an all southern team is concerned critics will have to watch Vincent of Maryland, Thompson, Horne, and Weaver of Duke, Sawyer of W & L, Downley and Hancock of V. M. I., Hall of V. P. I., and Hines Weathers, and McCachren of Carolina.

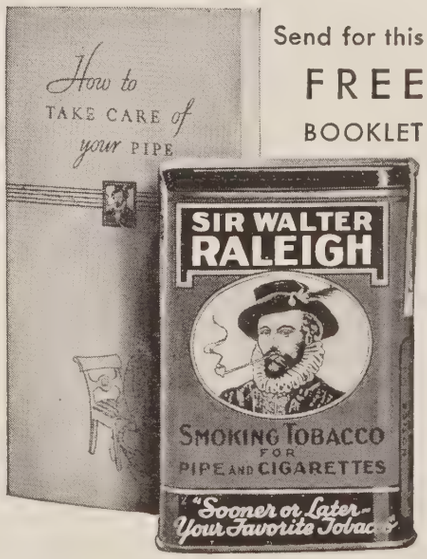
My advice to all of you is to go to Raleigh and witness "heads up" basketball that is capable of being played by these men.

Heirloom or not—
give it the Air!

WHEN she told him to throw that reeking relic in the rubbish can, he was offended. Sensitive? Pooh! Not as sensitive as grandma's nose. Let's be brutally outspoken. Why should a man keep on smoking a pipe through sentiment, when it's full of sediment?

When you smoke mild tobacco in a well-kept pipe, *everybody's* happy, yourself included! We never heard anything but compliments about the smoke Sir Walter Raleigh's mild Burley mixture makes when it curls merrily from the bowl of a well-behaved briar. It is smooth and fragrant, yet full bodied, rich and satisfying; and it's kept fresh by gold foil. Its record of popularity alone makes it worth a trial next time you step into your tobacco store.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-32



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Bobbie Mason

The Carolina BUCCANEER
University of North Carolina

Volume X | February, 1933 | Number 5

BUCCANEERING

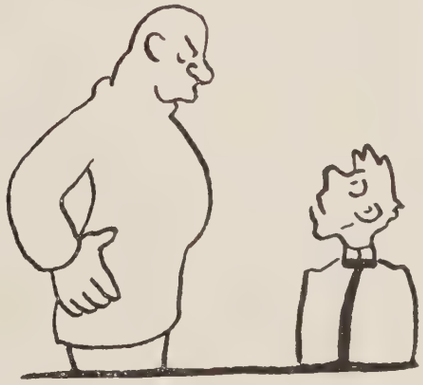
THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

Ex-Editor

Pete Gilchrist, last year's editor of the **Buccaneer,** initiated the fraternity members of the magazine into this campus, and it seems very fitting that he be heard from in this issue. Here is part of a letter that he recently wrote to the present editor:

" . . . I am working with the Calco Chemical Co. We make dyes and my motto is 'Never say die—unless it's Calco!' This is one of the slogans that I am trying to get them put in their trademark, but so far they have not used the suggestion. Please do not forget me if anyone tries to run any lousy puns in because they should know better, and I also hope that you will pan the Zeta Psis in your maternity—I mean fraternity number but you need not mention me in it. Tom Riddick would like to be quoted as saying, 'I have only met fifty girls since I came to New York, and I haven't had a chance to date them all.' He is working at N. Y. U. as an assistant in the Sanitary Engineering department—some dirt.

"I have to call it a day as I am up at dawn tomorrow to hold down the swellest job you ever saw, and I hope you will continue to send me a copy of the Buc every month as I look forward to renewing my acquaintance with the jokes that I have been reading for the past four years."



Coach

The White Phantoms have proved that they are an exceptionally good basket ball team and every one is willing to admit the fact. Much of the credit for the fine performances these boys have shown this year goes to Coach "Bo" Shepard, an ex-all eastern and one of the youngest men in the business.

Billy Arthur tells this one on the coach. He claims that while Mr. Sheppard was a cadet at West Point he was taken by a friend to the football mentor one night. The friend pushed the object of his expectations forward and announced, "Coach, your worries are over. I've brought you a quarterback."

"Where is He?" asked the coach.

"Right here, sir." The friend beamed.

"What! That little guy?"

"Yes, sir. What squad do you want him on?"

But the coach was not convinced. "Put him on the yeast cake squad," was all he said.

Filibuster

The Student Activities committee met some days ago and, as is usual at gatherings of that nature, the discussions became unorganized and the hours creeped by. Finally, Mayne Albright, Tar Heel columnist and director of Graham Memorial, took the floor.

"My report is short," said Mayne, "Therefore I will kill a little extra time by relating to you an incident that occurred recently. Haywood Weeks entered this building and said to the janitor, 'Gosh, Charlie, this place is cold. That thermometer is

standing at zero.'

" 'Zero', repeated Charlie. 'Why, that's nothing.' "

Desires were supressed and the director went into his report. " . . . . We have also installed radios in the lounge," he told the audience. "That adds to the tone of the place."

After that things became easier to bear. No one cared what else might happen.

Advertiser

The father of a young man on the campus manufactures hose. The young man, realizing that business is not what it used to be and feeling the sting of the depression, decided to do his bit toward building up the pater's source of income. He went into a clothing store and asked, "Do you sell Double Z hose?"

The clerk was sorry and all that, and our friend, hoping that the incident had convinced the fellow that there was a demand for such merchandise, went to another shop.

"Do you sell Double Z hose?" he again inquired.

The store was a large one and the student, figuring that he should emphasize the popularity of the brand, faked astonishment when he learned that the line was not carried.

"You don't have them?" he exclaimed, "Why, I came here to buy a dozen pairs of Double Z sox, and you don't even have them."

He started to leave but the keeper of the store called him back. "I'm very sorry," he apologized, "We just received exactly one dozen pairs of Double Z hose. Here you are, sir."

Contributor

The **Buccaneer** has a new cartoonist among its contributors. We herewith introduce him to you as he introduced himself to us. Draw your own conclusions.

Leverett B-12
Cambridge, Mass.
February 3, 1933.

Bobbie Mason
The Carolina **Buccaneer**
Post Office Box 831
Chapel Hill, N. C.

My dear Sir or Madam:

Separately I am sending several blots of ink that were made when I upset the bottle. The blots are, of course, attached to paper, or, rather, a sort of cardboardy stuff. If you can use these blots in any way whatsoever, you are quite welcome to them. If you cannot, please wrap them up again, address them to me, and burn them. You may bill me for the match.

I don't always try to be funny and make such a flop of it: really I'm a likeable young chap. I like to draw (I also like to swim and collect butterflies, but that hasn't anything to do with this letter), and I have often heard of your magazine, so I thought I'd send you some stuff. If you can fill some space with my work (!), you will tickle my vanity, and the advantage will be mutual, or reciprocal, or something like that. I never was very good at big words, you see.

Do you like to collect butterflies, or stamps, or anything? I really hate butterflies, but I collect them for my aunt. She has a positive passion for them, but you wouldn't expect an old woman to go chasing butterflies, would you? Of course you wouldn't! (At least **I** wouldn't, and shouldn't think you would either.) So you see I have to chase the nasty little things and stick pins through them for auntie. I wouldn't mind it so much if she'd stick the pins through, but she makes me do that too, and I'm just so mad about it that I could cry, but I can't do anything about it. Could you suggest any way out of sticking the pins through them, or rather of **not** sticking pins through them, in such a way that the pins will get stuck and I won't have to do it, and not even pay for it? They charge you something awful for sticking pins, but I don't blame them, because they probably hate it just as much as I do.

I suppose you wonder why I don't send anything to the Harvard **Lampoon**, when I live so close in the vicissitude of Harvard, but you see I do sometimes. I had a drawing of a dissected baby in the **Tutors, Just Tutors** number of the **Lampoon**, but I don't like to draw things for those boys, because they drink beer. Do you drink beer? If you do, you had better not tell me so, for I won't send a single other picture to you. If you don't want the old pictures, you might tell me that you drink beer, but I hope you won't lie about it.

Another thing you'll probably wonder about is why I call myself "L. Donovan Bisbee" instead of "Lawrence D. Bisbee," but the reason is simple: my first name is Littlefield, and I don't like it.

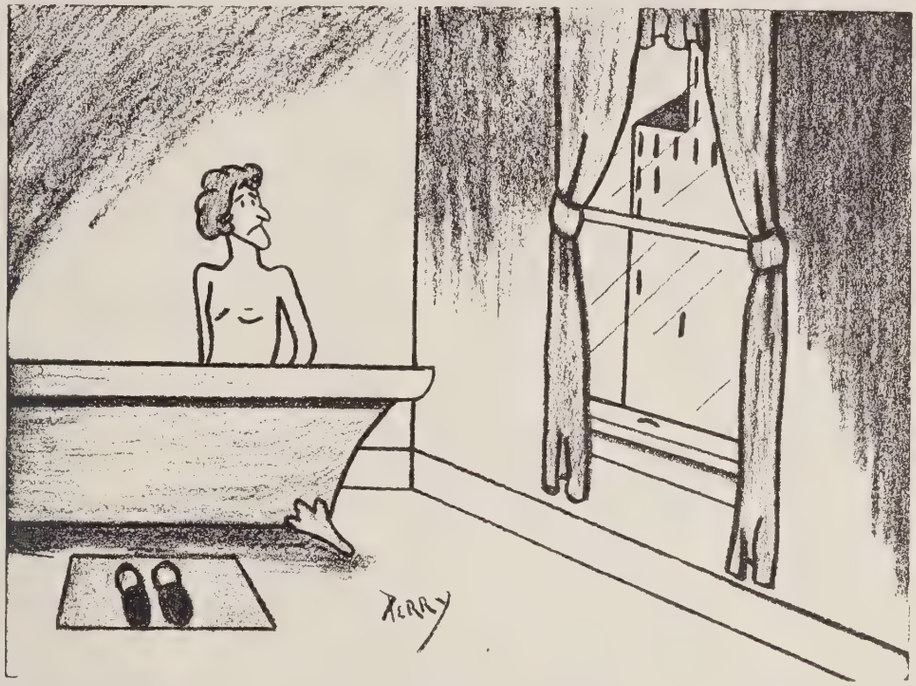
Your new friend,

L. Donovan Bisbee

Wife to hubby shaving—I weigh exactly a hundred pounds without my clothes.

Hubby: Where were you weighed?

Wife: At the meat market—Mr. Bro—Why, Charlie, you've cut your face!



"I wish that window washer would hurry up and get here. This water is getting cold."

This is very confidential and only by special permission of the editor can we print it. A certain Carolina gentleman ("All Carolina students are gentlemen," so says the handbook) went to the doctor to be examined before taking out insurance. The doctor quizzed him closely.

"You don't dissipate, do you?" he asked as he made ready for the test. "Not a fast liver, or anything of that sort?"

The student paled slightly and then a faint pink flush stole over his face. He hesitated a moment, squirmed in his seat, looked a bit frightened, and then replied in quick, faltering tones, "I—I sometimes chew a little gum."

"I just saw you kiss my sister."

"Here keep still; put this half dollar in your pocket."

"Here's a quarter change—one price to all—that's the way I do business."

"What nationality are you?"
"Half Scotch."
"What's the other half?"
"Ginger ale."

A modern girl doesn't ask: "When my hair has turned to silver will you love me just the same?"————WHY should she? She can find out very easily!

Edwards says Celeste keeps all the love letters he sends her, because some day she expects all those letters to keep her.

Fair Divorcee: Why did you leave your husband?

Prospective Ditto: I couldn't bear his constant persecution.

Fair but Dumb: How terrible. You should have made him use Life Buoy.

—*Flamingo*

Sunday School Teacher: What did that awful woman Delilah do to Sampson?

Little Tough: She trimmed him.

—*Lampoon*

If the person who stole the alcohol out of my cellar in a glass jar will return grandma's appendix no questions will be asked.—Ad.

—*Yowl*

Prof.: Miss Hemmingburton, why hasn't Miss Penderwartz come to our class today?
Chi O: Well, Mr. Whortleberry, you see, she's Technocrat.

"Are you the gentleman of the house?"

CAN YOU TAKE IT or are you dishing it out? Well, I wish you would be a little more open in your actions—you might have a little consideration for your PUBLIC.

Stressing this dishing out proposition the A. T. O's seem to be able to take it—at least THE CO-EDS. They even hold their chapter meetings in the lounge of SPENCER HALL. You don't believe it?—ask SALLY WALSER or SARAH VANN. Even LITTLE EVA might be able to volunteer some information; she has a NEW UNCLE TOM. My error, he says that he's not her uncle—can you take that, you PHI KAPPA SIG? But this MR. SMITH (quite a common name I know)—he's the campus "Man about Town"—GOLF AND WOMEN, can he take it? No, not it—but them, and especially these BEAUTY PARLOR BLONDES!

Now let me ask you one — what is this charm PITTSBORO has over the male element of this campus?—undergraduates, SPECIAL STUDENTS, AND PROFESSORS alike—as for the latter, they laid this interest to FOLK-LORE, collected for the Spanish Department—they were wrong — he still goes over. I can't figure out whether he's taking it or just dishing it out.

With apologies to Mr. Fair and Warning, Miss N. C. C. W. made her decision long ago concerning the male element of this campus. And she can take it—she's got the PHI GAM coat of arms to protect her.

And the Beta's can take it too —at least trips to Raleigh—or maybe it was RYE-LEIGH—anyway it gave one the OLD MAID COMPLEX. They've started charging him double rent for the man he swears is under the bed. And of course you know the PUNNING BETA. Coming out of church the other day I heard him sling this at a femme who innocently proclaimed her appreciation of flowers. "Marry me and have little ROSES (well, at least Roses) around you all your life. Can you take that?

The KAPPA ALPHA'S are coming up—JOHN JACOB says he just can't get out of the church—from preacher to MISSIONARY. He courts the church and must love it. Miss Missionary says he gave his room as well as his bids to the dance to her OUT-OF-TOWN (Yes, Auburn is the place) FRIEND. Is that taking it or dishing it out?

And have the crack BASIL HALL made in Ec. class the other day when the prof said that you could not change the production of milk overnight—"No sir, that's utterly impossible." Leave it to that Georgia Cracker—he can dish it out as well as take it.

If you want some real dirt ask THE SELF TERMED BLONDE BLIZZARD, that straight-laced Mr. Shoemaker, what he did the week-end of Feb. 4?

Passing the Shack the other day at noon it became quite obvious that we had a new CHEVROLET DEALER on the campus—and RED seems to be the popular color this season—two models plus chauffers—not bad! They can take it, especially MR. S. A. E. And speaking of S.A.E. —Poor Bennie Carr. He had not only two girls on his hands for the dances—but two chaperoning Mothers—I hear he wrote to MISS DIX for advice.

That blonde from Lakeland has been taking it right along. One shadow you always have with you, but such things as MOORE shadows are impossible.

ONWORDS, or A Thrilling Episode of the Great War

(AN EXPLANATION: *In order to verify historical data herewith used, we would like to inform the gentle reader that the locale is something you might obscene or heard at the races when Time alone will tell.*—THE AUTHORS.)

General Konfusion, of the Hysterical German Army, issues an order that Barron Waste (A Big-shot from Cannon, Austria) should be driven to Distraction, a small town on the French Border, by Hans Off, the motorcyclist. Their purpose is to spy upon the enemy.

On rounding a curve with Haste (one of those girls you'd give your name to, but not your right name) they ran into Disaster, a French officer (right from Wrong, on the Loire). They attempted to escape, but were smitten by Remorse (a little nut from Hickory, N. C.).

Since the motorcycle was wrecked, the driver was taken off in an Uproar (deluxe model) and the Barron was thrown into a Sixteen-cylindered Heap and spellbound.

Disaster, exultant, continues his foray into the enemy territory. At one point (2 pi R) he was forced to proceed on foot with De Care, a special guide provided by the French. As the Barron walked rather slowly, the French were forced to harry him with a "vengeance" (French word for "bayonette").

General Konfusion and his daughter Dignity (a little Hot from Ironing, Germany), who incidentally is in love with the Barron, have been following the Barron and consequently soon encountered the French, who on seeing Burp with Dignity (if you must know, Burp is General Konfusion's maiden name) prepare to make a big haul (where they intended giving a dance, music by Tann Hauser). Since the German General is not accompanied by his usual bodyguard, both he and his daughter are easily captured.

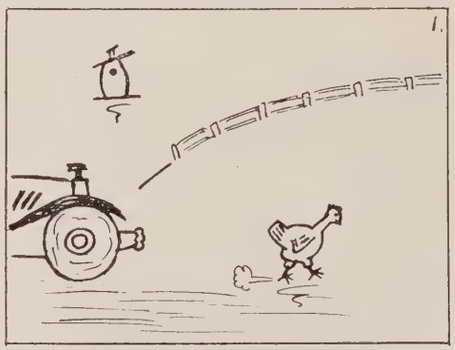
Disaster, after this second seizure, began to think that he had done enough for one day, and gave the order to return. On the road back, they reached a climax and were forced to make a detour. During the entire trip, Dignity did nothing but make eyes, which she gathered up, being an optometrist (not what you think!).

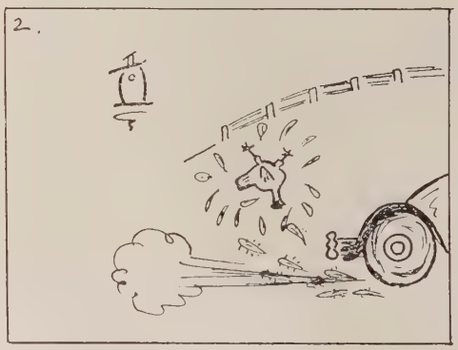
Upon reaching Paris, the General and his daughter were hastened off to a place (Vendome), where the King's quarters and Better - halves were located. There they were to be properly gowned, since they were to be taken B 4 the King. Upon observing the condition of her garments, Dignity was overheard to mutter in her thick German: "I can't appear in dis tress." This however, was easily remedied, because on thinking of the Barron, she rapidly wreathed herself with smiles and prepared to show a bold front, which she could not hide with a silk neckerchief.

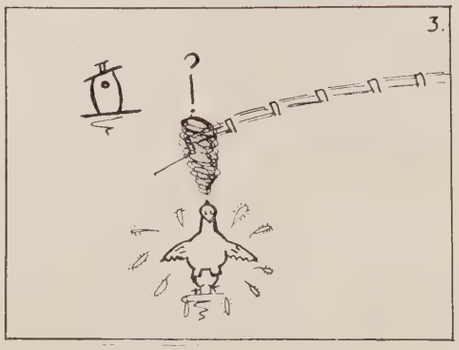
At the sound of the next musical note, she slowly meandered in the general direction of the King's chamber. At the sound of the *next* musical note she was led down a corridor and introduced to the King's Royal Suite (one of his weak-moments); here she was greeted by Sneers, Royal-flush Right-high Chamberlain to the King, who suddenly cried: "His Majesty, all hats off!" The orchestra, enamored, at the sight of Dignity, broke out (not with the measles) with the doleful and pathetic strains of "God Help the Queen"; but since "God helps those who help themselves," we will continue with our story. At this point we will pause to take up the narrative of General Confusion (modern variant of "Konfusion). On second thought, however, we need not take up the General's tale because he can still shift for himself.

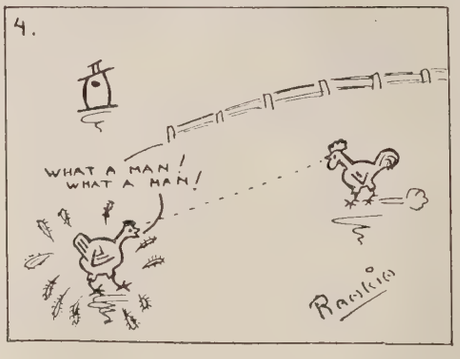
The scene shifts ten feet to the right to find the King playing bridge with Dignity, Sneers, and Disaster. For the benefit of those who have just tuned in, we might add that this game is

(Continued on page 16)









Why do we throw away 27% of this Leaf?

Another Reason why Chesterfields are Milder—

A LEAF of Bright Tobacco or of Kentucky Burley Tobacco has in it about 27% in weight of stem.

The stem is woody. It does not contain the same ingredients as the tobacco. It does not burn like tobacco.

There would be necessarily a sort of rankness or bitterness about the smoke from the stem. This 27% in weight of stem, therefore, is removed before the leaf tobacco is used in Chesterfields.

Everything is done that can be done to make Chesterfield milder and taste better.

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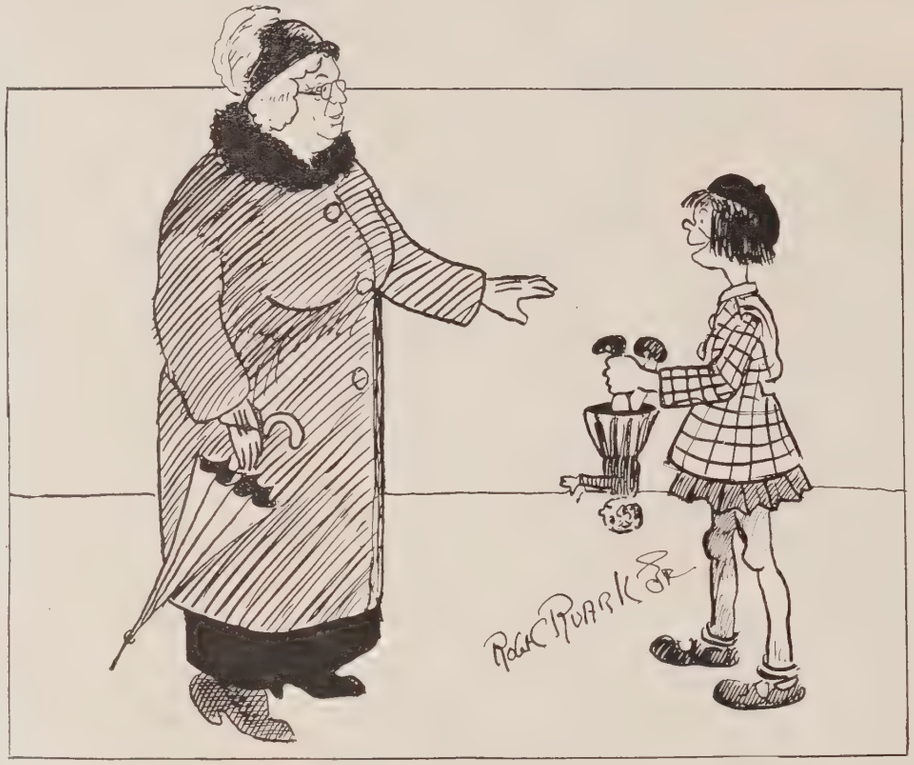
Editorial

The recent reorganization of the University of North Carolina Monogram club is one of the most important and most forward steps that has been taken on this campus within the past four years. The boys who wear letters on their sweaters, with the code and constitution they have adopted and under the leadership of president John Phipps, should do much toward the improvement of University athletics. They are stressing the fact that a letter is something worth having. They are trying to make them mean more to those who have won them and to those who watch contests from the stands.

The Monogram club has demonstrated its interest in every phase of campus life and legislation. At the recent meeting of the Student Activities committee it pledged itself to cooperate with the student council in improving our honor system. The organization stands for clean shooting all the way round.

The club cannot, however, carry through its purposes without the support of the student body. It will do its part toward the enforcement of training regulations of team members; the rest of us also have a duty regarding that matter. Athletes have often been tempted to "break training" by admiring by-standers. It should be easy to help keep a man in tip-top shape by refraining from asking and insisting that he indulge in things that are against conditioning rules. Any coach or any player will tell you that this is much more important than it may sound.

The *Tar Heel* sport page and the sport columns of various state papers have bemoaned the fact that Carolina students have exhibited poor sportsmanship during the past few weeks. Since the creation of the Monogram club, the situation has improved. That one illustration explains that the club is worth while, and the fact that others have noticed the improvement is evidence that we should keep on sticking right behind The Carolina Monogramers.



"Yessum, Pa told him to join a fraternity. He said he couldn't afford to keep him in clothes."

diamond. They are kneeling down at the King's feet, telling His Majesty that his will is done! But what is this? Dignity grabs the ball on the ten yard line and hurls it toward the basket, while Disaster steps up to the plate and socks the ball onto the fairway. As the ball bounces over the net, Sneers socks it lightly with his foot and sends it toward the goal, but it is prevented from reaching its destination by the adroitness of the King who deftly knocks it aside with his mallet, while quickly regaining his position on the horse." Well, gentle reader, we're tired of this and since you won't play Ring-around-a-rosie, let's quit and call it all off.

What this country needs is someone who can do some really sensible pundering. Get it?

ONWORDS, or a Thrilling Episode of the Great War

(Continued from page 12)

being broadcast through the courtesy of the Lafolle Glove Company, of whom it is said: "Anybody wants to be touched by hands wearing Lafolle Gloves."

The game progresses rapidly, the King having amassed 972.4 points while Sneers has only two hands on Dignity. We return you to the broadcasting . . .

"Folks what a game this is! Boy old boy! It certainly looks . . . But wait! The King is crying, just a moment . . . Ah! I have it! He's crying four diamonds! Wait! Wait! What's this? A great fanfare of trumpets! The century-old doors at the top of the Italian marble staircase slowly creak open on their rusty hinges. Down the 342 steps the four five-hundred pound nubian slaves come tripping lightly, each bearing a large black satin pillow upon the center of which rests a sparkling

"So you think that bootleg whiskey isn't harmful to your health? Look how it has weakened Uncle Sam's constitution."

Po-lease, a Camel!

WHEN you make a play for her favors, a woman has three words for it. Instead of merely calling you *fresh,* she says "po-lease, a Camel," instead. That's because Camels are the quintessence of freshness. Never parched or toasted, these fine cigarettes are *made* fresh and then *kept* fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack. Light up a Camel and let their choice Turkish and mild sun-ripened Domestic tobacco goodness prompt you to say, I'd walk a mile for a CAMEL!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

Never parched or toasted

CAMELS

***Made* FRESH—*Kept* FRESH**

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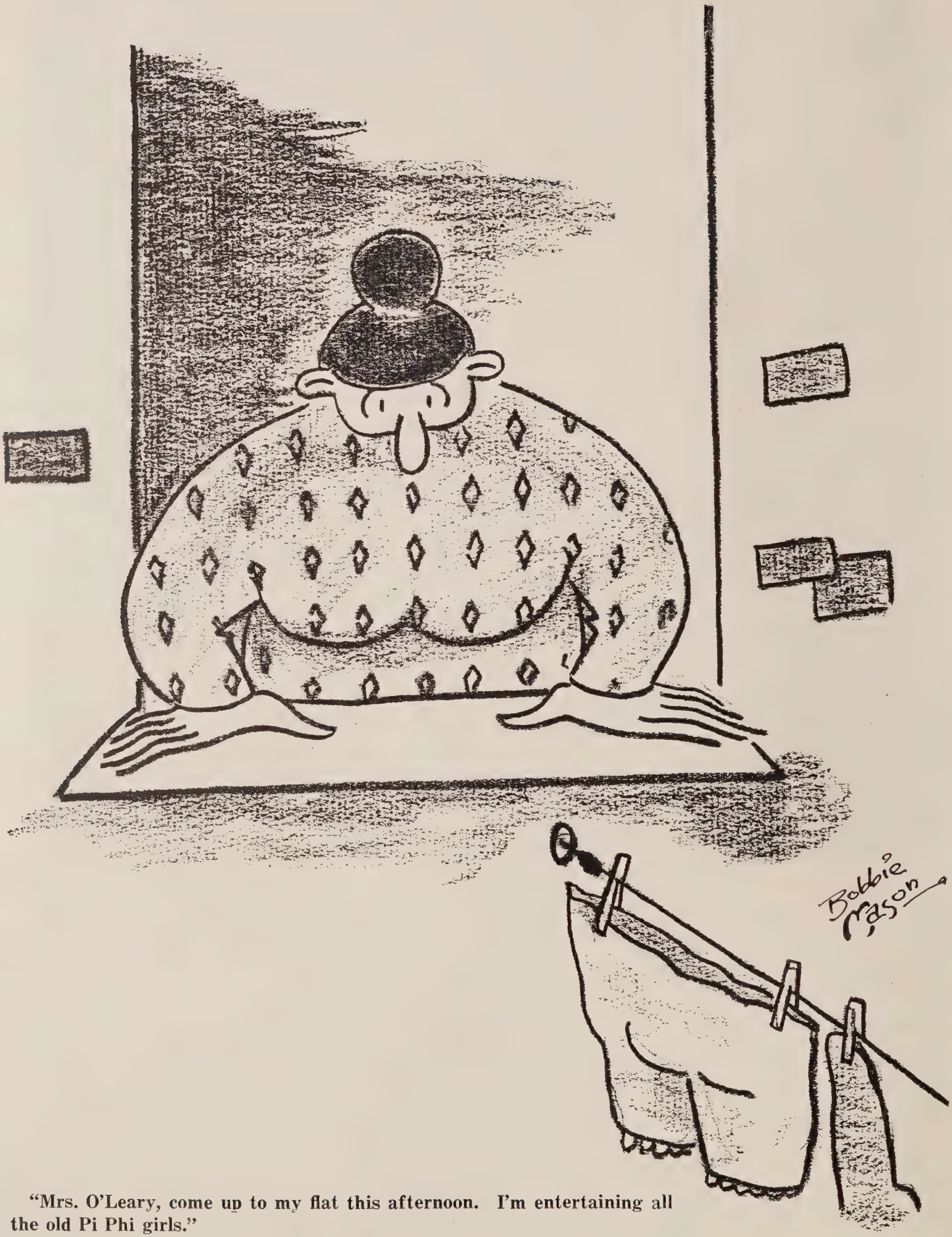


"Mrs. O'Leary, come up to my flat this afternoon. I'm entertaining all the old Pi Phi girls."

Fraternities and the University

In 1492, before the Hebrew Invasion, a bunch of Greeks swam the Atlantic ocean, landed in Mexico and walked overland to Durham where they chartered a boat, sailed to Chapel Hill and anchored on Franklin street. Here, they raised their umbrellas and proceeded to build a string of cafes, cafeterias, and hot-dog stands, and went into business, serving free lunches and charging two-bits apiece to the Indians, whom the environment had caused to be web-footed, to see the white men's toes.

Well, time rolled on apace. A red-headed Irishman got up in the Virginia legislature and said that Caesar was a brute, Charles was a dumb-bell, but King George was nothing but a low-down Englishman. Somebody told the English about this, and Great Britain immediately challenged the American colonies to a cross-word puzzle contest. The Americans won in the ninth inning with a beautiful drop-kick, a right to the jaw, and four aces concealed up George Washington's sleeve.

Col. Wm. Davie, a veteran of the war, who had developed the disease called "athletes foot" from sitting on the bench for seven years without a bath, was riding around over the North Carolina countryside in the rain one day when his feet began to itch so terribly that he stopped under a certain poplar tree and removed his shoes to dabble his feet in a mud puddle. While sitting there barefoot, the old gentleman began to cogitate thusly:

"What a wonderful place to build a sanatarium for all those afflicted with this dire disease. How relieving to be able to paddle one's burning dogs in nice brown rain water for nine months of the regular term and summer school to boot. Ah! That's it. Why don't I build an University here. Look at all those Greeks on Franklin street. I can have each of them paint his initials on the front of his place of business, and all I will have to do will be to erect a classroom and a couple of dormitories."

So, a lottery was run, and Old East was built. Later, more buildings were put up, and the fraternities were moved from Franklin street to quieter sections.

Thus, my children, the University was begun. Eventually, it was enlarged to accommodate with B. O., halitosis, and softening of the brain. And, if the fraternities had not been here, there would be no University.

Drink

Coca-Cola

In Bottles

Durham Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

Durham, N. C.

"My old man knew the exact day he was going to die."

"How's that?"

"The judge told him."

He: (Driving) My clutch is rather weak.

She: So I noticed.

"The President of the United States belongs to the same fraternity I do."
"Really? Don't you know he's glad?"

The BUCCANEER invites you to a smoker next Tuesday night. Come and bring the ducks.

"What's the last thing you take off before you go to bed?"

"My feet off the floor."

Impressions of Carolina Should Be Very

Departing from the **Buccaneer's** annual custom of publishing a Bared Manual of national fraternities on the University of North Carolina campus, below are de-

Deke

Beautiful house. But all that glitters is not gold. Yellow sweaters. Yellow socks. Monograms. A man named Carmichael. More monograms. Noses, noses, noses. Hindenburg haircuts. The Governor's son. The ex-Governor's Son. Looking for the next Governor's son. And more monograms.

Phi Gam

A young dormitory. A picket fence. Grunters and cauliflower ears. Special student. Fuzzy Phillips. Cars. Big flashy ones. Calvin Coolidge and Charlie Taylor. And some more transfers. "When Patterson was here—."

Beta

Big bad men. Big bad pledges, fifty or more, feeding goldfish. Brothers figuring which are goldfish and which are brothers. Being misunderstood. Cadillacs. More Cadillacs. Three cheers for the American Tobacco Company. Big brick house and a house mother. Chain-gang singers. "Hail, Hail, Hail,—."

Delta Zilch

Hello Philadelphia! Sports. Sport coats, sport shoes, sport phaetons. And motorcycles. Pictures on the wall. Annex and drinkers. Pins. Big pins in mouths and on pajamas. Shades of Branch Paxton. "Have a drink, Fido." Preacher Heist, the reformed lover. Who the Hell is St. Anthony?

Chi Psi

A lot that is a beautiful dream. A house that is just a dream. Yankees. Lots of them who commute to a bungalow dining room. Intramural athletics. Do we know the co-eds?

Phi Kappa Sig

Students, scholars, and Kayo Wilson. Playmaker people. Pink teas. Little Eva. Politics and politicians. Sober and silent. Pool room and minors. Soft lights and sweet music. Get elected, everybody, and win a pledge pin. Good at Washington and Lee.

S. A. E.

Get out the Directory and call the roll. **Tar Heel** editor prospect. Freshmen shines. Where is Shannon? Politics. Alex Webb. **Violets and** Herbie Kay. Rudy Vallee. (and more violets!). Athletes. Athlete's foot. Bev Mason, the dear departed.

Zeta Zips

A rose between two thorns. Mayne Albright, wrestler. Gaston B. Means. Mayne Albright, President of the Student Body. A brewmaster janitor. Mayne Albright, Director of Graham Memorial. Uncounted bottles, momentoes of Gilchrist and Riddick. And the Delta Sig charter from State. Mayne Albright, lousy punster.

Chi Phi

A secret, Greek letter, college fraternity. Oh where art thou? Debaters and politicians. Days of Slusser and Branch. Not a fire in a hundred tries. Going to build anyway. Pictures of departed football heroes. A hideaway cottage and a blonde from Williamston.

A. T. O.

Days of yore. Medieval castle. Lovely knights, every knight. Moose on the wall, bottles in the bath tub. Beer-Baron Gant. Summer school girls' dormitory. Campus golf champ teeing off. For Sale: Nice house, convenient to the Shack, the Arboretum, and a church. Days of yore.

K. A.

Baltimore, en masse. And Baltimore gin. Damn the Yankees! Red leather and nice meals. Football in the living room with Tom Watkins. Saturdays in Hell's Half Acre. Shades of the Charlotte convertion, spirits by the barrel. Cream of the crop —at Wake Forest. God and the ladies. "Drink 'er down . . !"

Phi Delt

E. C. Daniels, Hamilton Hobgood, and it's a hell of a long

Fraternities Or What Common Knowledge

scribed the visions that these lodges bring to the minds of a few experienced students. If your order is not included, consider it a compliment.

walk to Pittsboro. Song: Come all ye freshmen, or gather ye pledges while ye may. Ted Newland, who came all the way from Pasadena to find he was still a long way from the school. Pine trees and a house mother. McLaughlin's back.

Sigma Nu

Dance Committeemen and reprobates. Nose dives. Damon Lynch minus Pythias Kelly. "We got a write-up in **College Humor** . . . " Snakes. Big cars. "But conservative, you know . . . . ." Archibald Henderson and Kay Kayser. A very, very distinctive house, architecturially speaking. Snakes.

Sigma Chi

Bar. Athletes. Bar. Golden Fleece. Bar. "Mammy" Rose. Bar. A tennis Champ. A violin champ. Bar. A sober house.

Kappa Sig

Gus Sonnenberg. Athletes, lots of 'em. Tot Bennett, the battering ram from Wadesboro. The gray granite walls of prison. A janitor who claims the lodge was founded before 1400. A gent that slugs. "Brother" Merrit. Departure of Tubby McDade.

Pika

Brother Bo. Tar Heel staff keys. Jefferson Standard , come take our Nell. Brother Bo. Booloo May Queens. The brawl at Raleigh. Three Drinks Sawyer, the white hope of the U. S. army. Don Shoemaker, white hope of the fourth estate. Frank Hawley, white hope of a fond mother. No athletes. Brother Bo.

Pi Kappa Phi

Another hiker's club. Theron Brown singing, "You've got the ight key but you're working on the wrong key hole." A house mother and Lawyer Boyd. A asement that's known for miles around. A campus show place, but where is the painter?

Theta Chi

Still Haywood Weeks.

S. P. E.

Odell Sapp and Jim Magner. A Washington glad-hand that had to go. We'll just build back the same house. "He's on the coaching staff." A deep, dark secret. Red headed brothers. "Like Taylor Bledsoe did."

Chi O.

"Everybody but the Kneeurgs."

Pi Phi

The beautiful, the intellectual, and the majority. Beta Theta Pi. "We just have to be a little bit snooty. They must understand—." Captain Yancey leads team to victory. Pins that should be taken as detour signs. Beta Theta Pi.

Phi Bete

Thick glasses. Women and high shoes. Thin hands waving high in the air. Monks in a monestary. Midnight oil. Dull week ends. A Mr. Cheek. Spanish profs. Dumbness.

Minotaurs, Shieks and 13 Club

"Shine, shine, just where you are—"

Golden Fleece

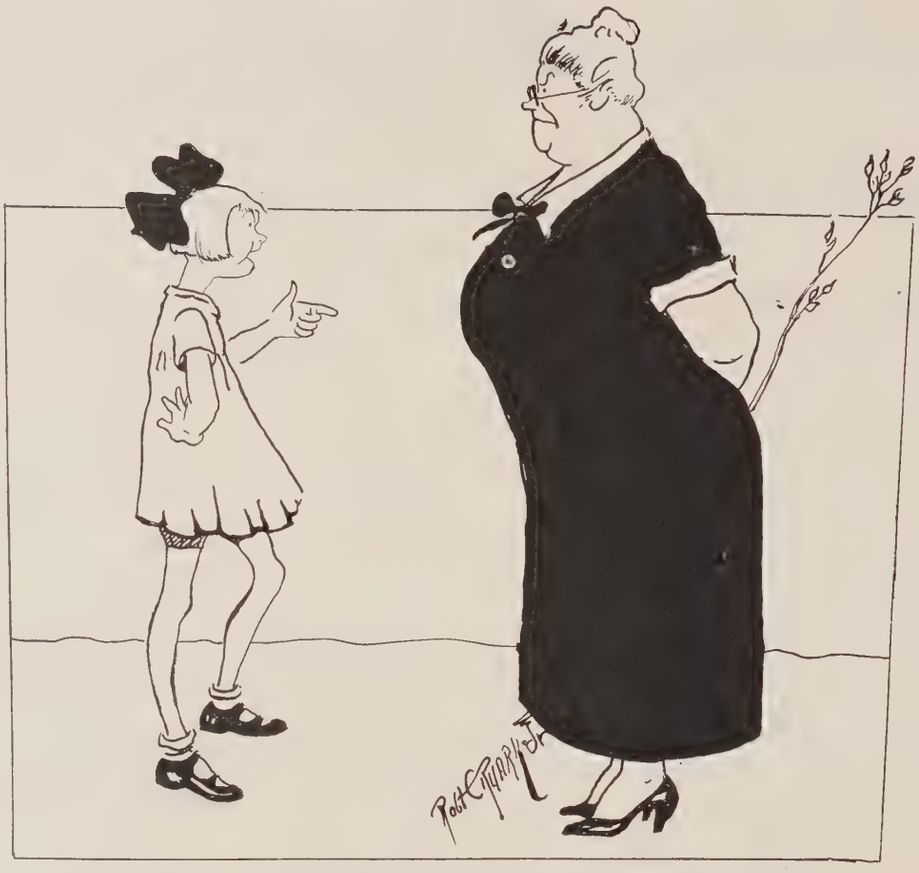
No politics. The All Campus Party. Long winded speakers. A flying tackle and a beaming face. Girls saying, "O-o-o-o-o-." The big shots of the state. No politics.

Epsilon Phi Delta

Furriners from New Jersey. Boys who have never been out of the state. Green cheese cloth and a suit case. Tar Heel scandal writer. Who cares?

Order of the Grail

Crescent Cafeteria. A boxing match. Or a wrestling match. Purple ribbons and nobreaks. Blue ribbons outnumbering the purple. Strange people with saxaphones. And a banjo. The next morning.



"And for the last time, I positively refuse to reveal the name of the man."

What's wrong with our country seems to be this: It's been Insulleded.

And he thinks a Doctor of Music is a guy that repairs violins.

When Fannsy, the maid of all labor, appeared for work one morning, Mrs. Thwirp was surprised to see that her face was badly bruised.

"Why, Fannsy, where did you get that awful bruise on your cheek?"

"Well, missus, it was like this. We all had a pahty round at de Jollity Club last night and ah was kicked in de face by a gentleman friend."

"Now, Gwendolyn, when you grow up don't you want to be the kind of a girl people look up to?"

"No, mama, I want to be the kind of a girl that people look around at."

SO! SO!

Eyebrows knitted . . . .
Game sewed up . . .
Opponents hemmed in . . .
Plot woven . . .
Him stitched . . .
Gosh darned . . .

POPULAR POLLYS

——— wog
——— mint
——— wants a cracker
——— ticks
——— Moran
——— vous Francais?

The ghost song: "I Ain't Got No Body."

"Why does a red-headed woman always marry a quiet fellow?"

"She doesn't. He just naturally gets that way."

The True Story of Epsilon Ypsilon Epsilon

Epsilon Ypsilon Epsilon was founded here in 4.98 B.C. (Bad Corn), by Moe Imogoost, a one-eyed cork-footed Greek, who had failed to get a bid to any of the other fraternities, because he would not sniff a fruit jar before quaffing. Moe always said that smelling of whiskey made his mouth water, and he wanted to take his liquor straight. So, he always held his nose. That gave him a rather snooty appearance.

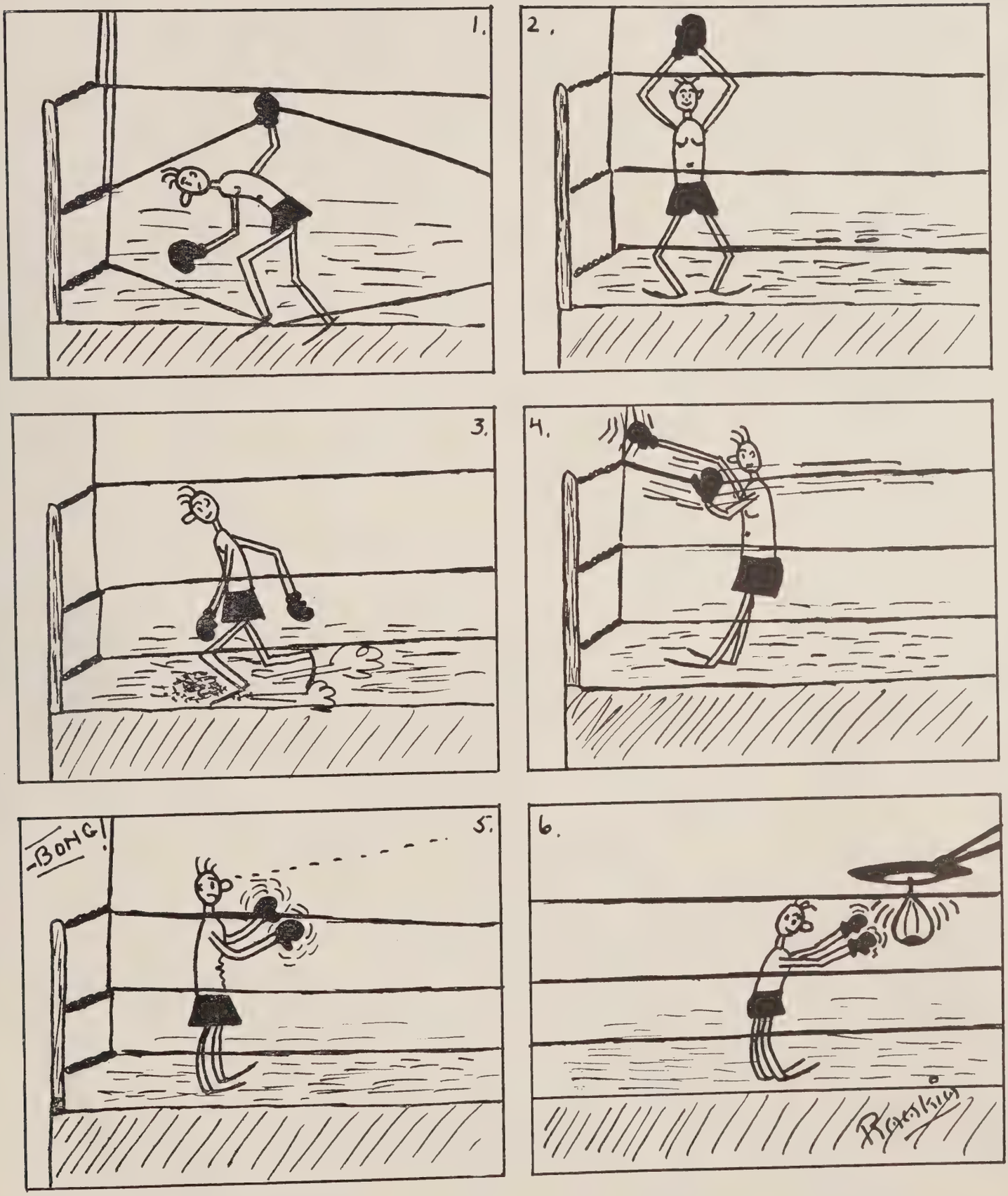
This has always been the most powerful and most feared secret order on the campus. Its members say so. It is the all-seeing, all-hearing, all-telling, All-American. All that happens eventually comes to the E. Y. E. and is passed along to the public. No one is safe. Professors and co-eds tremble at mention of its name. The members of Epsilon Ypsilon Epsilon never sleep! That is, except on class.

E. Y. E. numbers among its members of the biggest shots on the campus. And some who are only half shot. One of its pledges once ran for President of the Student Council. Another ran for help. The first made Golden Fleece. The other made a co-ed happy.

In the campus elections of 1836, Epsilon Ypsilon Epsilon was the only fraternity to elect a single man to office, placing the Dean of Students on the editorial staff of the *Yellow Journal*. Nelson Robbins was elected to all the other offices.

Since that year, fraternities have controlled all the offices, and Epsilon Ypsilon Epsilon has controlled all the fraternities, except Phi Beta Kappa, which it sold to the technocrats for thirteen ergnogs.

E. Y. E. is now making a detailed study of the University wrestling team to see if it can verify the rumor that there is a wrestler on the squad. For reports on this and other momentous questions, watch the news columns of *The Daily Tar Heel.*


1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
BONG!
6.

"And he told me that Beta pin had a safety catch."

When one of the contributors to the **Buccaneer** did not see a joke of his published which he sent to the editor he approached the editor and asked, "As the joke I sent in has not appeared, I was afraid it might not have arrived, and you had not seen it."

The editor replied: "The joke has arrived safely but as yet we have not seen it."

"Now you keep still," said the moonshiner to his wife as he left home.

She: That's the way with you fraternity boys, you find a girl, and then you leave her.

He: Well, we don't exactly just find 'em and then leave 'em.

Monday is wash-day, but most college men are cleaned sometime between Friday night and Sunday morning.

A heart-breaking mama,
I might state—
Have you seen Sally Kate
When she didn't have a date?

The Lone Survivor

By Billy Arthur

For a long time the Chi Phi Lodge was the lone survivor of Old Fraternity Row. Because of fires and of "keeping up with the Joneses," one by one the fraternities had moved out, leaving the Chi Phis alone there and half hidden in the trees. My first recollections of Chapel Hill center there, and I was sorely disappointed when the Lodge was given up.

There it was that Ox Shuford, Sam Presson, and "Sac" Foard, at regular intervals, used to get the idea (from Dewey's or Crotts') that everyone in the house should get up or that the house should be moved closer to the Carolina Confectionery (Coffee Shop, to you).

There it was that Tubby McDade slept on the couch with three of Gertie's puppies playing leap frog on his chest. (Damnit was their father. I know.) "Jim Magner," one of the pups, took up the task of licking off Tubby's beard, and McDade awoke.

"Go away," he said, "I don't wants to play now."

Speaking of that litter—there were six of them—each bore the name of some football star. There was Jimmie Magner — belonging to Ellis Fysal at the present — Sam Presson, Rip Slusser—whom Flossie Phillips, the Fredericksburg Honey, used to feed daily—and several whose names I don't recall at the present.

One summer night as Rip Slusser, the man, and I were returning from a taffy pulling at the Reynolds' on street, we heard the forensic voice of Johnny Wilkinson yelling, "Two-thirty, ha-ha-ha, @lb&$%@?" (Those who know Johnny need no explanation of '@lb&%@?') The same was repeated and repeated. Johnny had just awoke after going to sleep at seven in the evening.

Well, that was one of those

nights during the summer we had no lights in the house. (Amos Hill Taylor was house manager and prospective groom at the same time; so we couldn't expect much efficiency.)

As Rip and I were undressing for bed, we saw a figure standing in the doorway.

"Johnny?" Rip asked.

The figure didn't speak. But Johnny in the next room answered and began again his "Two-thirty, ha, ha, ha, @lb&-$%@?"

The figure remained speechless and motionless. We called every name in the house, and still it didn't answer. (In reply to the favorite question, I almost went blind.)

Not knowing who the man was Rip was about to go over and hit him (and then run). But it turned and walked straight down the hall. We followed. Straight down the hall it continued and bumped into the wall. It awoke, and was Norman McCaskill, walking in his sleep.

As we returned to our room, Johnny let out his sentence again; and for the first time that summer, Rip made sure the door was locked.

A counter story about me is told by McCaskill which you can believe if you want to. It concerns some endurance swimming I did until someone pulled me out.

When interviewed yesterday concerning her experience in fraternity houses, Miss Mary Byrd Perrow declined to make a statement. I tried my best to get her to say something for the **Buccaneer,** but for once in her life she refused to talk.

The Betas and Dekes have agreed unanimously on one thing: That the gal on the left was the best in the chorus at the Regal theatre last month. It has been rumored that Mutt Ridenhour made mental notes of the movements and is hoping to get a place to practice soon.

While on the Betas a story comes up concerning the whereabouts of something or other. One remarked, "If you rummage around the Beta Attic, you might find it."

"I can't rummage. The attic's been rented."

She laughed when I sat down, but she slapped me for a loop when I started to play.

The most pitiful thing in the world—is a man stuck with a girl at a dance and hears the next number announced as a no-break dance.

RICH RICHARD'S ALMANAC

Pat Gaskins

It's a great life if you don't week-end.

A soft answer turneth away bill collectors.

Three on a match indicates a depression.

There's no mule like an old mule.

A word to the wives is sufficient.

Hell hath no fury like a woman dropped like a hot potato.

She—That's the way with you fraternity boys, you find a girl, and then you leave her."

He—Well, we don't exactly just find 'em and then leave 'em."

"Who am I dating tonight, Mandy?"
"Mr. Jack."
"Well, bring me the S. A. E. pin."

A few days ago one of our friends from beyond the suburbs of Chapel Hill came to the village in his buggy for a special interview with Doctor "Ab."

"Well, just what seems to be the matter with your wife, Alec?" queried the doctor.

"I don't know what it is, Doc. It's got us all worried out there. She got up this morning at the regular time, four o'clock or som'ers thereabouts. She milked the cows, got breakfast ready for the family and the farm hands, churned, and finished up this week's ironing. Then about ten o'clock she felt sorta tired. I expect she needs a tonic or something."

"Today some frats have gone to the dogs."

"Yeah, they're both housebroke."

"Honey, how could you live without me?"

"Cheaper."

"How is it that everybody's crazy about him?"

"He's supt. of the Insane Asylum."

"How long did you work at your last job?"

"Ten years."

"Doing what?"

"Ten years."

It was a very fashionable wedding. The child prodigy of the city had been asked to play the organ. He could not get to the dress rehearsal the evening before, but on the night of the wedding they told him to play some lively music as the bride and groom hurried out after the ceremony was over.

So he played the wedding march, and the soft wedding music during the ritual. Then for the exit of the couple he struck up "What Shall the Harvest Be?"

Julian: There's something about you I don't like.

Jo: I'm sorry but it's got to stay on—we're in a coupe now and not in the Garden of Eden.

D. K. E.: There goes my dream girl.
T. E. P.: Yeah, I used to have nightmares too.

The Label Trick

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED . . . IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

ILLUSION:

This is a very old illusion invented by the old school of bootleggers. It was brought into more use by the modern bootleggers and racket men. It is claimed that changing the labels to suit the customer's taste worked best with college men, and to prove this, sell a student a pint of old moonshine with a "Rye" label on it and he will immediately boast that he has some pre-war stuff.

EXPLANATION:

There is only one known way to work this trick. Purchase some very cheap liquor, apply to the bottled whiskey a neat Rye, Scotch, or Bourbon label with the word "Aged" on it. Sell to the first college boy as the real stuff. This trick always pleases.

She was only a watchmaker's daughter, but she gave me the works.

She was only a sailor's sweetheart, but she knew the ropes.

She was an explorer's daughter, but she was never found out.

"I don't want none of your lip now."

"Honey, how could you live without me?"
"Cheaper."

"Hey, wake up Bill, there's a fire on the row."
"Fraternity or Sorority?"
"Fraternity."
"Let the damn thing burn."

A respected college president is going to stop all petting. He ought to he's too old for that sort of thing.

"Now you keep still," said the moon shiner to his wife as he left home.

"Jane, why do the fellows call you pet?"
"Oh, that's just my neck name.

"What has four legs and flies?"
"Why, two birds, of course."
"That's where you're wrong; it's a dead horse."

"How did that uncle of yours whose a doctor make all his money?"
"Oh, in the stork market."

Just a fraternity dream girl, and can she dish it out.

Tom Collins' Column

By Bernard S. Solomon

Well, back again this month with more puns than enough and a few things of note concerning clothes. The hottest tip that I've had in months and months, and one that no one on the campus will agree upon is this: the very latest, the ultra-smart, the peak of fashion in evening dress is to wear black suede shoes with a tux or full dress. Now, I know that everyone will think me a victim of insanity, perhaps I am, but it will probably take years and years for this idea to actually permeate into the inner circles of fashion.

By the way, I have a friend who is so mean that he goes to the "city" and invariably walks over man-hole covers, he really goes out his way to do this, in the so-far vain hope that one will fall in with him and then he can sue the city.

I am going to taks you back to 1924 and then bring you up to the present day, in suits, shirts, and shoes. In 1924 we find our college man wearing a three-button sack suit, made in dark worsteds with a stripe. His shirt was white and his shoes were broad, blunt-toed and black. In 1925 and 1926 the same things were worn. In 1927 there was a slight change with the three-button suit still being worn and patterned in dark blue, grey, and brown. Shirts became colored, with pale shades of blue, grey, and tan coming in. We find the college man turning to lighter shades of tan shoes. Incidentally the two-button suit was just beginning to be worn, but it was looked upon somewhat skeptically. Again, it took two years for the college man to change his clothes, not literally, but we do find that the two-button coat was constantly gaining in popularity. During this period, the Barrymore shirt came in and it was an almost hopeless case for it, for a while at least. 1930 found the college man wearing more pointed shoes, a shirt in stripes and solid colors and a shorter pointed collar. I guess that he did not care about his clothes then because of the depression. Naughty, naughty, to mention such things. THEN, in 1931 we find the tendency towards a lighter weight cloth, a tab-collared shirt, pointed shoes, Cuban heels, and very quiet neckwear. In 1932 saw the greatest change with the form-fitting suit leading and a definite trend towards double-breasteds. Shirts were definitely tab-collars and on other shirts, solid colors and two-and-one-quarter pointed collars. 1933 finds small checks and glenurquart plaids leading in suiting patterns, with ties in plaid (authenic Scotch), shirts in tab-collars with stripes and solid colors, and the drape which has not taken very well on this campus. Incidentally, it is a very fine model, emphasizing the small waist and broad shouldered effect. Sport clothes have come right along, with tweeds having a great play. Probably the most interesting thing in sartorial history is that in 1924 trouser bottoms were twenty to twenty-two inches wide. Today, trouser bottoms are twenty-two or twenty-one inches in the knee and nineteen or eighteen inches at the cuff.

It seems that the other night the librarians were nearly driven to distraction. A certain young "man about town" went down there and looked around for hours and hours. Finally, the librarian came up and asked if she could be of any aid. The young man replied by saying that he had heard a great deal about the Congressional Record and wanted one to play on his victrola.

This too is an other story. It is great to watch the definite trend in men's clothes take on more and more color. It seems that each season brings forth more and more color, but in a very masculine way. This reason, the glenurquart plaid and the small check will be popular. I am very much disappointed that "youse guys" up here do not take more pride in your dress. Most of the boys on this campus spend enough money each year on clothes to be very well dressed. They could be better dressed, but they do not seem to take much interest in their clothes. Try to harmonize socks and ties. Do not match your ties and handkerchiefs, but try to have them in harmony. Get your clothes cleaned and pressed regularly. It not only makes you look cleaner but it actually preserves the life of a suit and helps to keep it in shape. For some reason or other I seem

PLAIDS

The new vogue for plaids is sweeping the country. We invite your inspection of a combined style and quality line of plaids in—

DRAPE SUITS — SLACKS
SUSPENDERS — BELTS
TAB SHIRTS — PAJAMAS
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Durham Men's Shop
"Style Quarters"
111 W. Main St. : Durham

to have a horror, as a matter of fact I get the quadruple screaming jitters when I see a blue tie and a green shirt. Green is a very treacherous color, and to wear it, the rest of the clothes must be very well selected.

Incidentally, a very good definition of an adult is a person who has stopped growing, except in the middle. Well, do not let yourself go in the middle. If you do you will not be able to wear drapes, and only people of slender build should even attempt this model. I have been talking to the leading stylists in this part of the state and they seem to think that we are not able to pick out clothes that emphasize our good points. That is one of the main criticisms that has been brought against the glenurquart plaid. It is claimed that it looks "race-trackish." Well, it is a little different, but a very swell cloth for sport clothes. For those short in stature, if they will only get the main plaid running vertically then they will give an effect of more stature.

Incidentally, the leading group in the south for raising punsters is right here on this campus. I reckon that the classic pun is "I'll take puns and coffee."

A question that has been causing great consternation up here is whether or not to wear white shoes at this time of the year. Well, I'm all for it. This is strictly southern campus and sport shoes, whether solid white or two-tone are quite correct. Dingy shoes should never be worn. Dingy know that? (I'll duck on that one). It is so easy to clean white shoes that there is no excuse except indolence that forces us to wear dirty sport shoes. Of course, if you like dirt and have not eaten your assigned two bushels, then you can wear dirty shoes, but people who do, should be shot at sunrise, whether or not it rains. All fooling aside, there is no excuse for dirty sport shoes. I should keep repeating that, because people on this campus seem to think that the dirtier the shoes, the better they look. If you must have grey shoes, then buy them that color. Gray and brown and white buck shoes are all in for the spring season.

Having received much criticism for last months' article pertaining to evening wear, the white vest should only be worn with full dress, and with it the white tie. For tux wear, the black vest and black tie is the only thing that is correct. Any combination of this looks sloppy and is unfashionable. Of course they do not hold to this at other schools, but I think that we should if for no other reason than that it is tradition.

Someone pulled a crack the other night and ended it by saying that "that beats even the Marx Brothers." "Well," answered the party of the second part, "so far as I have been able to ascertain, their Mother was the only one who ever beat them."

Anyone desiring any, and I mean any, questions answered concerning dress and correct styles, please write to Tom Collins care of this rag, and if yours truly is not able to figure out the question, he will be delighted to send you an answer or to refer you to one of the stylists either in town or in Durham who have so kindly helped me with this game.

Well, since I need just about twenty or thirty more lines I'll tell a few of the puns which have sprung up since I started writing for this column. It seems that the other night on the radio I heard a very exciting melodrama. "Fiend," cried the heroine. "Well," replied the villian (I think he had a black mustache), "a fiend in need is a fiend indeed." Take it or leave it.

By the way, our friend the *Tar Heel* columnist has been saying rather naughty things about the BUCCANEER. We think that he can write a good column using the BUCCANEER as subject matter, but were we he, we would try to think of something a little more original and not try to pan one of the publications.

Someone knocked on This Columnist's door the other night, "Ah," he cried, "that is opportunity." The reply came back from the person standing outside the door, "this is not Opportunity, opportunity knocks but once, and I knocked twice." I'll have to admit that that is pretty bad, but what is a guy going to do to fill up space. We do not seem to be able to find any good puns these days.

I hope that you like the column heading on this column, it was done by none other than The Carl Sprinkle. He can draw, write, and well . . . as for punning, well you know how puny some of his puns happen to be; if you want to hear some l-o-u-s-y puns (pronounced lousy) just hang around that certain *Tar Heel* columnist's desk and you will be driven to distraction.

Incidentally, if the *Tar Heel* would, it could capitalize on the feature article on kissing. It seems that one of our co-eds up here, offered the nice young girl reporter fifty cents for the names of those people who gave opinions on kissing. Do not let bribery enter the doors of the publications.

I know that this is tiring you but, what can I do? After all the editor gives me the space and I've got to fill it somehow. Just remember this, write in if you want any questions or any new style hints. This department (we have graduated) will direct you to the merchant featuring the article mentioned here.

That's all there is, there isn't anymore.

Mildness and Character

"It's toasted"

Copr., 1933, The American Tobacco Co.

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VANITY FAIR

NUMBER OF THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

HOOEY HOKUM HOGWASH HOODLUMS

Out yonder—
While we stop to rest and admire the beautiful 'out yonder' let's enjoy a Chesterfield
they Satisfy
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

THE EDITOR'S UNEASY CHAIR

A true artist

Mr. Hugo Alien, the author of *Dawn in the Morning*, which we were unable to publish because it has no style and reminds us of New Yorker stuff, was born somewhere near the Figi Islands. He spent a very happy boyhood there and easily won the reputation of being the worst boy in the neighborhood. Hugo was ambitious, nevertheless, and when he expressed his desire to learn, his mother placed him on a cattle boat and sent him to the United States, one of the countries from which his father had been banished.

Hugo enrolled in the Jackson Training School, where he first became interested in publication work. As the school furnished no means by which his genius could be brought into print, the lad with the master mind met the situation by writing the first volume of poetry ever to appear on the bath, etc. room walls of the famous institution. Carolina Magazine editors have since declared this work to be excellent.

Hugo was drafted into the army the summer before he was to enter the sixth grade,

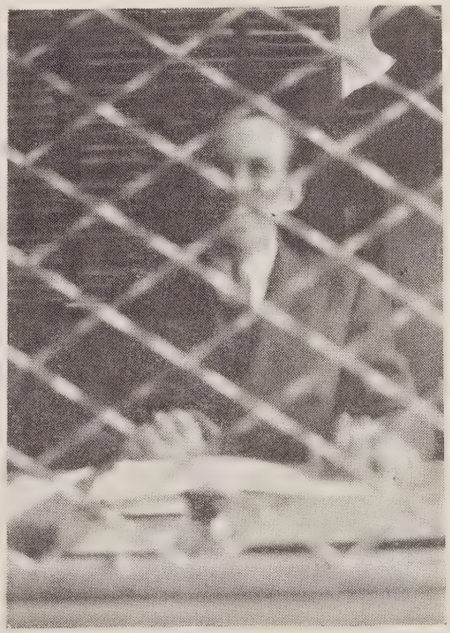
HUGO ALIEN

and he is responsible for most of the dirty ditties sung by the soldier boys and those who became millionaires while the soldier boys were away. He proved himself a true martyr when he did not protest the fact that he never received credit for writing the last forty verses of *Parlez-Vous*. Hugo is an artist who practices art for art's sake.

The war ended and Hugo returned to his adopted land. He had nothing else to do so he became a student at Appalachian Abnormal College, which gives the same education the University of North Carolina does for less than one-fourth the price—so they say. His desire to write increased, and he went away to seek his fortune. He developed into one of the best managing editors the world has ever known by virtue of his marvelous ability to swear. Hugo recently obtained the highest honor a journalist can realize. One of his articles was accepted by *Contempo*.

Straight and narrow

Dear Sir: I have read with a great deal of feeling the pannings Mr. Bootmanufacturer has handed your publication in his column, *Our Crimes*. I have never agreed with his



THE BIRD IN THE GILDED CAGE

opinions, but I think I can offer an explanation as to why your book might be at least risque. As you realize, your office contains a gilded cage in which the cashier of the Publication Union Board rests and recovers. I fear his influence is not the best for your noble magazine. Although your ideals might be as pure as the snow that falls in the winter, covering Mother Nature in a snug blanket, sending the small animals to the warmth of their burrows, and causing the whole earth to become a thing more beautiful than even poets can describe, the mere presence of this bird in the gilded cage is likely to corrupt them. The Carolina Magazine saw this fault and its editors never use their desk, which is also in the same room. I blush when I think of what the Magazine might be otherwise. But the moral is the same, and I am taking liberty to suggest that either you move the place of your labors or else petition those higher up to take away the bird and his gilded cage.

JEAN STRAIGHTLACE.

Likes our mag.

March 8, 1933

Dear Mr. Editor: This ain't no time to be writin letters with paper the price it is and postage stamps goin at three cents (3c) per but since I just run across your mag. the other day while sweepin out the store I thought it would be swell of me to write you and tell you that you have one O.K. mag. and that I sure do like you having a dept. in which you print the letters what are written to you by people all over the hole world what ain't got nothin to do but sit down and express opinions to send them to the editors as if they ain't got no opinions of their own to be expressin for the benefit of the people to read when they have a chance like I do (since I work in a drug store where these mags. are more or less for sale) to read them free of charge any time the boss ain't lookin at me to see if I am doin my sweepin like I ought.

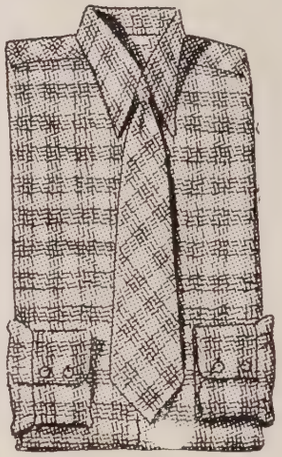
On our racks which I have to keep dusted all the time I have seen a mag. somethin like yours only they don't call their letters dept. a editors uneasy chair but instead they call it a vox pop. I don't know what that means but I like yours best cause I think that vox pop must be some radical words from some radical forrin country what ain't got the best interests of the U. S. A. at heart and anyway I like English which is my mother tongue the best anyway. I wrote them (the vox pop) a letter once but I guess I wasn't enough radical for them cause I never did see my name on their page and after I went to all the trouble to print it extra large too. You see it is nice and large on this page too so please don't make me think this is another one of these radical mags. Yours for the U.S.A.—SAM INSOULLOS, Asst. janitor, Acme Soda Shoppe.

Tar Heel Squeel

Dear Sirs: I wish to protest your frequent allusions to *The Daily Tar Heel* in a humorous and disparaging manner. As editor of this publication, I feel it incumbent upon myself to correct the misconceptions you may have given some few of the *(Continued on page 3)*

O'HANNAH SNIZZENBURG

Among the many new arrivals this Spring



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students of its scope and purposes.

The Tar Heel is a solemn and serious publication. If proof of this statement is needed, why regard the chief of our editorial staff, The Hon. Don Shoemaker. His earnestness and holy crusading zeal is evident in every linotype of our paper.

Such remarks as "What is so rare as yesterday's *Tar Heel?*" (And I might remark incidentally, that you frequently mention the *Tar Heel* without giving the name the italization which it deserves.) and frequent remarks concerning the editor and other members of the staff, all such remarks tending to place such members in a ridiculous and undignified position, sometimes even hinting that they remain intoxicated most of the time, and rarely take life seriously, must surely be placing unwarranted ideas in the heads of shallow-thinking students who are prone to take anything appearing in type as gospel truth.

As I say, I wish to protest such things appearing in your publication. I trust you will discontinue them and proffer an appropriate apology in your next issue.

Even if they were true, you hadn't ought to print them.

Sincerely,

CHARLES CARNATION.

Political Mastermind

Mr. O'Hannah Snizzenburg, chief political writer for this magazine, is but thirty-four years old. He is one of the younger leaders of American political thinkers, and there is small wonder he has achieved such recognition. Mr. Snizzenburg was born in Carborro, and who does not know "as Carborro goes, so goes the nation?"

For many years old leaders in the field of national politics waited with great expectation the results of the Carborro polls. When Mr. Coolidge was a candidate for the highest office of the land he phoned to his friend, Mr. Woodhouse, at Chapel Hill and asked how things looked in the famous suberb. "You haven't a chance," Mr. Woodhouse informed him, "Carborro's going to landslaide for the Democratic ticket." And Mr. Coolidge waxed joyful. He realized Mr. Woodhouse never doped elections right, and he knew that Carborro would support him. Therefore, he knew his job was in the bag.

Until recently the adage about "as Carborro goes—" could not be contested. It could not be contested because Carborro is full of Republicans, and Republican presidents were always elected. Mr. Snizzenburg was the one and only man in the United States to foresee the change this year. Walter Lippman swears he knew how things were going to happen in Carborro, but evidence points that he did not.

The past of Mr. Snizzenburg is a colorful one. Although he has always been a political writer at heart, for many years he wrote no copy to determine public policy. He is a brute of a man, and many stopped to admire his strength when he used to challenge all comers to wrestling bouts. He was employed by Bruce's Carnival at the time, and one of his acts was especially interesting. He placed blocks of cement on his well shaped head and allowed them to be broken by a huge sledge hammer. At last he reached the stage of punch drunkedness that developed him into the political thinker that he is.

From the women

Dear Editor: We girls at the Shack can hardly wait between the issues of your magazine. We think it is just simply ducky, and the jokes are always good. I took the Christmas number home with me and showed it to Harold, who is my boy friend. Harold works in a drug store that handles a whole lot of magazines and he knows oodles about them. He thinks the Buccaneer is just grand, too, but he thinks some of the jokes are too naughty for me to read. Isn't that just like a boy though? He does not realize I am no longer a child and that I am now a wise co-ed.

Mr. Editor, I cannot understand why you give some of the girls so much publicity and slight the rest of us. Last month you had something about Mary Snicken having so many dates. I know that Mary does not have dates every night, and she even asked me to get one for her just last week. I am not asking you to put anything about me, of course, but I think I do deserve some attention, and lots of the other girls think they do too. If you do want to print something about me I can tell you about the time George Smith and I were caught parking at the golf course. I'll bet Harold would just about go crazy if he heard that, and I could send him up a copy of the issue telling about it. Harold is awfully jealous, but I am not out of circulation by any means.

I think you should give more space to some of the really pretty girls on the campus. All of us would be willing to let you take photographs of us to run in a sort of beauty section. I think we could help your book just a whole lot, and I have some good ideas about running a prettiest girl contest. You could offer some good prizes to the winner, and I think it would be worth while. I, personally, would prefer a wrist watch.

Gushingly,

CLAIRE O'MALLIHIEM.

BUCCANEER

THE COMIC REVIEW OF MODERN LIFE

BOBBIE MASON, EDITOR BERNARD SOLOMON, BUSINESS MANAGER

KARL SPRINKLE, ART EDITOR

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Exchanges from our contemporaries

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER is published eight times during the college year by the Publications Union of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Subscriptions, $2.00 a year, 25 cents the copy. Address all communications and contributions to Post Office Box 831, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The editor retains the privilege of slight revision of accepted material.

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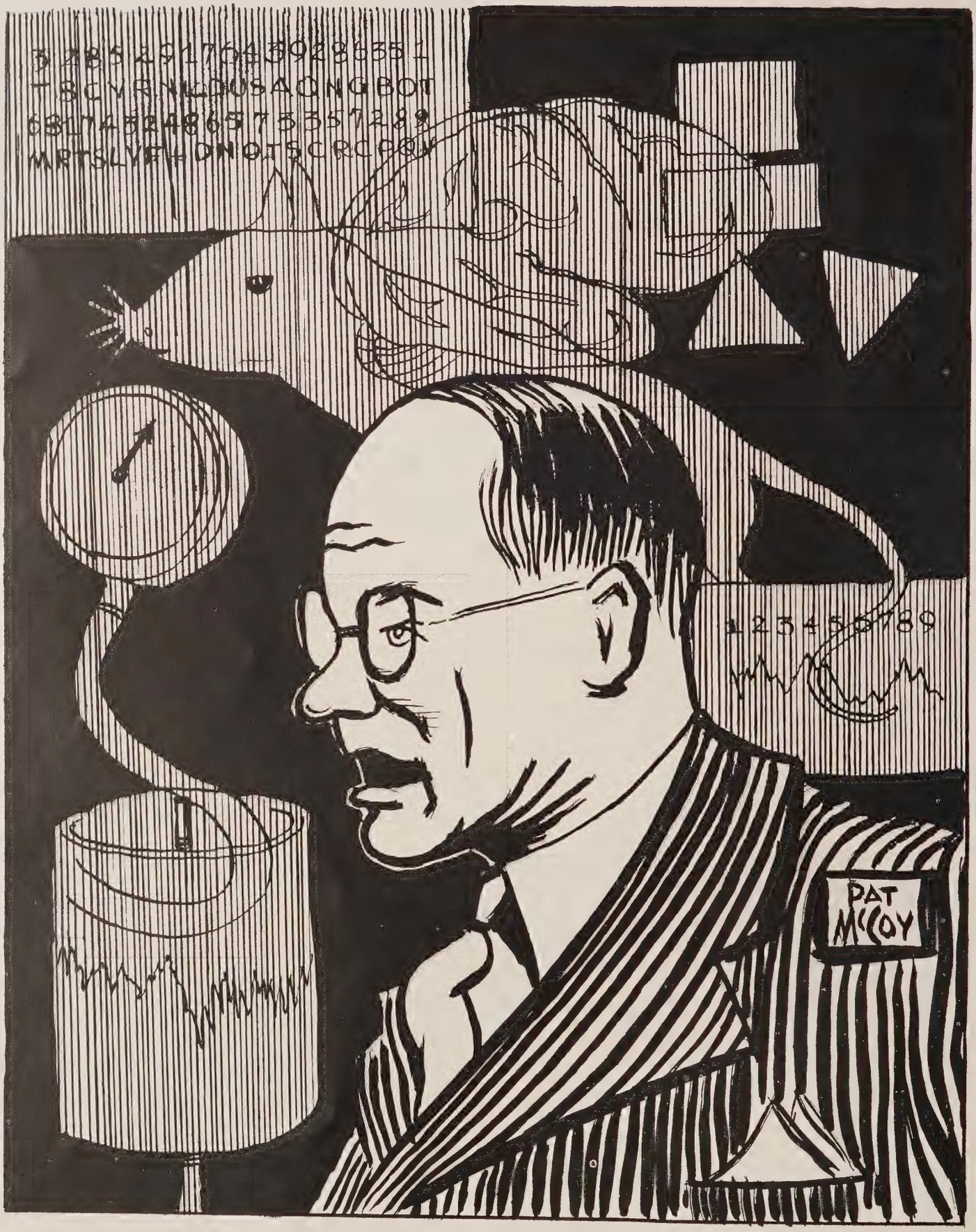


PROFESSOR DASHIELL: PSYCHOLOGIST

V A N I T Y P O O R

BY HOOK OR CROOK • BY GEORGE COUGHIN

TIME: *While the opposition is asleep.*

PLACE: *The ping-pong salon of the Alpha Beta Gamma dive. A meeting of the New Deal political party to frame the 1936 campus election, three years from the present time.*

PERSONAE DRAMATIS: *The boys.*

POTTSY *(the temporary chairman).* Gentlemen *(he raps on the table with his fountain pen.)* Gentlemen of the New Deal party, certain people whose names I won't mention have been running this campus long enough. We want new blood, new life, new spirit in campus politics. *(Strange interlude: boy, am I good, am I good?)* We are meeting tonight to select candidates for a ticket that will sweep the campus in the election three years from this spring. We are going to get the jump on those dodos in the other party.

DON QUIXOTE *(Newcomer on the political scene).* Mr. chairman, before we go any further with this meeting I think we should elect a permanent chairman and form a better organization. *(Strange interlude: Pottsy thinks he's going to be elected, but I have already got it framed.)*

FERDY *(Innocence personified).* Mr. Chairman, I nominate Don for permanent chairman. *(Strange interlude: Blank.)*

RED *(A henchman and fraternity brother of Pottsy).* Mr. Chairman, I nominate you for the job. Gentlemen, I believe that Pottsy has the interest of the party at heart and he has shown his ability as a presiding officer. *(Strange interlude: Why couldn't Pottsy get somebody besides a fraternity brother to nominate him?)*

SNAKY *(As his name implies).* I nominate Ferdy. *(Strange interlude: He'll do anything I tell him.)*

BOZO *(Monogram man).* I move the nomination be closed. *(S. I.: Why didn't somebody nominate me?)*

(The nomination is closed; the ballots taken and counted.)

POTTSY. Gentlemen, Ferdy is elected. Take the chair, Ferdy. *(S. I.: Dammit, and after all I have done for this party; I'll get even, though.)*

SNAKY *(To himself).* (Heh, heh, heh.)

FERDY. Well, uh gentlemen uh I uh suppose uh we uh better uh pick out uh some men uh to run on uh our uh ticket. Who uh do uh we uh want for uh president uh of the uh student body. *(I wish I could do this job better. I'm a big shot now.)*

SNAKY. Mr. Chairman *(one pair of eyes after another drop towards the floor as he looks around the room.)* Several of the boys were thinking over the list of possible candidates. We made out a list that I'll read if you think it will save any time. Of course, this list is just a suggestion. The party can make out one to suit themselves. *(Boy, if I can put this over, everything will be sitting pretty.)* Mr. Chairman, here is the list.

(He reads the list. All the boys look intently at the cracks in the floor, apparently wondering why all floors have cracks.)

BOZO. I move that we accept this list of candidates as final.

POTTSY. But, Mr. Chairman, where does my lodge come in? I thought we were supposed to get, I mean, I thought, I mean, we've got a good man, I mean, I thought . . . *(Well, I'll be damned, the lousy crooks.)*

FERDY. All those in favor of the motion say aye. *(A chorus of "ayes.")* Opposed. *(Pottsy is dumbfounded.).*

SNAKY. Well, men, we've got the candidates; we've got the organization; we've got the leadership. All we've got to do now is work like hell. No election is ever won without work. We haven't got but three years to complete our organization and get out the dormitory votes. No election is ever in the bag until the last ballot is counted. *(I hope we can scare that other party out of running.)*

POTTSY. Mr. Chairman, I object to the high-handed methods that have been employed here. I would like to say that my fraternity has received an offer from Windy McBlowhorn to join his group. So, I'm pulling out. *(They can't run this party without me.)*

FERDY. Well uh you know uh we uh signed uh an uh agreement to stick together.

DON. Mr. Chairman, I am surprised. To think that any fraternity would want to go back on its word. I thought we agreed to abide by majority vote. *(He won't pull out.)*

SNAKY. Wait a minute, Pottsy, I think we can get you a couple of executive committeeships. Or, if you want it, there's some non-fraternity want it, *(Continued on page 24)*

PROF. JOHN FREDERICK DASHIELL of CAROLINA

PROFESSOR JOHN FREDERICK DASHIELL is head of the psychology department at the University of North Carolina. A dapper well-dressed gentleman, with a slightly threadbare crop of hair, he tries to impart the rudiments and fine points of psychology to sophomores, juniors, and seniors who, in all probability, first made his acquaintance during the initiation trials of Hell Week when they were sent by their respective houses to get his views on objective psychology.

A year or so ago he gained considerable publicity, and a Hollywood raspberry with his statement that the movies are made by morons. He is author of a psychology text with which his colleague, Dr. English Bagby, refuses to agree. His concepts are also disagreed with by a Mr. Tatum.

I'm for bringing it back

BY GALL CALLICO

What has become of the good old days over in Madison Arboretum? I ask you what has become of all those rough and tumble games that have given way to the sissies: football, rugby, and hockey? You youngsters can't remember that far back, I know; but I can recall when thousands packed and jammed and stood on each other in the Arboretum to see those grand old contests. If you could have seen those six day games, you'd think football was like playing old maid. If there is anything I really want to see brought back and put on its feet again, it's jigsaw puzzles.

Renew the game for tradition alone. Its history goes way back to the old Scotch, and to play the game scientifically one frequently had to refer to the old Scotch and ginger ale. It was scotch also in that for twenty-five cents, two-bits, $0.25, 25c, or one-quarter of a dollar, one could get three hours work. That is an average of eight cents an hour, which is just about the same wages a Carolina professor will get next year.

Never did I sit down to pound out a story of the matches that some one of the reporters on the paper would ask in passing, "Gall, why don't you say something about that phoney stuff over there tonight? That hunkadory took it in the third puzzle. Why he's so crooked and mean that he'd steal the edge pieces from his opponent." Or something to that effect. But what could we sports writers say? The public liked it. They paid for it. Although they'd boo and hiss the decisions, they'd be right back for the next match.

Too, if the promoters—and there were some good ones back then—had cleaned the game and put it on the up and up, it would have been impossible for those toughie players to exhibit the lousy facial expressions of pain and misery that the public liked. That sob stuff drew them in.

One time in a short session of Congress a game became so rough that the senators tried to duck out, and in the rush became crippled. That's where the term lame ducks came from. The 18th amendment prohibited jigsaws—that was about the only thing it prohibited.

If you have followed your humble servant of the press thus far, it is quite natural that you want to know how the game was played.

Well, it was necessary to buy the puzzle from a sporting goods shop, because at that time the drug stores sold drugs. The best size was a 200 piecer, because the average was one quart to the hundred pieces. Of course that rule didn't exist if you were a fast thinker and a fast drinker.

The preferable picture was that of a nudist colony, for just as one was about to become tired, he'd find the piece he was looking for. Then he'd get his second wind.

Home was the best place to play the game, because there one could lock himself in a room, preferably the cellar. Then he'd dump the pieces on a large table (or in the furnace), separate the pieces according to color and size. Then he'd take a drink. This was by far the most important thing.

Attempts would be made to put the sides together. When three were in place, you'd take another drink. After successfully placing two more parts, another drink. Hic! After this one you'd probably be able to make anything fit. Before you could get back to the table, you'd decide another little drink wouldn't hurt. Then you'd reach for a part and disorganize the others so that they looked like Henry L. Burke's figures after young C. W. Tillett got through with them. After rearranging the disorganized, you couldn't find the piece that caused all the trouble. Then you'd take another drink. After this one your mind would be made up that you'd rather continue with the jug than with the jig. So you'd forget all about the puzzle. If you didn't you were crazy.

But it was impossible to break away from the game. Just as you were ready to give up and decide to spend a dull evening with your girl friend, a piece would be found. Then you'd be drawn back into the game to look for other parts.

This great game made widows and widowers. I've often heard of wives shooting their husbands, not because an ace was trumped, but because of an argument over who saw the right-fitting piece first.

Often you'd read in the newspapers that Mr. and Mrs. Bliff Blones announce the birth of a seven pound girl. Mother and puzzle are doing fine. The father's puzzled.

Prices of the jigsaw puzzles were unusually high. Families would vie with each other to own the most costly one. This came to an end when the Mona Lisa was purchased and converted into a puzzle.

High prices were not always the case, however. You could buy for twenty-five cents A Woodland Stream (200 pieces), An Indian Maid (125 pieces), and A Girl Named Gracie (indefinite).

The president was even elected by the puzzle method. We have the same thing today. If any Republicans can figure out why Iowa went Democratic for the first time since 1916, the candidacy for the vice-presidency will be offered him in 1936.

Mail order houses commercialized on the game's popularity. Never was there a complaint about the bungalows, shipped in parts and ready to be put together. Never was there a complaint about having to go upstairs to get in the basement, or the folding bed was in the kitchen, or the lavatory was in the dining room. Such was eliminated by cutting the bungalows into distorted pieces as the jigsaw puzzle. The owners then would have a jigsaw party, invite all their friends, and in less than no time the pieces would be put together and the house was complete.

People tiled their own bath with jigsaw tiles.

Dieticians estimated that one puzzle was equivalent to ten calories or one pint of *(Continued on page 24)*

Impossible interviews--no. please

Lamar Stringfield versus Jack ("Banjo Maniac") Wardlaw

JACK: So you wrote *Cripple Creek!* There's no money to that sort of thing you know. Look at Isham Jones, at Whiteman, at the Lombardos. They handle the stuff that goes over big. Hot music, sweet music! That's the stuff now days! LAMAR: Ah, but yes. My flute! My music! It is vital. It will live. It is art. JACK: It may be art, but does it make money? Look at my banjo, at my music! Do you think you could take your music and your flute and get a free meal ticket at the C. & H. Cafeteria? LAMAR: Ah, but no.

Silky Sophisticate

BY ALLAH BOARD

Ronald Lane tapped his cigarette on a thin gold case he drew out of his snug vest. Fumbling in his trousers for a gold lighter of the same design as his case he read casually, "Malachrino," passed the cigarette slowly under his nostrils and inhaled its perfume, and lit the white and gold parcel. Looking in the mirror he surveyed his svelt figure encased in gleaming white flannel. He turned and picked up his straw hat and twirled it nonchalantly on his finger. Ah! quite a picture. Quite perfect! Ever so chic! Perfect. The shoes had sold for $30. And in these times! Turning he looked at the lines of his coat. Specially designed by Brooks. A bit conservative perhaps, but none the less fine. Quite perfect. Indeed, quite!

Mary Jones tapped her cigarette impatiently on her desk. No match. She called,

"Hey Ellen, produce a conflagration!"

She waited and read with difficulty, "Twenty Grand." Indeed, Grand! She would leave these cigarettes in the room. Ronald preferred Camels, but smoked Malachrinos. They lent an air. She must acquire that air, yes, for Ronald's dear sake.

"Here's the match!" Ellen announced.

"Well—" the smirk insinuated many things, but not gratitude.

For Ronald's dear self. Ah! For *him*. So clever. Handsome, Rich. Rich . . . Rich. Damn those Twenty Grand. So witty. I must make myself pretty for him. He's so rich. She tore a shred of silk from her breasts and whispered that she wouldn't need that tonight, laid a diaphonous bit of lace aside and whispered again that they *might* be in the way. Ah! There I am. She stood before her mirror quite still. Thin wisps of smoke trickled through her lovely nose. Her curly golden hair fell to kiss her smooth bare shoulders. Her bare arms, her moulded breasts, her pelvic curve, her slim rounded legs. I am beautiful, she gasped. Slowly she drew a pair of sheer silk stockings far up onto her bare leg. First one leg, then the other. Then she stepped into a pair of silver slippers, rose and paraded once more before her self, bowing, smiling, and finally hugging her cool naked body in a shiver of narcissistical ecstacy. Quickly she slipped a satin gown over her head, brushed her curls into a mass of burning foam, and dabbed a final touch of color on her full, pouting lips. Ronald would be with her soon. Oh, if he could have seen her! He would have loved it . . . "Hey Ellen, what time is it?" . . . "Ten." And Ellen appeared in the doorway to see the product, thinking immediately, a trifle lewd, and frowsy too. What eyes! Like oily water. And lips, like a drooling baby's.

"Look swell, Mary. Swell!"—thinking—like hell, she does—she looks like the ones you see on the streets.

"Well—" Mary replied and again she insinuated anything but gratitude, although secretly she was pleased.

"There's a car at the door!" Ellen cried at the sound of a musical yodelling at the curb.

"Car?"

"A car's still a car even though it is an Isato, my darling. You may gather that Ronald's here."

The door bell buzzed and Ellen dashed to open it.

Ronald stood there in gleaming, white elegance. Ronald of the Riviera, and Nice, and Southampton. Ronald of Asheville, Southern Pines, and Palm Beach. The May breezes ruffled his hair in the doorway and he stepped inside smiling. The May breezes could not ruffle his manners. A prince! thought Mary. A prig! thought Ellen.

In an instant Ronald was tapping his Malachrino on his gold case, recalling diplomatically that he had not offered one to either Ellen or Mary.

"Oh, pardon the oversight, but won't you have one?"

"Thank you Ronald," Mary whispered in her most intriguing wheeze.

"I've run out," Ellen added, "I'll take two or three," and thereupon deposited four Malachrinos in a drawer with a carton of Twenty Grands. Ellen had no reverence for the gilded dieties of Wall Street, nor the painted dolls of Main Street.

"Let's go!" Ronald muttered. He was ruffled. The woman was a savage, and absolutely unanswerable.

"Ready to go, beautiful?" he hummed.

"Ready to go," Mary replied.

The Isato's low whine rose to a crescendo of *power*. The May breezes caught Mary's hair and swept it back matting it down like a bronzed helmet. She turned and giggled through a sunny jungle of curls. Ronald smiled at her.

"Let's park," Mary yelled into the wind.

Ronald nodded and thought that the suggestion was a good, if somewhat bold one. What did she have on her mind? Could it be she wanted to *park?*

"I'm glad we're away from that person," he began.

"Who?"

"Your impossible roommate. Who else?"

"Oh, yes. Of course . . ." The countryside was silent. The quiet of lonely pines and faintly whispering foliage pressed in upon the two.

"Its quiet tonight," Ronald ventured.

"Yes."

There was a long pause. Mary wondered what people in Riviera said about the quiet. Something scandalously poetic of course. Ronald wondered why Mary wanted to park.

"The night is quite quiet, isn't it?" Ronald added in quite his most intellectual manner.

"The night is quiet," Mary responded, letting her hand fall into her lap and feeling the warmth of her body. She wondered how she could have been so romantic just an hour before. Her best satin dress, fitted her like a film of mois- *(Continued on page 24)*

NAME Frederick H. Koch

ADDRESS Chapel Hill, N. C.

AUDIT AS OF MARCH 1, 1933

CREDITS

One fine head of beautifully silvery grey hair, one snappily belted coat, one neat little pipe.

Established in 1920 what English departments previous to his arrival failed to give the University—a theatre of technical and artistic accomplishment supported by the campus.

National and local success of his Playmakers has greatly increased the prestige and reputation of the University as a site of progressive activities.

Has undoubtedly been a factor in the literary achievements of such leading American authors as Paul Green and Thomas Wolfe. Has ability to encourage and inspire raw, crude, but promising writers to express themselves in their native idiom.

Has a son who is a swell guy despite the fact that he is president of Phi Beta Kappa and adds to the noise menace here with a hotsy-totsy jazz band.

His folk-lore campaign has awakened the state to an appreciation of its own cultural background as a fertile field for dramatic endeavor.

In addition to interesting citizens in community and civic drama, Playmaker tours have formed a strong bond between University and state.

If the all-fired economists ever work out a system by which the country has some surplus nickles and dimes and a national theatre, his reputation is such that he would be at least an associate director thereof.

Like Conwell of "Acres of Diamonds" fame, enjoys a wide renown as a reader, particularly of Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. By virtue of a rich, dulcet voice and an innate sense of the dramatic, can grip an audience with a reading.

Adds to the University catalogue at least three more "crip" courses.

A startling combination of the homespun and cosmopolitan, is a distinctive campus personality, generally regarded as big University figure.

Is the only pedagogue in captivity who boasts of two "f's" in the title of professor.

DEBITS

That damned dog! he would stop Shaw himself in the middle of a speech to call attention to the antics of that "cute little thing."

On stuffy evenings his important contribution to Playmaker activity comes to light. He opens windows and doors with a magnificent technique. Once an energetic director, is now content to let the real work fall on others' shoulders.

Take any course of his and get a thorough orientation to Koch, Koch, and more Koch. Such trivial matters as Shakespeare and his plays simply offer no competition to the engrossing study of Koch. Suggested title for his drama course, "From Koch to Koch."

Has a curious system by which A's are reserved for Playmakers. Said Playmakers reward this generosity by comfortably snoozing on the back rows.

Tries always to make himself the central attraction. Between lengthy introductions, intermittent bobbing up during performances, and unbearable curtain speeches, he practically drives everyone else from the stage.

Is an eternal back-slapper in criticizing actors' and writers' work. Lack of background prohibits him from offering constructive suggestions.

Has nearly choked the University by trying to ram down its throat an over-dose of his beloved folk-drama.

He and Modesty just never have gotten along. Calmly referred to Archibald Henderson, Percy MacKaye, and himself as, "We three immortals."

Is constantly claiming sole credit for the success of everyone ever associated with him. Once fired Maxwell Anderson from a show—that perspicacious act made him Anderson's discoverer. Has spent a life-time attaching himself to the coat-tails of the great and near-great of the theatre.

Is a sticky sentimentalist. Invariably turns on the spigot of memories and moralisms to tug away the old heart strings or to elicit proper little sobs.

Is a prime exponent of personal ballyhoo. His self-publicizing campaign has been so successful that the uninitiated frequently believe him director, acting-company, ticket-taker, carpenter, and janitor of the Playmakers all rolled into one.

Man of steel

BY WILL RAMPANT

A Portrait of the Great Carolosky, the Power Supreme of the U. S. S. C.

To look at Carolinussia's "man of steel" sitting at his massive desk in Bingham Palace, the relics of the late Tsarist regime placed about in cases and lying on mantles, one would never think that the very life blood of the U. S. S. C. eminates from his veins. Unassuming, receding, compliant — yes, but beneath that bushy mat of hair throbs a Gargantuan brain responsible for the existence of our vast system of tractor factories, our power dams on the turbulent Morgan creek, and that dynamic Four Year Plan.

Man of mystery? Yes, but a successful one. One who plays the double role of a man of the people, at the same time remaining in the background so successfully and modestly that half of our great proletaricat never learns the inner mysteries of his private life.

Carolasky rose to power in a phenominal manner, a manner which fairly belies his pristine political career. A government clerk in the days of the great Chasekovitch and hardly more than a third rate adviser before the exile of the immortal Frankieve, he played his hand so expertly that the deposition of the latter regime placed him in sole power—Father Destiny to nearly three thousand souls. But he holds a mailed fist over his subjects so dispassionately that any sentimentality on the part of a comrade is sure to meet with instant deportation. Seldom does he smile, and only then when he is poking fun at the capitalistic preachings of that hated advocate of capitalism, Fervid F. Ferikson. These enemies of the Soviet he hates with a particular passion. He loves to rail these foes of The Faith. He denounces them bitterly, pointing out to his people the mistakes of the bourgeoise and the triumphs of his beloved U. S. S. C.

He is stern, hard, and domineering in the handling of his people. Few are the mistakes that escape his eagle eye. None can falter and hope to evade the terrible wrath that is his. None can violate the sacred tracts of the Four Year Plan and hope to escape the punishment that is sure to be his. Exile or demarkation follow swiftly for misdeeds. Carolasky believes firmly in the system of the Four Year Plan. Years of work it may take, yes, but in the end after the murderous comprehensive, those who have not fallen by the way side are BLeSs'D to a high degress. Many are the rewards to the comrades, for the sleeek shall inherit the earth.

This is the philosophy of the man of steel. This philosophy has made him feared and respected. A paragon of power, his sway is omnipotent. None can hope to buck his power. Always there is the threat of the *mczwtzki* (mid term mark) or the *jkilzsti* (comprehensive examination) held over the heads of the proletaricat. Powerful, and strong as steel!

Wherein lies the power of his modern brain trust? How was he able to repell the Japanese invasion through his subtle economic policy? How can he remain behind the scene and yet pull the strings with such effectiveness?

A few minutes conference with the ruler of the U. S. S. C. (for he is virtually such) is convincing to any political observer. He gave me but fifteen minutes of his valuable time when I at last managed to pull the strings in our diplomatic corps *(ex officio)* and gain admittance to that most sacred of inner sanctums. Entering the Palace by an unobtrusive side door, I was escorted down a long corridor lined with mementos of the crumbled imperial dynasty to a modest room deep within the bureaucratical recesses of the Bingham Palace. A door was thrown open, and there I stood—face to face with the great Carolasky! He looked up from his desk, where he was absorbed in a jigsaw puzzle, eyeing me skeptically. Tersely: "Come in."

He was nervously drumming a yellow lead pencil on the polished top of his desk. Now and then during our conversation he paused to push his bushy hair back from his forehead, where at times it seemed to nearly over-lap his black eyebrows. My questions were of the stereotyped interview variety.

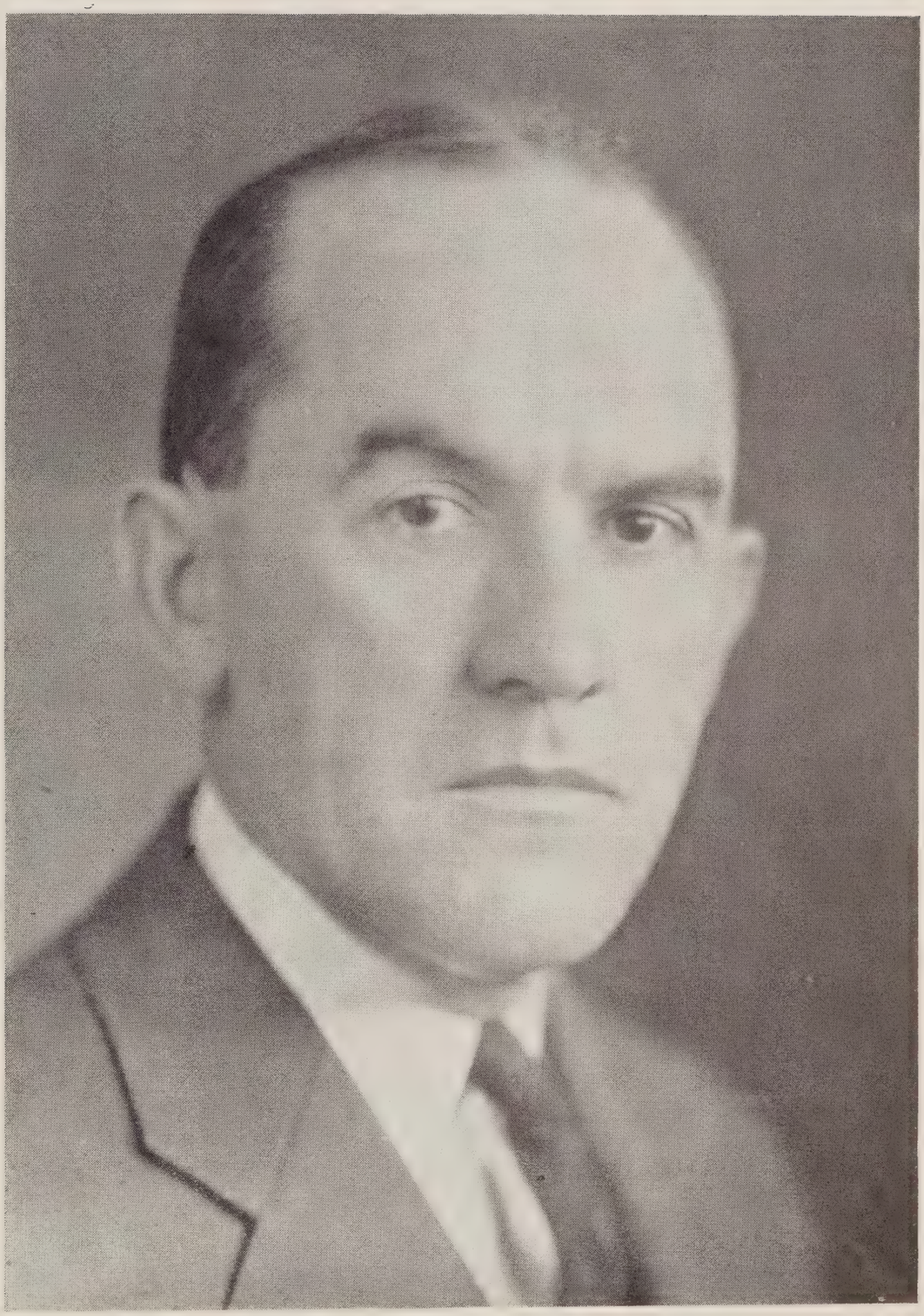
"Do you think that the Four Year Plan is a success?" I asked, somewhat hesitant.

"But yes," he responded, the pupils of his eyes dilating in apparent amazement. "Our state is sound. We are progressing. Our deports already exceed those of the foremost nations. Our comprehensive examinations are rigid and searching. Our quizzes in accounting are arduous and we are proud to say that some of the proletaricat have begun at 8:30 in the morning and have slaved far into the night in order to pass; the proletaricat is in our hands.

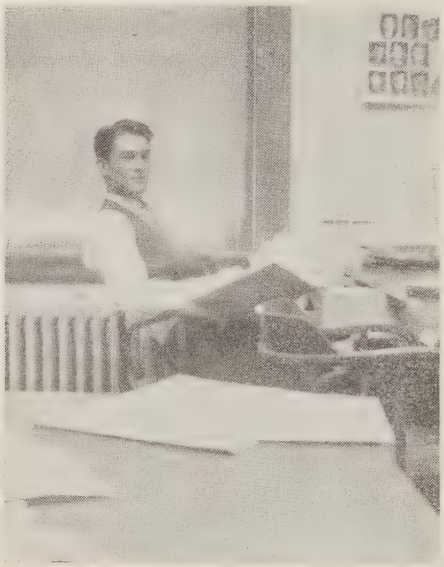
"But," I asked, "How is it that you, the dictator of the U. S. S. C. have managed to usurp so much power? How are you able to rule with an iron hand without incurring the wrath of the thousands of comrades?"

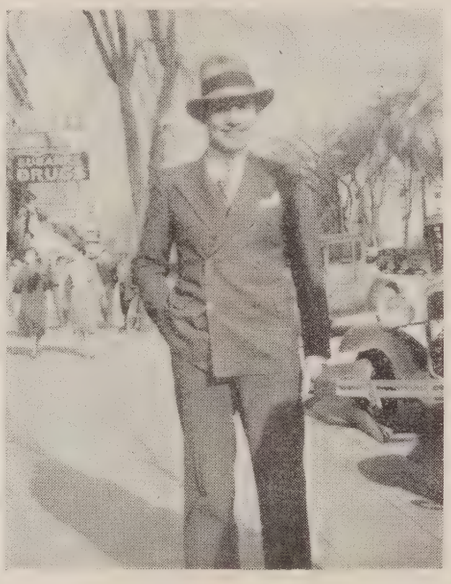
"It is simple," he responded, "for my lieutenants are trusty and capable. Let me point to Comrades Zimmeriev, Herrtek, Spruillmov, and Pekoksky, the members of my Central Executive Committee. They have helped make Carolinussia what it is today. We are supreme. The proletaricat fear us."

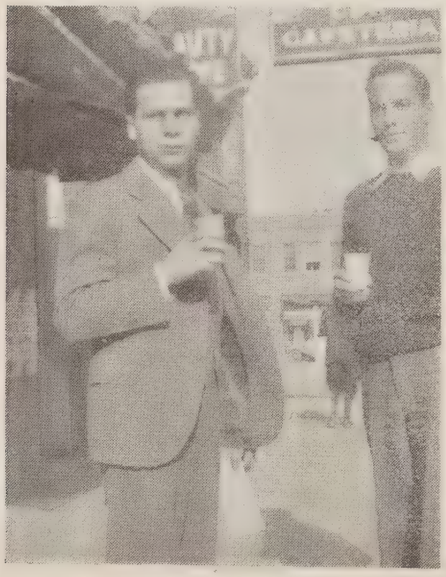
The ensuing years that I spent in Carolinussia have fully convinced me of the invincible power that great "man of steel" of the U. S. S. C. weilds over the people. I cannot help but think that the successes of the Four Year Plan gain their sole *raison d'etre* in the machinations of Carolinussia's man of steel.

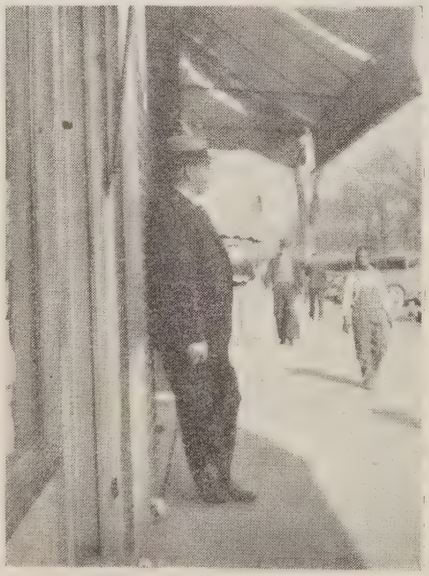


Carolinussia's Carolasky
(without whiskers)

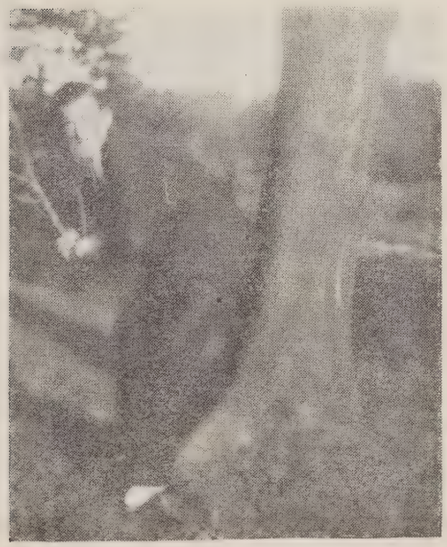








On the campus



On these two pages appear photographs of the most publicity deserving individuals on the campus of the University of North Carolina. They involve all walks of life, ranging from he who is at home in the cornered ring to those who control public opinion. As is the fate of all the great, every action and every move of these characters is general knowledge. They must live up to the expectations of their public, and their public expects much.

Ecie Daniels, Phi Delt man-about-the-campus and litterateur extraordinary, talks it over with Jimmie Williams, assistant to Dean of Students Bradshaw. Ecie is a smooth, silent man, and he thinks of the past, dreams of the future.

Nut Parsley, one of the S. A. E. school of Yackety Yack editors, recently escorted Miss Betty Barnett, cousin of Editor Bob and dream girl of other publication men, to a tea at the President's house. "I am confused," confessed Parsley, "should I walk on this side or that?" He asked what was to be done when he returned his lady to her residence. And she said he was doing all right.

Bert Anderson and Mousy Hardin are the latest version of Anderson and Brower. Masters of many arts, these lads were snapped in their most characteristic pose. Note the ease with which they hold their glasses, the elbows bent at right angles, the confident and unruffled expressions of the faces.

Boxing Team Captain Marty Levinson brought a card of identification with him from the tournament at the University of Virginia. Marty won the only fight he took part in, and after seeing him, many prayed for the other man. But one who breaks his arm in a second round and then comes out on top deserves recognition.

Peace-loving Barrister Ike Hughes was the only man to emerge from the S. A. E. bloody pit without a black eye two weeks ago. He retreated to George's Cafe in time to escape massacre, and he smiled with satisfaction.

Officer Blake, the campus cop, is a man who never shirks his duty. At any time he may be seen guarding the peace and making the village safe. Right now Officer Blake is working on an important case, searching for a man with defective vision. He will take no action until he has had proper time to think matters over.

The name of Editor Charles G. Rose has been featured in practically every issue this publication has released, and his name is not unusual in the headlines of his *Tar Heel*. An editor, a politician, and a wooer, he will go down into the history of the University.

Ashby Penn came into the lime light when he furnished himself as a target for hold-up men to snipe. The aim of the hold-up men was good, and it is rumored that Ashby received fan mail from all parts of the world after his astounding feat. The fact that spring is here is not expected to interfere with his sleigh riding, as snow is not a thing of great importance for such recreation on his part. Mrs. Penn, the "wif" of daring Ashby, is shown in the background.

P. Brown, the pride and joy of the Zeta Psis, has spent five of his twenty years in Switzerland, three in France, eight in Italy, twelve in Canada, seven in the Far East, and has divided the remainder of his time between the United States and other countries, too numerous to name. He was recently forced to discontinue his class work for a week because of sickness and, in order to catch up, he studied for twenty-eight hours in one day, which is quite his usual form.

Political experts are looking with a great deal of interest to the outcome of the nearing campus elections. Benny Carr and Don Shoemaker, candidates for the editorship of the *Tar Heel*, are shown pledging their support to each other.

Since Carolina is a co-educational school, the pictures of a few of the fair were entered here. The man's name is Broadhurst.

Clarence Jensen was snapped immediately after the Southern Conference indoor track meet. This pose has recently become a characteristic one, and the boy's condition was probably brought about by over training.

The Reuben O'Brien Mystery

BY REDMAN APPLESON

There are those who believe that O'Brien was a *werewolf*, but I have always contended that he was a *weren'twolf*—if that be permissable English, which it probably isn't. O'Brien wasn't much of anything else, to be sure, but I'm practically certain that he is not now, nor ever has been, a wolf in any mood, tense, number, or case.

In ancient times, belief in *werewolves* was well-nigh universal. These were supposed to have been dangerous, bloodthirsty coyotes or something of the sort that had been changed from human to the animal form. They roamed the countryside with glistening fangs ready to tear to pieces anything that might cross their path. *Werewolves* were especially fond of human flesh. Usually, they could change from man to wolf and back again at will. Their chief characteristic was an insatiable craving for blood.

It is possible, of course, that O'Brien might at one time have been human. Indeed, as O'Brien trotted along the corridors of Saunders Hall at the heels of his new-found friend, he appeared almost as human as the venerable professor of history who reached down now and then to pat O'Brien's shaggy head. There was a certain hind quarter movement peculiar to them both. And, it would have been hard to tell which had the longer ears. Of their facial expressions, O'Brien's was decidedly the more human. But, that isn't saying much for O'Brien. However, the latter never taught history, although he did considerable roaming in the arboretum and along Rosemary lane at night.

If O'Brien had been a *werewolf*, he probably would have directed a cannibalistic attack at his pseudo-master, rather than stoop to the prosaic crime of chicken stealing. I hold that no *werewolf* would have been satisfied with chicken meat, when there was a juicy, if somewhat bony, specimen of *homo sapiens* always available—especially one with a Freudian complex.

If O'Brien had with some measure of constraint confined his activities to those chickens who roost in Spencer Hall, all would have been well. Or, if he had merely teased and played with his feathered friends as Professor sometimes does with the not-so-feathered biddies on his classes, this story would never have been written. Or, he might prevail upon his erudite friend to kill a chicken for him.

THE WEREWOLF'S LAIR——BEHIND VENABLE HALL

There is no objection to an instructor killing a bona fide chicken in his own backyard, provided that the chicken belongs to the one who kills it. This, of course, does not apply to co-eds. But, what O'Brien was playing with was a neighbor's Buff Orphington. And, his play was a little rough, with the result that the Buff Orphington felt constrained to give up the ghost, provided, of course, that chickens have ghosts, which some seriously doubt.

Well, to give a warlike aspect to an already too lengthy discussion, O'Brien went a. w. o. l. Frantically did his friend search everywhere for him. The neighbor who had lost the Buff Orphington was immediately suspected, and his garbage can was surreptitiously searched each night for strange bones or scraps of broiled dog meat. Professor spent all his spare time searching the neighborhood for his four-footed friend. Every fresh grave in the local cemeteries was opened and searched to discover if O'Brien had been buried there.

Now, if O'Brien should turn up on the campus again, there might be some slight grounds for the *werewolf* legend. Those holding that opinion might aver that he had resumed human form until the excitement over the Buff Orphington calamity had died down. But, as I have said before, *werewolves* almost always ate human flesh, and O'Brien never showed any tendency in that direction.

Should O'Brien never be seen again, that would probably prove nothing. A certain resident of this town would always be suspected by his neighbor of having eaten dog meat, but this suspicion would probably never be verified.

Whether O'Brien has yet returned, I cannot say. He has not been seen on class lately. However, I may have overlooked him.

If anyone happens to see a huge smile transforming Professor's face some morning, that will doubtless mean that O'Brien has been found.

Have you seen O'Brien?

The Carolina Magazine

SUPPLEMENTARY TO NO LOUSY PAPER

Official Literary (Heheheh!) Organism of the Stewed Body

VOLUME MCVLXXXXXDZII ANY SUNDAY, 1933 NUMBER 1

One Pin

By ADDLE STARK

(ED. NOTE: *As only three of the dozen-men who understand Einstein's theory can make sense of Mr. Stark's writings, we have asked Mr. Stark to translate some of his more frequent terms. This he has done in the following selection by the use of parentheses.*)

He is a superannuated smoothie. His vain pirouetting of a man mannequin on a professorial dais approaches redundancy. (He is a dude.)

His eyes contain a satanic glimmer as they glint in belly-rubbing anticipation of the daily feast of embarrassed sluggish classroom minds, so dull, so comatose, that they feed his sardonic flame and burn impercipient. (He gets a kick out of his dumb pupils.)

Susie T. smirks furtively, dropping her lambent eyes as becomes her gender, waiting, passive and with sudden-summoned interest. (Susie T. is bashful.) His een light smiles on her. (He looks at her.) As red wine spilled into water a reminiscent flush is diluted into the pale of her cheeks. (She blushes.)

Book Barks

By JOSEPH BITTERMAN

As usual, the spring publishing list is staggering in unimportance and size. A torrent of publications recalls to me that torrent in which a salesman, variety: traveling, stopped at a farmhouse and wanted to spend the night. The farmer said that if he (the salesman) would like to sleep with the baby, he might, but if not, there was the barn—but to tell more, would mar the pleasure of reading the *Whiz Bang Annual.* The illustrations are particularly fine. By all means see them.

What Next?

By MARY FRANCIS POE

I will not speak
Of poor technique
While we're the perfect pair.
But after the date is over,
After your lips have went;
After the girls are in their lair—
I cannot swear,
I cannot swear . . .

(NOTE: *Feeling that the campus has no honest-to-God literary publication, old John Griddle, magazine-editor extrodinaire, present editor of the American Mercury, Harpers, Scribners, Bookman, and True Story—working under an assumed name on each publication—has answered the call of the University literati for a leader. With the help of the* BUCCANEER *staff, he will attempt to bolster literary expression on the University campus through the medium of this publication—always remembering to cling to the high standards already set by the* BUCCANEER.)

Always Barren

By ROBERT W. BARREN

The reporter left in a fury of frustration. Once grey, he was now a white, emasculated spirit poisoning his soul with his unconscionable misanthropy. Encomiums were written about him. On the other hand, some people had for him nothing but praise and respect.

Reaching in his coat he drew forth a shining flask. Elevating it, he found it empty. Steadying himself by grasping a lamp post, he pulled out his handkerchief. A tiny jeweled object tinkled on the sidewalk. It was his old Deke pin! New hope glittered in his eyes as he picked it up; he looked like a man reborn. He cast aside the foul liquor container. His eyes shining with a new light, he entered a door over which hung three gold balls.

The Irony of It!

By ADDLE STARK

Spewing toxic poison ignorance momentarily, John Whatts, bombastically, but not-by-God! platitudinally, sunk one deep footstep after another deep footstep, after another, homeward trekking in snow, white snow, o so white, o so gleaming! Looked he for Rebecca to be in the doorway. Slippers. Fireside. Opening the door, he migawd gasped: "Cheez! The iceman!"

Notes from a Nut

Living in this vital age, encumbered as we are by vigorous, provocative points of view, sprung daily from fat-bottomed and broadminded literedi-tors, we should all read more books of criticism—or as some would have it (remember the Mayne!): BOOks.

THE HOSS — THE ALLIGATOR

The Theatre • by G. J. Nahtan

"Half Hoss, Half Alligator, folks! Step right this way, ladiees and gentlemen, and see the thirteenth wonder of the world! Only a dime, ladies and gents, only a dime. Children under nine and old folks over ninety admitted free if accompanied by their parents."

And we step into the Playmakers Sideshow to see *Davy Crockett* or *Half Hoss, Half Alligator* or *Hero of the Alamo* or *The Tennessee Frontiersman.* The subtitles are not ours; they all appear on the program.

Foster Fitz-Simons, John Philip Hill Milhous (say it fast five times.) Horse feathers and crocodile tears. They combine to give the best original Playmaker play of the 1932-33 season—so far. Foster gave us Davy Crockett by his superb acting. He got him from the script by Phil Milhous who in turn got him from two history courses, three biographies, a poem, "Remember the Alamo," and 1923 movie serial, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, an inscription on a monument, and Dr. C. C. Crittenden's tale of the "Reign of King Andy" (Jackson or Mellon?)

Foster Fitz-Simons was born between the second and third acts of *Uncle Tom's Cabin in the Cotton* when the old Uncle Tom Troupe was playing Atlanta in 1864. The show went on. The next night he took the role of Little Harry and lost his trousers as Eliza was carrying him across the ice. That scene took Atlanta as Sherman had taken it three days before.

After that, this Foster child traveled with the Tom show all over the country. His cradle was the tray of a costume trunk; his first toy, a script of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* It has been his rattler ever since. Not the kind he shakes; the kind that shakes him. The mellowdrama overcame him and he always choked in sobs when the ticker tape and cigaret butts (snow good) came floating down, thanks to the prop man in the gridiron above, and filled his crying mouth. Eliza would always mutter a silent prayer at that moment and add, "Them hounds are noise enough, without you!"

The stage child developed wonderful powers. At the age of six when other infants can only say "Goo" (infant for "Nertz") at Aunt Sophia's gushing about, "Now, doesn't he look just LIKE his DADdy?" Foster was lining them up at the box office. He would dance in at the end of Act I, Scene II, the scene in which Haley expresses a desire to buy him from Shelby, and not only prance across the stage but execute a tap dance and a hand spring. Later he introduced a juggling act and a tight rope walk. Finally they drew the curtain in the middle of the scene to permit his rendering of a *divertissement* of his own. And that was his beginnings at vaudeville.

Until he was twelve he did his *entre-acte* skits by himself. His first partner was Marion Tatum. Her beginning was just as dramatic as his. She was born in a log cabin in Texas and at the age of five took the part of the mother in *Over the Hill to the Poorhouse.* Marion does Greta Garbo, grandfathers, maids, hags. She paints, writes, directs, prompts, stage managers, draws, dances, Phi Betes and can't pun yet. For four years, in Foster's act, she did trapeze stunts with Little Eva's dove. Then the dove went to Heaven.

Jo L'Oofeendoffer took up the partnership. Her part was to do the Dance of the Nymphs with music by the Carolina Saloon Assembly. Oofendoffer does Edna May Oliver, ZaSu Pitts, Stan Laurel, is still taking Math 1, laughs "Yahhhhhhh" and blushes beautifully. She went to New York.

Eugenia Rawls was next. She appeared in a blond wig that looked like a small yellow igloo and said "Boo!" (Eugenia, not the igloo.) Eugenia writes poetry for the *Barnett Blah,* makes A's on Shakespeare, twirls her feet, and occasionally acts.

Dr. J. G. deR. Hamilton discovered Foster and Eugenia way down south in Gawgia and sent them to the Playmakers to make play while the sun shines (in Chapel Hill it didn't rain on Oct. 21, Dec. 3, Jan. 12, and Feb. 22.) And there with Foster as Davy, Eugenia as Kate, Marion as Mary, and Jorendorff as Woman (Phil ran out of names until he got down the Bible) they starred in *Davy Crockett* or *H. H.-H. A.* or *H. O. T. A.* or *T. F.,* by John Philip Hill Milhous.

And Phil. He was born just plain Phil Mill-house in an Alabama log cabin. The frills, *ills* and *ips,* came later. He told me that he did nothing unusual in his life but be born. However, gleaning over the files of the *Barnett Blah* (*Carolina Magazine* to subscribers and freely lanced manuscript submitters) I found in the issue of December 11, 1932, an article by said playwright entitled *Davy Crockett, The Yellowest Flower of the Forest* (what kind of a flower?). In this sketch Phil says: "It has been my pleasure to hunt the elusive quail and to miss with repeating shotgun numberless rabbits coursing over woodland dells that once echoed with the heroic tones of Davy Crockett's challenge to the buffalo and bear. I was born where that same Davy Crockett between times of killing three bears in thirty minutes and one hundred and thirty-seven in a season harassed the painted Cherokees and Cheeks 'from hell to the Horse Shoe Bend!' "

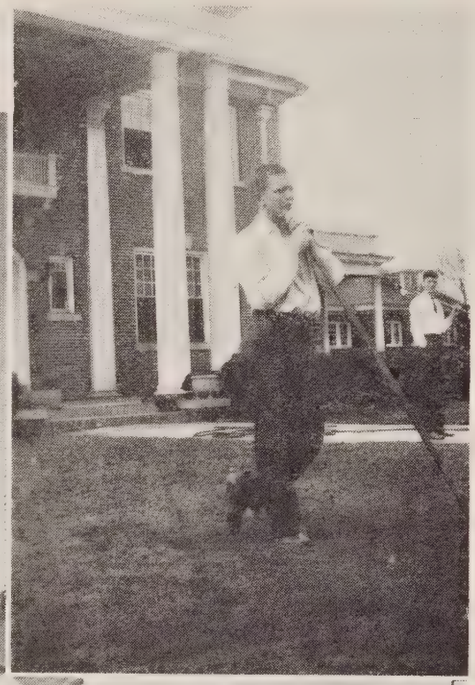
He played George Washington as the "I done it" kid in a Chautauqua children's play, went to Vanderbilt and Bryson, entered the University of North Carolina in the fall of 1930, produced his "Lonely Hearts" for a year, went back to Tennessee as a Latin professor, and returned to Chapel Hill last fall.

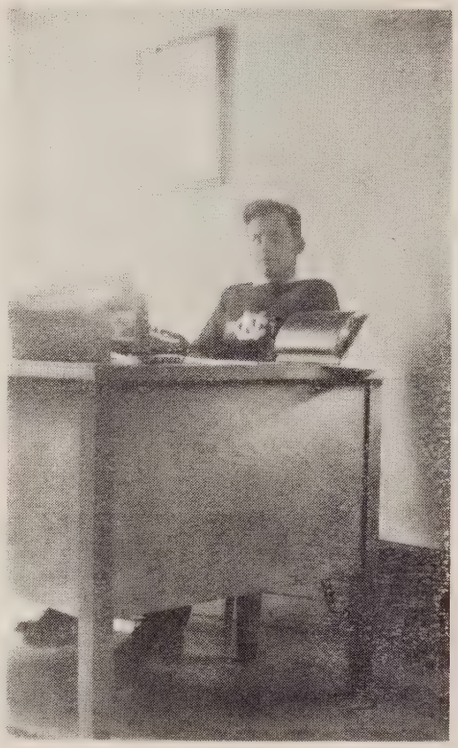
Here we heard Fitz-Simons orate the lines: "I'm that same Davy Crockett, half horse and half alligator, a little touched with the old snapping turtle, that can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, ride on a streak of lightning, and slide down a honey locust without getting a scratch. I can whup my weight in wild cats, hug a bar too close fer comfort, and eat any man that's opposed to Jackson!"

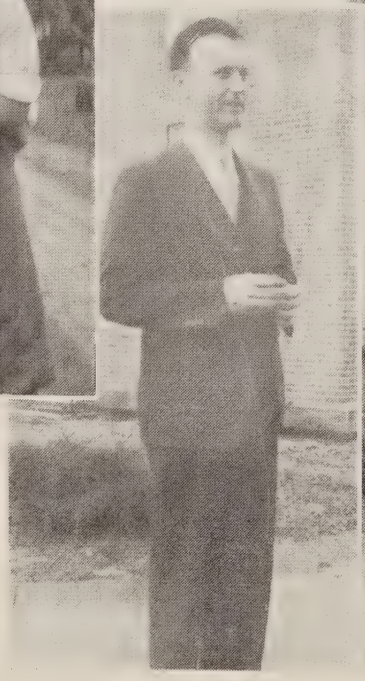
While delivering this speech on the Goldsboro night of the play's tour his trousers began to slip on account of weak suspenders and too energetic acting. It reminded him of his first night as Little Harry. To hold them up meant sacrificing his dramatically gesticulating hands. Otherwise it meant—well, he sacrificed. If he had not done so there would have been no longer a Davy Crockett. No Davy, no play. No play, no BUCCANEER copy. No BUCCANEER copy, no Vanity Fair number. No . . . But we could go on forever.

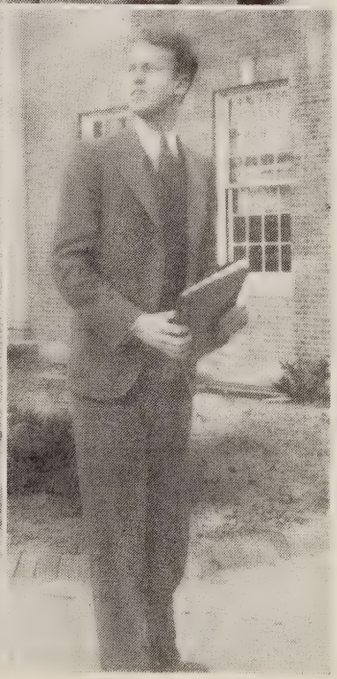
So, why *did* he sacrifice?

Forgotten occupations









Optional Attendance was taken from the students when A.B. School Dean Hibbard left, and cutting eight-thirties is now a forgotten occupation. The pain of the getting up ordeal as portrayed by Alex MacFadyen is typical of the student body, but the old practise of sleeping late is not likely to be revived.

Henry Burnett, D.K.E., was caught working on the lawn of his fraternity house, a job that is usually left to the freshmen. Who realized that such an occupation for upper classmen still exists?

If a Ping-Pong Team were organized at Carolina it would probably draw a bigger crowd than does the wrestling team. Mayne Albright was a mat star in his day, and the sport was once quite popular, so they say. It is now a thing of the past.

Haywood Weeks has done his share toward making the office of the president of the student body a forgotten occupation. It is a good thing to have such an officer make speeches to the first year men during freshman week, but few remember when it mattered a great deal.

John Manning was once a publication business manager. He has wasted much energy in an attempt to regain that status, but as far as he is concerned, all business manager jobs are occupations that might as well be forgotten.

Ed Lanier heads the list of representatives of forgotten occupations. Ed is a debater. A total number of fifteen students and one janitor heard the debates last year, and all of them were bored. Lanier takes a part in the Di or the Phi, which are also things of days gone by.

Bill McKee is the president of the Y, and Uncle Billy McDade, the ancient caretaker of Graham Memorial, is the only man connected with the campus who can remember when that position deserved being remembered.

Lover of the wrung heart

BY DANIEL FOARDLEY RUNMOE

The hushed gentle smooth wind blew softly against her rosy cheek. The leaves whispered to each other in the tree tops. The sun was softly sinking down in the west, a halo of gold and purple. The white clouds overhead moved voluptiously about in the ethereal sky. A white moon stood in the clear cold blue of the western heavens. Darkness gathered. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day. To be specific and ceasing to beat about the bush, it was getting late and was time for Fannie (for such is our heroine's name) to go home to supper. It was the day of the Grand National races, and the horses had clomped out on the turf and did their well-known stuff. Aintree had been crowded with peers and paupers and jockeys all day, and Fannie had grown tired of the festivities.

All afternoon Fannie had been seated on the heath meditating, browsing, puttering about, and thinking about her lover who was far far away.

"Theophilus," she breathed his name aloud. She repeated it to herself several times, "Theophilus, Theophilus, Theophilus." She muttered it, "Theophilus." She grumbled it, muttered it, stuttered it, accentuated it, mumbled it, spoke it aloud, shouted it, screamed it, "Theophilus, Theophilus, Theophilus." Cripes, what a name!

Fannie knew that she loved him though. How could she doubt it? She had known it since that time long ago when she had first seen him. She had wandered down through the cow pasture to the pig pens, attracted by the atmosphere of simplicity and humbleness combined with the refreshening sense of relaxation that is in the whole essence of the hog's being. (Fannie was an artist. She knew it for a fact. She had told herself so a number of times.)

There by the pens she saw Theophilus slopping the hogs. In itself, it is a menial task, but Fannie thought she had never seen such grace and carriage—in Theophilus, not in the hogs.

That night in the rose garden as Theophilus spoke sweet murmurings in her shell-like ear, her shell-like ear took it all in, and her shell-like head believed all his eel-like tongue told her. Enter the hard-hearted father—

The old man had noticed that everything was pretty quiet about the house, and so he sort of half expected (well, anyhow one-fourth expected) that there was a nigger in the wood pile; or better said, a snake in the rose garden. Forward went father to the rose garden. Need the succeeding events be related. Only this:

"Pa," said Fannie.

"Aha," said Pa.

Theophilus said nothing. He was already at a great distance down the road.

Since that night Fannie brooded a great deal. Do not mistake me, gentle reader. Fannie's brooding was not the same kind of broods that hens have. Oh no. Fannie was too smart and original for that. There were no tears in Fannie's eyes. She was beyond tears. How far beyond, I don't know. A vague emptiness pervaded her anatomy. She had not eaten since the heretofore previous beforementioned incident. She would eat nothing but bird seed. In this manner, she reasoned that she could probably become even as a bird and fly to Theophilus.

But hark! Enter Romero—

What definite part Romero has to play in this story is not exactly clear. Perhaps it is to complicate the plot and make the story longer. Perhaps it is to take part of the blame off the shoulders of Theophilus and place them on the broad back of Romero. Romero stood six-foot-two in his stocking-feet. Let us pause a moment though. Some authorities have it that it is not definitely know exactly how tall Romero was, and there is some doubt as to whether he would take off his shoes in public and be measured in his stocking-feet. Perhaps it's all hearsay. It is, however, only incidental and has nothing at all to do with the story about what happened at the Grand National horse races at Aintree that day. Suffice it to say that Romero dated Fannie on the night of August 11, between the hours of 9 p. m. and 4 a. m.

Exit Romero—

Then it was that Fannie went to the city. No friends, no money, no hope, no guidance, no soap. What was a poor girl to do? She did it.

She returned to the little old cottage on the hill by the winding river. At nights she listened in stark terror and shivered beneath the sheets when she heard the howl of the wolves. "It's only the blowing of the wind," her grandfather would kindly say. In the mornings she was up before daylight playing with the chickens and the ducks, the geese and the ganders. She seemed happy, but any innocent bystander would be able to observe a lump in her throat and a hang-dog expression. She would wander by the side of the river gazing into its depths, all the time saying to herself, "Why is it? How is it so? What are the leaves whispering? What are the birds singing? *E Pluribus Nux Vomica en Toto Vincit.*

One day someone asked her, "Where is Theophilus?" She said, "I don't know." Several days passed. Then someone else asked, "Where is Theophilus?" Again she answered, "I don't know." This went on for several months. Then from out of nowhere came an unexpected event. Someone asked, "How do you spell Theophilus?" Fanny was not abashed at all. Quickly and without the least hesitation or emotion she said, "I don't know." However, it worried her. She spent sleepless nights wondering how to spell Theophilus. At last she was driven to distraction 'till we find her at the Grand National Horse races at Aintree at the close of day murmuring to herself and shouting aloud, "Theophilus, Theophilus, Theophilus."

Ho, hum! This thing again?

Chapel Hill can take it

BY HORACE C. MALBOROUGHE

Being a Bit of Information about the seat of the Oldest State University In The United States

Chapel Hill is the garden spot (hell hole) of the South (New South). Chapel Hill, where the blue birds and red birds live the year 'round. Chapel Hill, where we have rain only a little each year: eleven months out of twelve, and the other month it snows or sleets. Chapel Hill, without pavements except in the down town section (there is one block of this) and where the gravel eats up shoe leather so that shoe manufacturers have been able to keep open their factories due to the immense sales of shoes in this peaceful little village.

Chapel Hill was happened upon by William Davie when he was hunting for a site for the University of North Carolina. There are many conflicting stories as to why Mr. Davie happened to get off his horse at this particular point, but I have my own personal opinion. Since it would not do to tell that story, I will simply say that his horse got tired and Mr. Davie, being a Southern Gentleman, got off to let the horse rest a while. He got off and rested under what we now know as the Davie Poplar. It has become a tradition. Anything connected with the University town [illegible] becomes a tradition. We have so many traditions that we have a catalogue now on the press to describe each one and its location. Friends at Duke offered to buy a few of the traditions but being an Old Southern Family "with pride suh," we still cling to the few things that the legislature has left to us. We have traditions galore. There is Old East Dormitory; it was built in 1793 and still stands (how, is a mathematical problem of the fourth dimension) and is the oldest dorm of any state university still in use (not the university). Then, there is the Old Well. This is the *ultima thule* for all graduates and alumni to gather around during the class reunions each June. It has really only eight columns but to them it appears to have from sixteen to sixty-four. We have Memorial Hall, but that was torn down a few years ago. There is New Memorial Hall which will soon be dirty enough to be called a tradition. We have a worth-while library and a bell tower.

There are five major industries in Chapel Hill. They are, among others, drinking, reading, politicing, going to football-games (which is the equivalent and concerns drinking), and studying—sometimes. We have had some splendid creative artists living here at one time or another, including Archibald Henderson, Lamar Stringfield, Jack Wardlaw, William Steene, Milton Abernathey, and Paul Green.

Chapel Hill is most cosmopolite. The professors enjoy the upper strata of the town's social life, and the students come next. The ancient towns' people think that they are aristocrats but we frown upon that.

There are thirty three fraternities on the campus with houses ranging from the very finest to merely a germination of an idea for a house. Five hundred and fifty frat men and twenty one hundred other students. About two thousand towns-people make up the rest of the population of this sleepy little southern village. I might add here that no trains can enter Chapel Hill except to bring freight and the University station is located at Carrboro, just two miles away. The bus company does a thriving business off of the students. In summer the females over-run the town and the male population is extremely small.

Chapel Hill of the Arboretum and the co-ed shack and the University press. Incidentally it was quite a close race as to whether or not the University should have a new gym or a womans dormitory. The women talked the legislature into the co-ed shack, and the boys now suffer for lack of a decent gym. Incidentally we have the coldest ice-box in the South, namely the Tin Can; it has, by the way, one of the finest hard wood floors of any building in the South. It was built as a temporary gymnasium until funds (which have never been secured and probably never will now) could be gotten together.

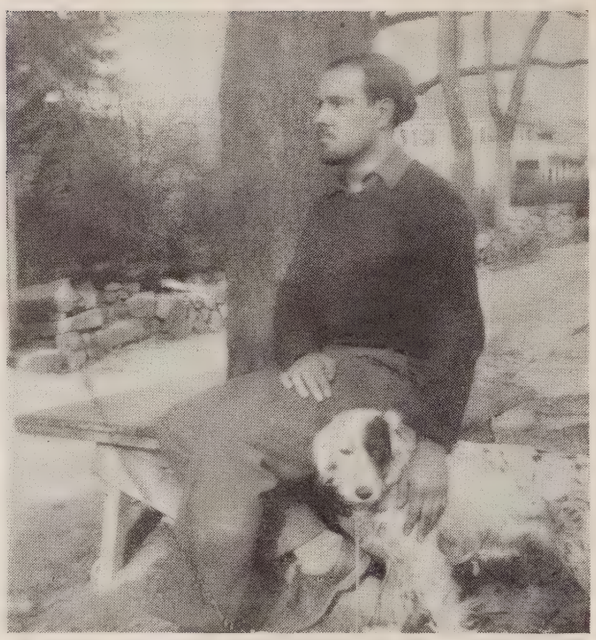
Chapel Hill and University take it on the chin at all times, with very little squawking about anything. We are twelve miles from the nearest town, Durham—essentially not a city—and thirty miles from the state capitol where ardent state legislators try to cut our appropriations each year, and the amazing thing is that they get away with it.

Chapel Hill of the Graham Memorial which stood for ten long years in silent memory of Edward Kidder Graham, incompleted, and now complete due to the great hearts of our alumni who have so bravely come to our aid at all times. This building houses a game room, a lounge, a restaurant, bowling alleys, and the offices of the four student publications of the campus: THE BUCCANEER, THE TAR HEEL, THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, AND THE YACKETY-YACK.

Chapel Hill the seat of the University of North Carolina, the seat of liberalism in the South. The stronghold of the oldest state university. Chapel Hill, the idyll of artists and of the fine arts. The city of a thousand lost souls, each seeking in his or her own way, a means whereby the world may be made a better place in which to live.

Chapel Hill, where one lives four years, such short years, and never learns to know its many moods. Bounded by a jungle of forests, a golf club and a stadium and the Gimghoul Castle. Chapel Hill, the city of lost dreams and terrible puns. Chapel Hill, where punsters must be pun-ished.

LULU—MUCKRACKER



M. A. ABERNETHY—EDITOR

BEN PROCTOR—SOCIALIST

BEN NAPIER—CRITIC

We nominate for Oblivion

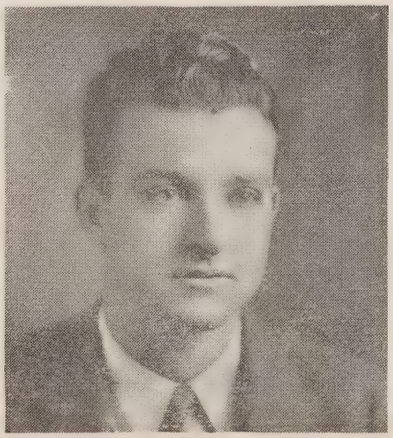
M. A. ABERNETHY, because he is a constant *poseur;* because his well-known publication *Contempo* seeks to bolster circulation through the printed se[illegible], because of his glee at having been barred from two colleges of this state.

BEN NAPIER, because, an avid reader of TIME'S book reviews, he fancies himself a paragon among literati; because his Playmaker reviews are based on neither reason nor dramatic experience; because he overestimates Ben Napier, underestimates the campus at large.

BEN PROCTOR, because, "swamped by his own problems, he has always found time to guard the student body from careless rule"; because, having professed the doctrines of Socialism, he feels he must act the part, and continually intrude upon the field of campus affairs.

LULU, because under this pseudonym a lot was said that should have gone unsaid; because in her two appearances she devoted herself entirely to unwanted scandal; because she is a silly part of a sober publication.

C. K. CARMICHAEL, because he is The Letter to The Editor Writer; because he writes pages when he has nothing to say; because, a South Carolinian, he advocates letting negroes enter the University.



C. K. CARMICHAEL—POLITICIAN

New art in bucolic dispensaries

BY MORRIE SHINDU

Time was when University students were content to take their drinks as they came, the drink itself being the thing. Now, though, with new art arising everywhere, the local purveyors of liquid happiness have had to fall into line with modernistic tearooms, rustic haberdasheries, and gilded drug stores.

This modern art is well represented by "Hack's Place" which is about three miles out on the Rawville road. The architect was peculiarly successful in his aim to incorporate rusticity and Bohemianism. The outside looks to be a hermit's dwelling, except that electric lights dispell any appearance of gloom. Dainty chintz curtains in the two front windows radiate a cheerful welcome to prospective customers.

Entering, one finds a small room in front, charmingly rustic. A stove supplies heat in winter and a powerful radio supplies music at all times. One table, with red-and-white checkered cover, is provided for parties wishing to absorb rejuvenating liquids before returning to the University. A counter (behind which stands the duplicate of a pre-war bartender) is there in case an old timer should wish to "take his" standing up.

The bartender, this being 1933, wears no apron, but instead is equipped with a flashlight, which furnishes a strikingly modern touch to this Bohemian atmosphere. With this light, he is prepared to go across the road to his cache, and bring back whatever beverages may suit your taste.

A generous bowl of pretzels is set before all comers, adding a touch of hospitality which doubtless makes many a casual consumer a steady customer. Ginger ale is cheap enough: 5c per bottle, a price quite in keeping with the informality and friendliness of the place.

Hack not only sells the conventional red fire, but also, for the convenience of customers, retails the pure basic ingredient of all beverages. If your medical stude goes back on his promise, Hack can fix you up.

Further out on the Rawville road, one sees the "Clear View Station." It might be added that this name is applicable only *before* the buyer stops; upon leaving, it might better be named the "Blurred View Stashun."

The "Clear View" has an art all its own. This artistry does not approach the high standard set by "Hack's Place," which is so charmingly constructed that it is also known as "The Log House." No. The "Clear View" has adopted that threadworn motif of the filling station. There are gas pumps in front, and sometimes gas is actually sold. Oil too is furnished those who insist.

The interior of the "Station" is practically devoid of decoration—which is quite appropriate, one finds, upon sampling the goods sold therein. Only students with little money and much intestinal stamina patronize the "Clear View." It sells a clear liquid, which is not as pure as it looks, for a low price. $1.50 is sometimes asked, but $1 is accepted *for a half gallon!*

Punsters insist that it is entirely appropriate that such merchandise be sold on the *Raw*ville road!

On the Hamden road, several miles out, are two other places, also representing the modern artistic movement for structures of their type.

The "Half-Way" (so called because purchasers of its liquid are never sure which way it will ultimately go) is similar in interior decoration to the "Clear View," its redeeming feature being that the proprietor keeps his goods closer at hand, and customers do not have to wait so long.

Occasionally, too, he has beverages of a higher character—at least they are higher in price and come in fancier wrappings.

Although designed as a filling station, the pumps can properly be called part of the mural decorations, for gasoline and oil are never sold. The proprietor is no hypocrit. The ignorant, upon asking for gasoline, are told that the station has run completely out of such a prosaic fluid. "The man who went by a few minutes ago bought the last gallon of gas, and the oil ran out yesterday."

"Crutch's Place," a hundred yards back from the road to the right as we approach the "Half-Way Station," is designed to appear as a farmhouse. In fact, the original dwelling actually was a farmhouse; but it has been a long time since it was used in that capacity. Mr. Crutch, the genial gentleman now residing there, is devoting his entire time to spreading sunshine among study-weary students.

One enters through a back door into a room fitted up to resemble the dining room of almost any farmhouse. There is cheese cloth on the table, there are calendars on the wall, rough boards make a floor. Crutch is liked because he is lavish in giving samples and does not mind telling a prospective customer the exact quality of his present stock. He never makes false claims. However, he will not sell less than a half, and this fact keeps many customers away.

Students of the University, then, have their choice of four artistic places of relaxation and rejuvenation. For cheapness they may go to the "Clear View," for imported stuff to the "Half-Way," for amiability and dependability to "Crutch's," and for cheerful surroundings to the cabin of Hack.

Silky Sophisticate

(Continued from page 8)

ture. She pulled her fingers through her hair. He was right. The night is quiet.

"Do you like quiet nights?" Ronald added, weighing his words like an epigrammist.

"I like quiet nights," she replied.

Ronald thought. We've parked. The night's quiet. Dark too. And she's fond of quiet nights. Well, well, well. God damn!

"Say, listen, do you really like quiet nights?"

"Of course I really like quiet nights."

"For God's sake! Not really."

"No. Not really."

"But I thought you said you did."

"I did."

"Oh . . . So you like quiet nights, but not really, and you mean it."

"I mean it." Mary was not quite able to follow his remarks. Her hands lay still in her lap. Her mind was still surveying her naked body before the mirror. Ronald was just a voice. What was he saying now? No matter. Her body was lovely.

Ronald placed his hands in his lap, took them away and fiddled with the headlight switch. Thinking furiously —she likes quiet nights, but not really, and she means it! Why—why did he ever bring up quiet nights?

"Have a drink?" Ronald asked.

"Thanks."

"It's some quantro I brought from Naples."

"Naples?"

"Yes."

"How romantic. Have you ever been to Naples?"

"Yes. I brought the quantro from Naples."

"Speak some Naplese!"

"Naplese?"

"Can't you talk Naplese? Please!"

"Naplese . . . Please. Good Lord. Drink some of this!" Mary sipped and wondered why Ronald was so irritable. Ronald drank and cursed women. Women are the inexcusable "split infinitive in the grammar of life."

"Ronald, you aren't a bit naughty. You're awful nice though." Mary giggled and cuddled.

"You like quiet nights!" Ronald retorted gloomily.

"No, I don't." Mary fired angrily back, "I hate them."

"You said you . . ."

"I said nothing of the sort . . ." Mary gulped the rest of the quantro hastily down and choked. "Ach . . ugh . . You said *you* liked quiet nights . . ."

"I did not."

"You did."

"You're calling me a liar?"

"You did!"

"I'm a liar?"

"*I'm* not one."

"You're a little witch! You bore me. You are a nuisance and I don't know why or how we ever got here together. Stupid. Dumb! That's what you are, dumb!"

"I am not."

"I said you were."

"I don't care. I'm not!" And Mary slapped Ronald's shaven face soundly on the cheek. The feel of his cool face made her remember suddenly Riviera, money, Nice, clothes, Naples, Naplese . . . All in an instant.

"Why you little spit fire!" Ronald grabbed her arms and pinned her in the corner of the car. He looked into her watery eyes and he forgot "quiet nights and whether she meant it or not." "You darling little spitfire! You darling little—You darling. Darling!"

And Mary continued thinking of the Riviera and casinos. But Ronald thought of other things. Her dress was like a skin, alive, warm. Her body, her arms, her breasts, warm and passionate. Mary thought of Naples. Ronald was in her arms. Naples was in her arms.

The night was no longer quiet. Funny little noises, hot, quick breaths, gasps, and pants. And the pines still towered lonely and dark and silent against the night sky.

Ellen was still studying when Ronald returned.

Ronald pressed Mary's damp hand and said, "I'll see you again soon."

Mary tottered and thanked him before turning to Ellen.

"Well—" she said.

"Have a good time?"

"Oh, Ronald is so intellectual and clever! Ronald is sho intellectshual, yes . . . Ronald *is* so . . ."

And Ellen wondered how soon Ronald would come back. Rich men don't have to go back. They go on.

By Hook or Crook

(Continued from page 5)

there's some non-fraternity boy running for secretary of the freshman class. He can't get many votes.

POTTSY. Well . . . O. K.

SNAKY. Now, gentlemen, as much as I hate dirty politics, it looks like we are going to have to do something to offset the crooked methods that are being used by the other party. We stand for political purity, but first of all we have got to win this election. All's fair in love and war, you know, and this is war. I've got the student council fixed up so they'll set the election when it's most convenient to us.

DON. I used to room with McBlowhorn. I can dump enough dirt on him to smother him.

BOZO. Buddie says he will throw Hack Scribbler off the paper so he won't have a chance to win.

FERDY. I think uh I can uh fix up uh the uh Mu Nu's. They uh haven't got uh but uh five uh votes but uh we uh can get them uh for uh an executive committeeman.

SNAKY. Good work, Ferdy. And by the way, boys, when you go down into the dorms you had better leave your pins and pledge buttons at home. Of course, there is no disgrace in being a fraternity man, but you know how it is.

BOZO. Buddie says that he won't let the names of any of the other party's candidates get in the paper and he will play up ours every day.

SNAKY. Swell. That's the kind of good, clean publicity we need. Don, you had better get your freshmen organized so that if that other crowd puts out any dirty circulars about our men we can rake them in before the campus sees them. You know that bunch, they'll do anything just to win an election.

I'm for Bringing It Back

(Continued from page 6)

milk. There was an advertising slogan: Have you Had Your Puzzle Today?

Oh, I wish you could remember those marvelous times. Great life. All the stars of the game were the day's heroes. *(Continued on page 27)*

ILLUSION:

This very old illusion was invented by Indian fakirs. Robert-Houdin used it in claiming that ether could make people light as air. He caused his subject to rise into the air, passing a hoop around the body to prove there were no wires or supports.

EXPLANATION:

One version: The girl wears a concealed harness, which ends in a socket between shoulder blades. This is attached to invisible mirror-covered piston. Piston is pushed up from below, raises girl in air. Hoop is cut in one place to pull apart when passing piston.

SOURCE: *"Modern Magic" by Professor Hoffmann . . . George Routledge & Sons*

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Another "magic show" is the illusion that cigarettes can be made miraculously "MILD" through manufacturing methods.

EXPLANATION: All popular cigarettes are made with modern machinery. *All are heat treated*—some more intensively than others, because inferior, raw tobaccos require more intensive treatment than choice, ripe tobaccos. But these processes do not explain or achieve mildness.

Cigarettes differ in the costliness of the tobacco used. The better the tobacco, the *milder* it is.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

This is why Camels are so mild. It's the secret of Camels' rich "bouquet"...their cool flavor... their non-irritating *mildness.* They are kept fresh in the air-tight, *welded* Humidor Pack.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Your CAMELS *are always kept fresh in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.*

No Tricks — just Costlier Tobaccos

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

Tom Collins' Column

By Bernard S. Solomon

Well, Spring is in the air. I suppose that I could make the usual pun about the secretary of the treasury, Mr. Woodin, writing that popular new air "Spring Is In The Air," but I Woodin do that. At least, exams are over, for the time being, and more time and thought can be given to that new spring ensemble.

More than ever this time I urge you to be very careful in the selection of your clothes. It is of utmost import that every one on this campus be well dressed at least part of the time this spring, especially while the dances are going on. It seems so very funny to me that more of you do not get the clothes that you really should have. There is no doubt about the fact that clothes are cheaper this year than ever before, and you get real values when you select with care.

I have selected through two or three houses here and in Durham with the aid of their stylists, some ensembles. The first is this: For campus wear, a blue double breasted flannel jacket . . . Grey Glen Urquhart cashmere slacks with blue overplaid . . . white oxford shirt, button down collar . . . red and blue striped red tie . . . white buck shoe with black sole and heel . . . the button down collar shirt seems well on its way to national fame.

This next ensemble is also for campus wear: Brown Harris Tweed jacket, belted back with bi-swing sleeve, leather buttons . . . brown herringbone slacks . . . cream color tab collar shirt . . . green and gold stripe KNIT tie . . . green or brown snap-brim hat . . . brown buckskin shoes . . . brown reversible top coat.

It seems such a pity to me that with shirts playing such an important role in dress ensemble that more of you do not even think of your shirts when buying them. You buy shirts that shrink when first washed and naturally you buy them after that two sizes too large. ARROW has some of the finest shirts on the American market today. Their shirts never shrink, and their collars always lie smooth and neat. They have out a new shirt this spring, it is called the MITOGA. It is cut along the lines of a drape coat. The sleeves are full and the shoulders provide ample room. The waist is fixed or rather made so that there is less cloth to bunch when belt or suspender is worn. It fits rather snugly in the waist, doing away with that bunchiness that is so troublesome and that makes your belt line stand out so darned much.

SUITS

Plaids occupy first position followed by flannels, STRIPED flannels are fast replacing plains . . . Pin Checks are an outstanding style note at the Eastern Universities.

Tailored to your individual measurements by Langrock and Schloss Bros.

$22.50 and More

Durham Men's Shop

"Style Quarters"

111 W. Main St. Durham

I might add here that That Tar Heel Columnist, has found Lulu again and they are on such good terms that she calls him "Bon-Bon." What a name. He would throw a yellow fit were he to know that I saw his Lulu down at Harry's the other night with a well known man about town. Lulu looks rather pretty at times, but everyone is afraid to say anything when she is around for fear she will tell that ole columnist. Well, the young man with whom she was with had on a dark brown tweed coat, belted back, and tight waist . . . grey slacks . . . white shoes of the buck nature . . . a white tab collar shirt . . . wool plaid tie, green predominating. They brought in some fish sandwiches but it seems that Lulu is on an eighteen day diet and she asked for a veal sandwich. That smart young man down at Harry's said, veal I veal like I ought to bring you what you want, but we have no veal. Do you veal like anything else. Lulu walked out. I can not say that I blame her.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that stiff collars are becoming more and more popular. I like them, and when you get "dressed up," so to speak, nothing really looks better than a nice stiff collar. If you have never worn one, you really should try. Of course, Golden ARROW is the only real collar on the market, it is a semi-stiff collar, and I'll give you my assurance that they are just as comfortable, even more so in some cases, than the soft collar. If people in the south would get used to really trying to look neat, especially on this campus, we could be the best-dressed campus in the south. Why not look at your clothes, other people do.

"ARTS APPAREL," probably the leading magazine in fashions, says that there is a new shade of show leather for men. Exactly in reverse of the deep dark tones of last fall, a new shade, rust, is being shown extensively this spring. It is a deep rich tone, and will match almost anything that anyone may happen to have. It harmonizes with nearly all ensembles and looks quite neat. Of course, bucks in white—leading better than ever both in wing tip and plain toe, light brown, and grey are the accepted colors.

Lulu pops up in my mind again. It

seems that she had a date with "Bon-Bon" the other night and he took her to a show. He did this because she had dug up an exceptional amount of dirt that day. Well, I was sitting in back of them, and the newsreel flashed on the screen. It showed the launching of a great and mighty new war vessel for Uncle Sam. Lulu watched with mouth agape, then she slumped down in her seat. It seems that she has been running to shows all of her life and also to ship yards, even when she merely thinks that a ship is going to be launched. She has spent enough money running around the country to private and public launchings to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead. All in the vain hope of seeing a ship launched only to sink. The dear girl is in tears about the thing and may have a nervous break-down almost any time now. If any of you are getting ready to launch a ship won't you please get in touch with me so that I can tell Lulu. Maybe some philanthropist will launch a ship for Lulu and let it sink. Wouldn't that be fun?

Quite a few of the stylists are showing those "monkey"—mess jackets. They are quite the thing, and now they have come down in price and one can get the jacket, the waist-coat (pronounced westcut), and the trousers all for a very nominal sum. They will be worn to dances this spring, as well as the full dress, and the double breasted tux. All are quite in good taste.

I have heard quite a good simile on the campus lately. When questioned as to who wrote some of the articles in the last issue of the BUCCANEER, the entire staff kept quiet. The questioner said, "As quiet as a BUCCANEER man on the date of publication." We like that. Only we wish that we could say, "As well dressed as a Carolina man, at all times." Let's cooperate and wear clothes that are quietly in good taste. I should add here, that if you are going to wear glen plaid slacks, do not wear anything but a regular coat with them.

Pritchard-Bright Co.

Features

HICKEY-FREEMAN
MICHAEL STERN CLOTHES
MANHATTAN & ARROW SHIRTS
KNOX HATS

"tomorrow's styles today"

Washington-Duke Hotel
Durham, N. C.

I'm for Bringing It Back

(Continued from page 24)

Why the game was so popular that hotels advertised: A Jig Saw in Every Room. Aged magazines and newspapers were thrown out dentists' and doctors' offices, and replaced with jigsaws. You could go to a dentist's office, buy a puzzle, and get your teeth examined free.

Business men did not keep you waiting with the conference excuse. It was a puzzle. It still is!

Commercial radio advertisements would state that jigsaw puzzles relieved indigestion, rheumatism, kidney trouble, constipation, and the itch.

Advertisements for funeral parlors read: Come see our $1000 burial job, and get a jig saw puzzle.

And the want ads read:

FOR SERVICE — a registered Guernsey Bull, $1.00 or a jigsaw puzzle.

FOR SALE — disc harrow, shop tools, and 2-horse wagon, or will exchange for 1-horse wagon or slightly used jigsaw puzzle.

SEEDS—Now is the time to plant beets, carrots, kale, spinach, tendergreen, mustard and turnip greens, and work your jigsaw puzzles.

Yes sir, you young people. I'm for bringing that truly American sport back to the peak where it belongs. To do so I am organizing The League of Crazy Sports. By that I mean, all the other sports are maniacal. No one ever went crazy making jigsaw puzzles. True. Those who went crazy, worked the puzzles.

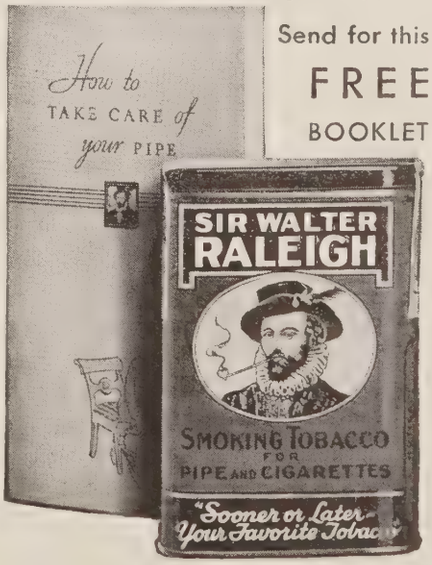
"If that's catnip I'm a caterpillar!"

THE Colonel tried to be kittenish . . . but the result was catastrophe! There is one tobacco that domestic pets (from wives to kittens) run *towards*, not *away from!*

With Sir Walter Raleigh you are almost guaranteed a perfect smoke. Why the "almost"? Simply because *no* tobacco can overcome the handicap of a foul, unkept pipe. In a well-preserved briar there is just nothing like the satisfaction you get out of Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, mild mixture, kept fresh in gold foil.

Your nearest tobacconist has this orange and black tin of rare Kentucky Burleys. You'll agree with thousands of particular smokers that it's the cat's!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-34



Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

Whether most people like it or not, the Old Maestro has crashed thru to become, by virtue of popular vote, the new Jazz King of America. It all happened in a nation wide poll by one of America's foremost radio magazines. He defeated the Royal Canadians by a substantial margin although victory was predicted for the smooth-rhythm lads . . . Lovely Jane Froman, often referred to as "the most beautiful girl in radio" is unfortunately afflicted with an acute case of stuttering which entirely disappears when she lends her charming voice to music . . . Hal Kemp has finally landed a commercial in the Penzoil Parade of Melodies which is destined to take its place among the popular Sunday night programs . . . No, Caso Loma isn't a man's name—no matter how many people have thought all along that it is. Glen Gray is the leader of this aggregation which you may or may not like.

Pop Eye Cantor's last Sunday night work-out was his best for quite a while . . . it's about time, don't you think, being as how rotten some of his other recent ones have been. To get back to last Sunday night with Cantor, he was full of chatter on (yes, you guessed it) beer, and those things Mayne Albright revels in—puns—one upon another . . . Did you know that Vincent Lopez, as revealed by those who know him well, is very shy—almost to the point of bashfulness in the presence of ladies.

Wonder how many of us heard the remark that Ben Bernie passed on one of his recent broadcasts to the effect that "one of the few people I remember on my last Southern tour was a boy named Basil!" Who *could* that *be?* Oh yes, there is a guy by that name in these h'yar parts who seems to be always doing something to keep people from forgetting him . . . incidentally we wonder if Blanche Calloway remembers him too?

There's a lot of truth in the statement that Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians' inimitable style causes one to form a lot of false ideas about the current musical numbers. When they play a number it is bound to sound good, but lots of these numbers, when played by other good bands, sound only mediocre. But after all, maybe that's just prejudice on the part of those who think the Lombardos are swell—but, even so, everyone will admit that it's prejudice well founded.

Records and Beer! . . . Beer and Records! . . . We'll take beer; it's at least 3.2 per cent perfect which is a little more than we can say for this month's general run of records, even tho' the crop does have a few pretty swell ones. Instead of suggesting the most beautiful of the month, may we, "beggin' your pardon in advance," suggest one of the most unique and rhythmic novelties that ever popped up out of nowhere. It's THE THREE KEYS barking out THAT DOGGONE DOG OF MINE . . . Never heard it? . . . Well, neither had I until today, but you'll have to hear it once to appreciate it . . . it has a fine tune with the craziest lyric that ever graced the sound waves—utter comic novelty. It's on a Brunswick . . . get it . . . it's tune is really fine and tricky, but if you die laughing at the lyric, Jimmy Allen will bury you.

Some other Flickers that may be passed on:

WHITEMAN'S 12-inch "shines" that feature all his proteges—the Rythm Boys, Ramona, Red McKenzie, Irene Taylor and the rest of his flock are fine—for a buck and a quarter—if there's that much money in the world.

FAREWELL TO ARMS . . . Arthur Tracy's fine mellow tenor in his genuine style is a prime one for vocal lovers.

YOUNG AND HEALTHY and YOU'RE GETTING TO BE A HABIT WITH ME, done by that unbeatable combination of Lombardo and Crosby. These are two of the popular hits from 42nd Street that are destined to be among the favorites of the season.

YOU'VE GOT ME CRYIN' AGAIN . . . Crosby again minus that "boo de doo" trash that didn't go over so hot.

CAPRICE VIENNOIS and BLUE DANUBE WALTZ . . . Wayne King turns very effectively to the pseudo-classics. The beauty of these has, of course, been long established. Lovesick lad, big moon, the beautiful one-and-only . . . CAPRICE VIENNOIS mood . . . quite different from literal meaning, but nevertheless effective.

You may like MAY WEST'S come hither, nasal, slurry vocals . . . A GUY WHAT TAKES HIS TIME is her best record . . . untrue suggestiveness . . . but use your imagination, you dope.

Oh hell . . . you know as much about this business as I do . . .

May your Vanity Fair you well.

Boys --- Come To See Us

When you want the newest releases.

Victor and Brunswick Records

Also sheet music

L. E. O'Briant Music Store

118 East Main Street
Durham, N. C.

THE FOREMOST FIRMS IN THE CHAPEL HILL FIRM-AMENT

BOOST THE BUCCANEER'S

VANITY FAIR ISSUE

It Pays to Look Well

Carolina Barber Shop

Oldest on the Hill

EAT AT

The Smoke Shop

Famous for Its Coffee

The Better Chain Stores

D. Pender Stores

Supreme Quality

Fancy Groceries & Fresh Meats

University Shoe Shop

Fine Materials
Fine Workmanship

PHONE 3171

The Orange Printshop

A Complete Printing Service

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

10c

For this *Buccaneer* if you get your next haircut in

Graham Memorial BARBER SHOP

Your Name .....

Andrews-Henninger Co., Inc.

Chapel Hill's Leading Store of Better Qualities

Ready-To-Wear
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Model Market and Grocery Company

"Where Service Is a Saving"

Strowd Motor Co.

Authorized FORD *Dealer*

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R. R. Benson

Plumbing & Heating Contractor

Steam, Hot Water and Vapor Heat—Sanitary Plumbing

Chapel Hill, N. C.

the little shop

dresses for now and for the warm days to come

be smart — *be thrifty*

The Great ATLANTIC and PACIFIC Tea Company

Where Economy Rules

Established 1859

Fresh Fruits, Meats and Groceries

Howard Chandler Christy
1932
Luckies
Please!
"It's toasted"
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
opr., 1933, The American Tobacco Co.

ANEEA
$1m
Bobbie Mason
EXCHANGE NUMBER

By the way, you know friends sometimes offer me Chesterfields, and about the only thing they say is, "I believe you'll enjoy them!"

they Satisfy

Wherever you buy Chesterfields, you get them just as fresh as if you came by our factory door

—the Cigarette that's Milder
the Cigarette that Tastes Better

© 1933, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Twinkbury Gets His Man

By Ed Mead

T. Twiddlethrop Twinkbury III sat in an armchair and a lounging robe and lit a Reggie, and thought little of it. Indeed, he presently took out another Reggie and lit it off the end of the first. I had been sitting there silently, as was my custom when in the presence of T. Twiddlethrop, waiting for him to speak.

"I say, Bertram, old top," he began presently (T. Twiddlethrop always called me "Bertram" because it was my name), "I am uncommonly bored. Deucedly so." His words fell slowly and concisely in an impeccable Harvard accent that Twinkbury invariably remembered when he wasn't excited. "In fact, if another case does not turn up in the near future I shall be forced, in short, to translate another volume of hieroglyphics out of sheer ennui."

"Oh, anything but that, T.T.!" I babbled, in short, excited syllables. "If I recall it correctly, the last time you shut yourself up to translate hieroglyphics I found you a week later feeding peanuts to the aldermen."

The embarrassed silence (T. T. always experienced embarrassment when I referred to his more distracted moments) was exploded by the sharp ringing of a bell. "A telephone!" announced Twiddlethrop, the old light of deduction shining in his eyes. It was only a matter of seconds before he made the second revelation—"My telephone!" Scarcely had the words been uttered when Droops, my friend's *Valet de chambre* entered with the extension phone. "Amazing!" I muttered.

Twiddlethrop whipped off the receiver, saying, with a semblance of calmness, "I say, are you theah?" I gathered that whoever was there was certainly there all right. Little squeals and shriekings wafted over to where I was sitting, across the room. Twinkbury murmured some strongly calm words of reassurance, called for his lavender cravat, his coat and his automatic and rushed out of the house without saying so much as a word to me.

"Dear Sir: It affords me great pleasure to inform you that very shortly I shall be at liberty to consider a position as representative of your corporation."

Being used to such treatment, I followed his powerful, active strides to a taxi and climbed in with him, getting nothing but silence for all my questions. But such was the manner of the man when in action.

The address he gave to the driver was in the most fashionable section of town, and thither we whisked with never a word between us. With a jolt we halted before a gleaming mansion. Twiddlethrop sprang to the curb with a preoccupied air and I followed as soon as I had paid the bill.

We were ushered into a room as amazing and elaborate as the wash room in a movie house, where we sat down in nervous expectancy. With little ceremony, a large woman came barging through the door, looking in her tight dress, like a 1929 Buick.

"Like I told you, Mr. Twinkbury," she gurgled, with sobs, after crunching into a sofa, "it's my husband. He ain't been home all night." With that she swung into all the gruesome details. It seemed that Aloysius Van Horn Pinderbuilts (of Newport, Cedar Rapids, and points west Pinderbuilts) had not been home all night. What is more, his roadster had been found, empty, on the street. Yes, it was in the garage. Would Mr. Twinkbury like to give it a look?

Mr. Twinkbury said that he would and away we tramped to the garage. "That," said a chauffeur, "is the car my poor master was last seen in." Twiddlethrop lunged forward and tore open the door. By the time I had caught up with him he had closed it again. A strange light was shining in his eyes.

"The case," he intoned, "is well in hand. Will you be so kind as to stay with Mrs. Pinderbuilts until I return with her husband?" So saying, he turned and climbed into the roadster, sending me a triumphant glance that as much as said, "Twinkbury always gets his man."

Seeing Twiddlethrop roar off in the roadster left me with a strange sense of loneliness and perhaps of coming disaster. Would I ever see my friend again? I returned to comfort Mrs. Pinderbuilts as well as I might. "Mr. Twinkbury is on his trail," I spoke "My assumption is that you will see your husband within the week. Twinkbury never fails." Announcing that I would wait an hour or so for further developments, I sat

(Continued on page twenty-three)

ODE TO A ROOM-MATE WHO COULDN'T COME BACK

Poor old roomie, I wish you were here
Though you borrowed my money
And spent it on beer.

Still you sang and you danced and never got bored
Though you also got plastered
And wrecked my new Ford.

You went out at night and took my best clothes,
And you dated my girl friend
As God only knows.

However you're gone and it makes me feel sad,
'Cause I miss those bull sessions
And benders we had.

Oh, tell me, old pal, old friend, old sock,
Just why did your father
Invest in that stock?

—*Ottio Green Goat*

THE

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FANCY ICES SHERBETS

PHONE L-963

"Ice Cream Specialists"

Durham Ice Cream Company Inc.

"BLUE RIBBON"
FAST FROZEN
ICE CREAM

Made With Pure Cream "Good to Eat at all Hours"

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

BLOCKS PUNCHES

GONE TO THE DOGS

Magician (sawing woman in half): Now ladies and gentlemen, after the young lady is severed, her brains will be given to a medical college, and the rest will be thrown to the dogs.

Gallery Gang: Woof, woof, bow, wow!

—*Alabama "Rammer-Jammer"*

Artist: Any suggestions?

Nude Model: Why, yes. You've been painting for the last half hour without any paint on your brush.

—*Princeton Tiger*

Now modern mothers are putting goggles on their babies while nursing them so they don't get ashes in their eyes.

—*Exchange*

How I Learned to Wash Sitting Down

A RECENT DISCOVERY

By CHARLES K. O'NEILL

Now that it is accepted, I feel that I can come forward and explain how it started. While it was sweeping the world something of a natural shyness kept me from discussing it. It was made of logic but it became a madness and while that madness was running through the blood of millions I hardly dared claim pioneer's honors. Now the world is quiet with a great tiredness. I feel I can look back calmly on that frenzied summer of 1932 and explain how I conceived the idea of *washing sitting down.*

I felt nothing of the robes of history about me on that day early in July when we started up the stairs toward the modest apartment of Dona de C——— in the Calle de R———y G————. Even the Belle herself would wilt in the heat of a Barcelona July. The man in the cafe had said that it was on the third story. We were carrying bags in our hands and I was wearing under my coat a sweater left over in my last packing. Later we were to regret this vividly.

We started up the stairs. They were narrow and steep. Two to go, we said. We fought our way up one flight. The floor was marked "Entresuelo." We suddenly remembered the Spanish system of numbering floors. It surpasses the New York custom of omitting the 13th floor in skyscrapers. It goes, as a matter of fact, in the other direction. The first floor has no name or number at all. The second is called "between floors." The third is called the "principal floor." Only after reaching the fourth flight do you gain to the first floor.

Our bags clutched us down like the Old Man of the Sea. We stumbled on. It seemed eternal, as though we were climbing up an escalator going down. We saw mirages of cool-looking doors marked "third piso." We were sagging but we remembered that Spanish staircases are conquered on the playing field of Mt. Washington. We knew that sleep meant death. We fell to our hands and knees and crawled on and just when it seemed that flesh could do no more we found ourselves prostrate on the floor in front of the door of Dona de C———. I remember the words of Joe B———, a newspaperman, and my companion in the effort.

"I am bushed," he said simply.

Then we both lost consciousness.

It might have been half an hour later that we found Dona de C——— bending over us, her rosary in one hand and a glass of water in the other.

"In the event that you are thirsty," she said.

She looked like Sir Philip Sidney at the battle of Z——— in 158—, but she was older. She was nearly sixty years older and later she told us that she hadn't been down those stairs since the Exposition. We drank the water, half each, and pulled ourselves to our feet. She showed us to our room.

Joe B——— dropped his bag, looked around and threw himself on the nearest bed.

"God, but I'm bushed," he said and fell asleep.

I weighed the situation carefully. I knew that I couldn't keep consciousness for more than five minutes but I wanted to wash my hands and face. I took off my coat and folded it over a chair. I took off my sweater and threw it in the corner. Then I reached down, took up the stone jug and poured the washbowl half full of water. I staggered as I set the jug down. My knees were buckling under me as I put my hands in the water. I knew I couldn't go on. Then it came to me.

I turned to face the chair where I had placed my coat. I thought a moment and then reached over, dragged the chair to me and sat down. Even then I don't think I realized the importance of my action. B——— was asleep; no one had seen me. Seated there, I got my elbows over the edge of the basin and rubbed soap between my hands until it lathered. Some of the water ran up my shirt sleeves because of the angle but I disregarded it. I leaned forward, rubbed my face in the cool suds and let my head drop into the water. I swung it around and gurgled.

Some newspapers have said I was there half an hour. This is not quite accurate. As I remember, it was some twenty minutes later that I dried myself on a large white towel, still sitting down at my ease, and then pulled the small plug from the center of the basin and watched the water run with a splattering noise into the large bucket beneath. I considered rinsing for a moment and then went over to the other bed, took off one shoe and fell asleep.

I said nothing to B——— in the morning. But after he had washed and shaved himself, I went over to the washstand quietly and drew up a chair. Without a word I sat there and brushed my teeth, scrubbed my hands up to the elbow, washed my face, shaved myself and combed my hair. I part my hair on the left side in the ordinary manner.

"Later we will go out and have a bath," I said.

B——— looked at me narrowly.

"Why do you sit down while washing?" he asked.

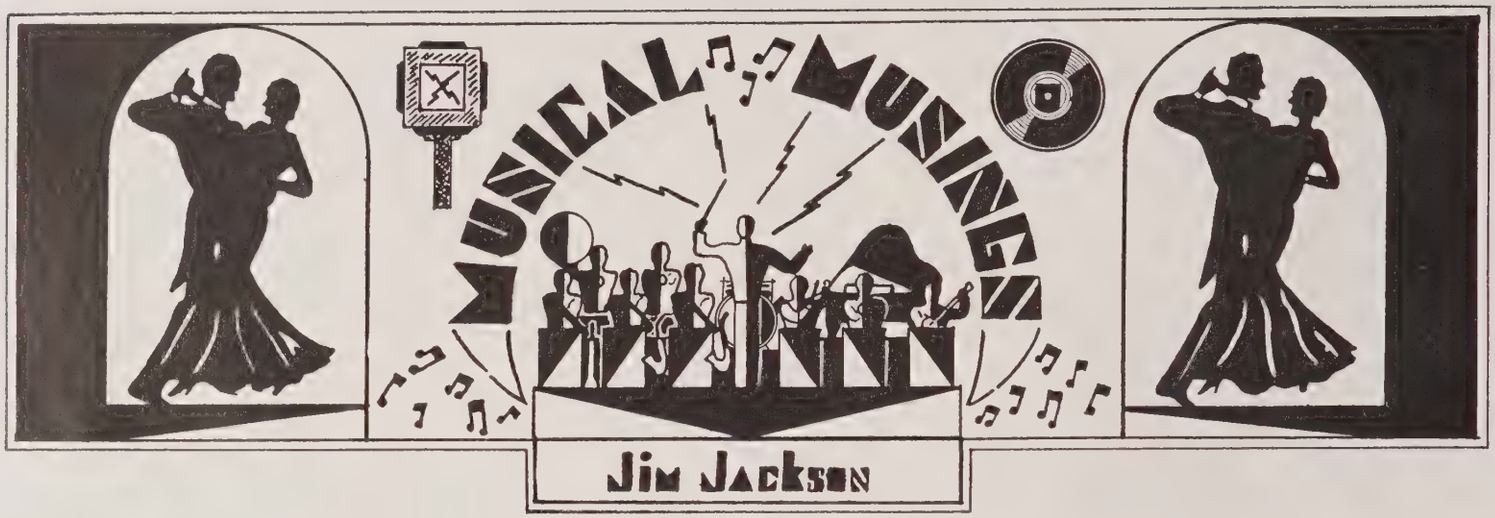
"It is more comfortable that way," I replied.

The rest is in newspaper files. I, myself, could never have foreseen that B——— would first take after me and then go into the public prints about it. I couldn't have expected that even old Dona de C——— would try it and then go downstairs for the first time since the Exposition and tell her friends about it.

The details I leave for other pens, perhaps more skillful. Enough, that on two continents now no one stands up to wash. I know that many men have made commerce of luxurious, patented wash chairs. I do not feel bitter about this. Myself, I have always used, and still use, the same type of plain, ordinary straight chair that I started with. Medical men have read papers saying my concern was with the health-giving benefits of washing a relaxed skin. Of these things I know nothing.

I only know that I first washed sitting down because I was tired at the time and it was more comfortable that way.

—Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.



Checkered table cloths . . . thick heavy glasses with handles—things that most law abiding citizens have forgotten about (yeah—law abiding). Oh, hell, that destroys the effect . . . but anyway, what we're about to get at is that beer may have its effect on music (not "Sweet Adeline," you dope! Not on 3.2!) However, to come to the point, the waltz, beer, and pretzels seem synonomous, do they not? Then on the other hand, that was true only in Vienna, Berlin, and lots of mid-European hamlets—where beer drinking was an old art and pleasure. That was all in the days when the young lads and lassies and the old moustached bucks and their buxom dames gathered in the vine be-decked gardens to revel in the foamy deliciousness of a mug o' Lowenbrau, with a couple dots above the o and a . . . all to the tune of the floating waltz melodies of jovial musicians. All that was quite unlike the good ol' days of our fair land . . . when every man who could get away from his wife made a bee-line for the swinging doors, behind which he could wrap himself around a few mugs of "just plain beer" at five cents a slug, while some mercenary minded sex menace (them's his wife's words) reposed on his lap and draped her arms around his neck . . . all this to the tune of a bunch of discords being banged out by a lad who murdered a fearful piano just because he was too dumb to make a living any other way.

The way beer has already become sophisticated, however, it is hard to believe that the waltz is the logical thing to accompany it. Oh, yes, the waltz is sophisticated, in a sense of the word, but it is not that kind of sophistication. What's all the argument about, anyway . . . it's not going to make a bit of difference to half the people whether they sip their beer in the "Blue Danube" or on the "Rock of Ages" . . . just so long's the beer is good . . . and if it isn't, they'll drink something else and still not notice the musical accompaniment.

To deviate a wee bit further from our custom—and to beg Bernie Solomon's pardon in advance—it seems that the white mess-jacket will be "IN" for the spring dance sets. At least, the generally socially-inclined lads of the campus know enough about them and how well they really do look to stop calling the wearers "shines." There have been few so radical changes in men's evening clothes that have become so universally accepted and correct. There's no doubt about the fact that mess-jackets do look extremely well if worn correctly . . . and they do provide, within the bounds of perfectly good taste, a delightful bit of deviation from the sombre formality of the accepted formal dress. We daresay there'll be a number of them in evidence at the May Frolics, Junior and Senior, and Finals. Incidently, they're much cooler and more comfortable than the traditional dinner- jackets or tails.

Boys --- Come To See Us

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On the yieldings of the wax discs . . again we unfortunately had to go to press before many of the finest tunes have been released. However, many of the good ones that have been out for a month or so are still holding their own. Notable among these are the entire bevy of swell ones from 42ND STREET, including the title number, "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," "I'm Young and Healthy," and "You're Getting To Be a Habit With Me." The latter two are now enjoying immense popularity even though they've been out for quite some time . . . the first two having been splendidly done by HAL KEMP and the latter couple equally so by the LOMBARDOS.

The slow playing features of both WHITMAN and ISHAM JONES are likewise still enjoying great popularity. Jones' melody of YOU'VE GOT ME CRYIN' AGAIN and DOWN IN CAROLINA LANE, being the newest of the two, is one swell record. It's a Victor.

YOU'VE GOT ME CRYIN' AGAIN done for Brunswick by HAL KEMP is one of the best he's ever done . . . with a sax introduction worth a million.

Watch for "Is My Face Red" . . . "Maybe I Love You Too Much" . . . "Living in Doubt" . . . "Strike Me Pink" . . . and "I'll Take An Option on You" . . . They're all brand new and bound to be fine if given to the right hands.

ANSWER TO AN INQUIRY . . . .

A puzzled reader, who signs himself 'Pro Bono Publico,' or some other Italian name which we couldn't quite make out, has written us a letter which, we are sure, deserves reprinting. (And even if it doesn't deserve it, it's going to be reprinted.) "The other day I attended a deb dance," Mr., or possibly Miss, Publico writes: "and I was very much surprised to see various of the young gentlemen present saunter out to the middle of the floor and tap one of the male dancers on the shoulder. The young man thus tapped would immediately surrender his partner to the tapper. At first I thought it was a fraternity initiation or that the young men were tight, but I found out later that this practice goes on continually, and is what is known as 'cutting in.' Having derived so much from your article on Egyptian Mummies in the Encyclopedia Brittanica and also from your dissertation on the ancient practice of Bundling in the Atlantic Monthly, I should appreciate it if you would similarly describe just what cutting in is and how the various exponents of the custom are classified."

Mr. Publico's letter is only one of many I have received from a bewildered public, and I am taking this opportunity to answer it. Cutters in (from the Latin 'incutter' meaning 'heel') may be divided into three classes, each of which has its own peculiar method of going about its nefarious purpose. I say nefarious, although I might also have said lousy, because it is very seldom that one finds a person expressing pleasure at being summarily dismissed from action on the dance floor. For some obscure reason, when one is in a position where one relishes the prospect of being cut in upon, all prospective cutters in instantly withdraw into a shell of taciturnity. The guy who hovers around you annoyingly when you are dancing with a pretty girl down from Smith for the week-end disappears as quickly as a Seabury investigation witness when you are plowing the floor with your room-mate's cousin who is a co-ed at the University of Pittsburgh.

The first class, to begin with, are those who use the Carnera or Strong Man Method, which consists quite simply of dealing the partner of the girl you wish to dance with a sledge hammer blow. It is considered permissible if sledge hammers are out of reach at the time to deal a plain stupefying blow or even one like a ton of bricks, although some tender Carneraites that I know balk at the latter. There are Carneraites at every party, and it might be well to warn any prospective members of that clan that it is not a very sure way to popularity. Those in the know are of the opinion that it was not Legs Diamond's racketeering activities that was the cause of his shooting last year, but merely his tendency to be a Carneraite at every party. A slightly anemic person like myself has been known to dance all evening with a decidedly unhandsome girl in order to avoid the murderous tactics of the Carneraites who lurk in every corner.

A second method of cutting in, perhaps equally as popular, is the Broadway or Walter Winchell Method. This is briefly an attempt at making a felicitous remark of some kind at the moment of action. A typical employer of this method approaches a happy couple and says jocularly, "I'm here—just as I promised!" or ("May I cut, as the bootlegger said when preparing some gin?") Variations of the Broadway Method are sticking a pin in expansive parts of the masculine dancer's anatomy or grabbing him by the end of his tie, thereby causing him twenty-five anxious moments in the dressing room. Broadwayites have a hard time getting insurance and should not pay their book club subscription fees in advance.

The third class are the Go-Getters, who, of all three classes, are the most downright unscrupulous. Go-Getters wear soft padded shoes and even at times false whiskers. They swoop down upon innocent young couples who have stopped for champagne (not very good) and before the astonished escort can say Sari Maritza, his lady is being wafted away. The typical Go-Getter is a frivolous and airy creature. Psychologists tell us that his Go-Getting tactics are merely a sublimation of a suppressed desire to be a young Lochinvar and to bear away a fair damsel upon a foaming steed. The best he does nowadays is to bear her away to the tune of a foaming saxaphone.

Well, there you know all about cutting in, Mr. Publico.

Arthur Silverblatt
—Carnegie Tech Puppet

CAREFUL OF HIS RIBS

Tough: You're a low-down, dirty, spineless, flabby jellyfish, and you know what I'm gonna do to you?

Tuff: What?

Tough: I'm gonna break every bone in your body.

—Dirge

Junkman: Any rope, paper, or old iron?
Student (simply): I'm a college student.
Junkman: My mistake. Any bottles?

—Log

"Hey, Joe, ya forgot ya lunch."

The Carolina BUCCANEER
UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME X APRIL, 1933 NUMBER 7

BUCCANEERING

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

Foiled

The Vanity Fair number of the BUCCANEER stirred up quite a bit of comment, and especially did the "We Nominate for Oblivion" section. But, contrary to rumors, we received no bullet holes. We were not so much as forced to engage in fistic combat, but we were tempted to start a fight of our own against those individuals who congratulated us on the swell *New Yorker* number. Proof of such unappreciation of the fine wit of the staff is discouraging.

That issue of the BUCCANEER accounted for at least one well-taken knock on the jaw of the good old pirate. A certain one of Mrs. Lee's inmates returned to her room after the magazines had been delivered and saw one of the results of much effort lying on the dresser.

"Oh," she exclaimed to her roommate, "you've bought a Vanity Fair. That's simply swell, because it's my favorite magazine."

The young lady was all reposed and ready to spend a very pleasant hour or so when she opened the first page. Her expression changed. "Hell," she said, "it's the BUCCANEER."

Staff Member

The Orange Printshop, it is reported, collected around five hundred dollars as compensation for the posters and hand bills it printed for students who had political ambitions during the recent campus campaign. Each candidate furnished himself with a batch of printed proof as to why he was qualified for whatever position he wanted, and these were distributed among the three thousand students who were eligible to cast ballots.

The BUCCANEER has been continually irritated by the hammerings it received from a *Tar Heel* columnist. Scarcely did that column appear without at least one crack aimed in the direction of this publication. And yet, when its author aspired to a higher level and employed the print shop for a day printing hand bills with his name and qualifications in huge letters, he did not neglect to include the fact that he has been a contributor to the BUCCANEER. We forgave all, so brotherly do we feel toward our fellow staffsmen.

Politics

This year marked a new era in the field of campus elections at the University. Never before have meeting places been so crowded, speeches so fired, or egg throwing so frequent. All records as to political demonstration were broken when two parades, bands, torches, shouting, honking, and everything included, were staged the same night.

The voters went to the polls, and the excitement had not subdued. Back-slapping, cigars, drinks, fights, banners, posters, cars bringing in the uninterested, and the uninterested walking home were very much in order. It was a big day.

A week later the Raleigh *News and Observer* carried a feature story that included several scenes of the political struggle. It heartily indorsed the procedure, declaring that such action is beneficial in building future good citizens of the state and nation.

And the same day the *News and Observer's* story appeared, headlines in the *Tar Heel* (now the property of the student body) announced: "Sophomore Suspended From University For Fraudulent Conduct At Polls Last Week."

Hell Week

Mrs. Lee, the guardian of Spencer Hall, is slowly recovering after the trials and tribulations she went through during Hell Week, it has been reported. She was disturbed as regularly as night came, and life was made unbearable for her during the day.

About two o'clock one morning the keeper of the girls was awak-

ened. The co-eds were leaning far out of their windows and talking in excited tones. Two men were on ground below, and they were loud in their demands for articles that girls wear for two obvious reasons. Mrs. Lee turned on the powerful spot-lights that are attached to the building, and the cause of all the commotion sped away.

On another occasion, a disgusted freshman, led on by the hopes of soon being able to wear a badge on his chest, adorned his face with many colors, and clad in a blanket, crouched on the porch of the Shack where he proceeded to cook an egg. Another neophyte joined him and entertained the female audience with a song and dance act. His limbs were not nimble and his voice was not cultured, and his embarrassment was great.

The prize dumb act of the week occurred when a first year man was sent into the depths of the forests to retrieve a note that had been placed there. The lad became frightened before he had traveled many miles. He expected some strange animal or spirit to spring from each tree. He passed a farm house and a dog joined him.

The canine placed his nose to the ground and began to sniff. "He's trailing them," thought the freshman. "Sure as hell, he's picked up their scent. Now all I gotta do is follow him and I'll find the note."

And so for many hours the searcher followed the dog. The dog failed to realize he was supposed to trail, and he carried his new master in many directions. No notes were found, and the freshman had reasons to regret it when he staggered to his fraternity house just as the sun rose.

Hack's Place

The one and only Hack, who was featured in the article, "New Art in Bucolic Dispensaries," in the last issue of the BUCCANEER, reports that Burt Anderson and Mousey Hardin, also famed by that number, failed to show up at his cabin for two whole days. Hack, always a thoughtful soul who appreciates his customers, knew something was wrong. He mailed flowers directly to the infirmary.

And by the way, Hack is in favor of a bill to prohibit the sale of the newly legalized beer in Chapel Hill. He plans to buy a six room house two miles on down the road from his present place and convert it into a first class, super, beer establishment. If nothing happens, beach chairs and umbrellas, white-jacketed negroes, pot-bellied bar tenders, and plenty of beer will be at the disposal of the girls and boys of this section.

Craftsman

A member of the University faculty who spent a good many years doing newspaper work before he degenerated to his present position, can tell any number of stories that involve his early experiences. One of his favorites concerns, to his mind at least, the greatest type-setter that ever lived. And we do not dispute the greatness of the craftsman.

The type-setter worked on a small weekly in the days when typewriters were used only by the rich in cities. All copy was set up from long hand. The particular individual could read any hand writing, and he never made a mistake. Long service in many shops accounted for his great ability.

A chicken wandered into the print shop one day and walked through a puddle of spilled ink. Paper was scattered about the floor, and the foul eventually tracked on a sheet that reached the type-setter. The veteran picked it up and examined it. The writer had done a pretty sorry job, he thought, but he had seen worse. He placed it on his rack and went to work. His careful eyes made out each letter, and when he had finished his job, he presented the proof reader that which he had made out of the foot prints of the chicken. It was a poem, and the verse, rhyme, and the meter were perfect.

Farewell

As Pete Gilchrist said about a year ago, "This is the last time I'll be with you all, dear readers." The old order has changed and yielded to the new. We go to join Edson, Wheary, and the above quoted, and we politely shed a tear.

Never will we forget the happy hours we have spent with the good book. Never will we forget the beat of this old Underwood, the satisfying feeling that comes with slipping a thumb-tack into the top of a drawing desk, the curses of uninspired staffsmen, the calls of the printshop for more copy, the howls of the business manager when the budget over ran, the rebukes of the administration when the contents were off-color, the unsigned letters from unadmirers, the dirty joke ideas contributed by co-eds, the howls of the students who failed to receive their copies, the smell of paste when the dummy was being made, the brazenness with which we stole from contemporaries, the picture the business manager hung over our desk, the bird in the gilded cage who has a corner of the room, the continual fight with the *Tar Heel*, an editorial that appeared in the Winston-Salem *Journal*, the night we slept in the printshop, the wise cracks at staff meetings, and the party ex-editor Gilchrist threw up here one time.

And so, as we said, we depart. We shed another tear.

RESTAURANT CONTINENTAL

By Joseph A. McCabe

A Playlet—Written with an eye to the future when 3.2 lager must be dispensed from "clubs, hotels, and continental restaurants."

Act I

Time: The present.

Scene: The well-appointed cell of Mr. Al Capone, Public Enemy No. 1. As the curtain opens a uniformed guard is seen dusting off the furniture, humming to himself. (The actor may include the usual business of pushing the dust behind the door, under a mat, etc.) Enter another guard, carrying a tray, evidently bearing Mr. Capone's breakfast.

Second Guard: Is the marster up?

First Guard: Sh-h! 'E's still sleepin'.

Second G. (setting down the tray): Lor' bless 'im. The sleep of the just, h'I've no doubt.

First G.; The bloomin' warden kep 'im up till all hours again last night.

Second G.: Gorblimey! 'E's a thick 'un, that warden.

First G.: Well, Ah've always said the marster was too easy on 'im. A-settin' 'ere and arskin' questions and the Marster with work to do!

Second G.: Blarst 'im! H'I'd tell 'im the marster was out the next time 'e called.

First G.: Ho! Ah guess Ah can 'andle *'im.* But 'e's not gettin' in tonight, not any 'e ain't. No, nor no one else, neither. (Looking important and mysterious.)

Second G.: (Suggestively): H'important business?

First G.: (Impassively): Ah ain't sayin' yes h'and ah ain't sayin' no.

Second G.: Mybe the Guvnor's comin'?

First G. (Scornfully): Ho! The Guvnor! *E* couldn't get in tonight, not wiv all the milisha 'e couldn't.

Second G. (Looking more and more impressed): Mybe . . . mybe the *President.*

First G.: 'E only comes on Saturday nights.

Second G.: Well, then—the *Mayor?*

First G. (properly impressed): Not even 'im.

Second G. (injured air): Well, blimey—*h'I* don't care 'oo's comin' . . . (turns to go.)

First G. (placatingly): See here—don't get huffy, now Algy! Ah'll tell you. But keep it quiet.

Second G. (still resentful): Quiet! 'Oo would h'I tell?

First G. (drawing him close, in a stage whisper): The Baron Madden is comin'!

Second G.: Lor' luv me. Baron *Ownie* Madden?

First G.: Yus. An' that ain't all, neither. The Right Hand Men are comin' and the Baron and the Marster are goin' to make speeches.

Second G.; *Speeches!* Well, strike me pink. What abaht?

First G.: Just you be 'ere and see.

Second G. (walks from room scratching his head): Well, strike me a bloody blue! *Speeches . . .*

Curtain

Act II

Time: Evening of same day.

"Who's a nigger?"

—Notre Dame Juggler

Scene: Same as before. The first guard is seen arranging chairs in rows. There are four rows of five chairs each. The bell rings, L.C. The first guard goes over and admits another guard, clad in a red uniform.

Second G.: His Slyness, Ownie Baron Madden!

First G.: Doo come in. Ah'll call the marster. (Goes to door, R.C. and knocks, then enters at command from within. Meanwhile Baron Madden enters, L.C. He is wearing full evening dress. Capone enters, R.C., dressed in the same way.)

Capone: Cheerio!

Madden: Mine friendt!

(They shake hands.)

Capone: Everything's been—er—been tip-top, old fellow?

Madden: Ja—er—ja.

(There is silence for a moment or two, as they stand obviously groping for words.)

Capone: I ain't seen—I mean . .

Madden: Ja.

(There is another silence.)

Capone: Aw nuts, Ownie. I can't learn to speak this English stuff. I had a hard enough time with American.

Madden: Well maybe you think learnin' German is fun. (Gloomily.) But we got to do it.

Capone (sighing): Yeah, it's for the good of the business. Have a drink of—tea? (They laugh, and Capone pours a drink of—tea.)

Madden: Gosh, that's good. Home stuff?

Capone (proudly): Yeah, something I turned out in my spare time.

Madden: This foreign stuff I been drinking with the government men is killing me. When are the boys getting here?

Capone (looking at watch): Any minute now. Come on in the room until they come. (They go off, R.C.) The first and second guards come in. They surreptitiously sneak a drink. Repeat until the audience laughs. Then a bell rings. The second guard scuttles out and the first takes up his position by the door.

Second G. (reappearing): The Right Hand Men!

The first guard knocks at the door, R.C., and Capone appears. The door L.C. opens and men in full-evening wear begin to file in.

"I tell you, Walter, I don't know what I'll do if things get any worse. I'm down to my last scent."

Capone: Cheerio, fellows.

They answer in various ways: "Bon jour," "Buenos noches," etc. They take seats.

Capone: My good men, there's a guy—I mean a fellow here it will give you no end of pleasure to meet, Ownie! (Madden enters, R.C.)

Capone: Gentlemen—the Baron Madden, of New York!

They clap. One fellow starts to cheer, another rises behind him and blackjacks him. They carry him out.

Capone: One of my left hand men, no doubt.

(A polite ripple of laughter follows.)

Capone: Well, let's get down to business. O'Neil, how are you coming?

O'Neil (rising): Trey Been, Masoor.

Capone: Whataya mean, 'masoor'? (Suspiciously.)

O'Neil: I mean Masoor. That's the way ya say it.

Capone: Say what?

O'Neil: Say 'Masoor.'

There is silence while Capone glowers at O'Neil.

Capone: Well, we'll let it go. But if I ever find that means what I think it means . . .

O'Neil sits down.

Capone: How about you, Gasetta?

Gasetta: Muy bueno. That means O.K., Chief.

Capone: Of course it does. Whataya tellin' me for?

Gasetta: I—well, I—

Capone (threateningly): Thought I didn't know, huh? Wanta ride home?

Gasetta: No, honest, Chief . . .

Capone: Let's see your report card.

Gasetta brings it up.

Capone: Spanish 85, German 79, French 81 . . . Say—what's this! Behavior—poor?

Gasetta: Jablovik was stickin' pins into me Chief, honest.

Capone: Jablovik!

Jablovik (rising): Aw chief—

Capone: Shut up! My gosh I don't know what the Baron will think. I'm ashamed of you.

Madden: Ja. Himmel.

Capone: Can't you say a few words to the boys in your own language, Baron?

Baron (Sotto voce): Hey—nuts!

Capone: Due to a very bad cold the Baron can't speak to you. However he will say a few words in English.

Applause.

Madden: Well, boys, all I can say is that I think you got a pretty swell boss to send you all to school and you ought to work hard and be grateful. But I know you will, and—ah—my boys are all going to school too and I hope they turn out as well as I hope you boys will, and well I—er—ah—I guess that's all except my boys and me wish

(Continued on page twenty-five)

Have you heard about FLAT-FOOT'S escapade at the BRIAR PATCH? He can't take it; they dish it out too much up there. This D. K. E. started out to the boxing matches at Charlottesville, but he got side-tracked at Sweetbriar and told the boys to go on ahead with the car. O. K., BRIARPATCH!

And speaking of events of the dim past, Depression week-end the entire KAPPA SIG fraternity locked up their house and left town—They never could take it, anyway. But what do locked doors mean to the ZETA PSI's and K. A.'s—they still held a party in the KAPPA SIG house—basement windows always were easy to break.

Oh yea, CAB—You should have seen GEORGE BRANDT'S sweet woman over there—He's rugid—He can take it!

These campus initiations were prime—most people appreciated them—But I'm rather dubious about BUCK LYONS—maybe too much company sat in on his date one night.

The campus elections were swell—in a way. The PIKA'S threw a consolation party after it was all over—it was quite appropriate and was by no means a small time affair—I suggest that they run candidates for office every year so that party will not be the last of its kind—A few more years and the PIKA CONSOLATION PARTY will rival even the celebrated PIKA BALL sponsored by the N. C. State chapter. And by the way—BEN PROCTOR, also ran, was not invited, which was also in keeping with the occasion.

BURT ANDERSON has a tough time keeping out of this—He was called before the student council (again!) and had a perfectly good alibi all arranged—and he was ushered in only to be used as a witness. It's all right, Burt—the alibi will keep—You can use it next time.

The ancient and honored custom of BIG SHOT POLITICIANS staying sober and respectful when elections are near took the shelf with side burns and corsets on a certain night when the graduate school gave a dance. A certain NEW DEALER escorted an also certain lady to those bounds of should-be seriousness and intellect—But the lady returned to the PI PHI HOUSE unaccompanied. Her ex-companion, as Webb (heh!) ster says it, was "drenched with moisture or liquid," and he had taken the count.

PERCY BROWN is no longer the pride and joy of the ZETA PSI'S—the lad beseached Bobbie Mason to say something nice about him in this issue in order to make up for those cracks concerning his travels in the last release—He said he's taken an awful riding, and besides, most of that stuff had been forgotten. O. K., Percy, Bobbie says you're a nice boy—how's that?

JOHNNY WILLIAMS, play boy of the Med School, started a week-end with his usual best intentions one Friday night—imagine his embarrassment when he discovered himself, two days later, on the bow of a boat just outside of Washington. "It's that damn absinthe," murmered Johnny, "I shouldn't of drunk it". Is that taking it? I'm asking you.

O'HANLON? He's gone back to nature in a big way—takes long walks every afternoon. But the stud event is the swim he attempted to take in the little branch behind the Forest Theatre. Keep your glasses on from now on, George—How you took it is more than we can see.

We hear ED MARTIN is suffering from a bad case of WIND-BURN. He can take it.

And the green LaSALLE roadster that is always parked in front of the Y. W. C. A. in Durham—That's close!

BLIND DATE GUIDE

—Idea from Colby White Mule

Name	*Height*	*Hair*	*Remark*
Grace Bowes	Tall	Brown	Ludicrous
Julia Bates Brown	Medium	Brown	Hoarder
Florence Chick	Short	Brown	Likes 'em tall
Hazel Coffield	Medium	Brunette	Lovelorn
Jean Cromartie	Medium	Brunette	Crazy (we asked her)
Charlotte Eldridge	Short	Blonde	Lumpish
Eva English	Short	Brown	Placid
Peggy Ann Harris	Short	Brown	Socially indigestic
Martha Hatten	Tall	Blonde	Ostentatious
Louise Helms	Short	Brown	Cute
Virginia Hendricks	Tall	Brunette	Helped fill a page
Catherine Jameson	Medium	Blonde	Fair
Janie Jolly	Short	Blonde	Sensible
Edith Kneeburg	Tall	Brunette	Unbecomingly beautiful
Evelyn Kneeburg	Short	Brunette	Looks like other
Athleen Munson	Short	Brown	Out of circulation
Dot Norman	Medium	Dark	Seraphic
Jo Orendorff	Medium	Brown	Jumpy
Helen Packard	Medium	Blonde	Insensate
Mary Francis Parker	Tall	Brown	She can't ever
Mary Byrd Perrow	Short	Brunette	Mentally constipated
Fuzzy Phillips	Short	Brown	Tautologous
Nancy Pike	Short	Brunette	Dedecorous
Eunice Mae Pope	Medium	Brown	Fautor
Jane Purrington	Medium	Brown	Sappish
Emma Ray	Medium	Brown	Consummate
Peggy Rawlings	Short	Brunette	Fastidious
Gene Rose	Tall	Brown	Oke
Katherine Scoggins	Medium	Blonde	Egregious
Ann Simms	Medium	Brunette	Amicable
Jayne Smoot	Medium	Brown	Athletic
Martha Thomas	Medium	Brunette	Non-committal
Sara Vann	Medium	Blonde	Garrulous
Mary Waldo	Medium	Dark	Keen
Sara Walser	Short	Brown	Remiss
Caroline Ward	Short	Brown	Debile
Mary Ellen Watts	Tall	Brunette	Squab
Helene Willingham	Short	Brunette	Squeaky voiced
Charlotte Winborn	Short	Brunette	Nice
Lulu	?	?	?

Yesterday and The Day Before

With Apologies to Walter Lippmann

The depression is now beginning its fourth year. We arrive at this patently indisputable conclusion by simple deduction. The crash came in the fall of 1929, and since then the following years have come and gone in that order: 1930, 1931, and 1932. This is an obvious truism.

However, the man in the street does not understand all this. He must be shown a calendar with each month of each of the three years torn off (and from the above facts I believe everyone will agree that three years *have* passed). If the members of the House of Representatives would spend less time discussing the Spanish War Veterans' pension bill and more time taking U. S. citizens around and showing them calendars with the months torn off, this country would be in far better condition. This is an obvious truism.

* * * *

If we look still more closely at the available data, notwithstanding, nevertheless, however, we discover that socialism is not the panacea its adherents claim it to be. Granted that if a given amount of money were distributed among a given number of persons each would receive a given amount, as Mr. Foster so admirably expresses it, this still leaves us with our original problem, namely, who is to supply the amount given? If the members of the House of Representatives would spend less time making motions of adjournment, and more in discussing ways and means of producing a given amount of money, the theory might be tenable. But until that time we can hardly expect socialism to take a firm hold on the man in the street. I do not believe this money should be distributed pro rata *sine qua non* to each and every individual. The man in the street is no more accustomed to the feel of money than are you or I. Indeed, extremely fortunate are those people who have *seen* money, let alone felt it in the last three years (and I believe we can safely say that it has been three years). Money is scarce now and this is because the Federal Reserve Board has ignored all the economic laws which govern supply and demand. This is an obvious truism.

* * * *

Under our representative system of government, any American citizen is eligible for election to Congress. It has been the unfortunate lot of this country to fall prey to as voracious a pack of politicians as has ever beset the legislative chambers of any nation. This sounds suspiciously like hyperbole until we glance at that barrel of pork in the form of a public works bill submitted recently by Senator Wiffer of Iowa. His suggestion that every unemployed male be given a pension of five dollars a month until the depression is over would be laughable if times were not so hard. The depression did not originate in this country, but abroad. The simple but effective remedy—and I believe the man in the street will agree with me in this—would be to find the country in which the depression originated and take it off the map. It is a blot on the escutcheon of modern civilization. Such an act would not only efface the blot but would relieve the congestion on the map of Europe. The place of the obliterated country could be taken by either (a) the Atlantic Ocean, or (b) Russia, and no one would be the wiser. This is an obvious truism.—KRUG.

—*Yale Record.*

"Ask her if she has a brother."

—*Cornell Widow*

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ALEX MACFADYEN ..... *Exchange Editor*

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Editorial

Some months ago the BUCCANEER drew up and presented a plan by which the various publication staffs might select their own editors. The *Yackety Yack*, the *Tar Heel*, and the *Carolina Magazine* favored the proposal, and they indorsed it individually.

The student council failed to agree as to the merits of the "BUCCANEER proposal." The president of the student body frankly opposed it, and he was responsible for its discussion by the Student Activities committee. The student members of that body voted for the plan, but their ballots were outnumbered by those cast by the members of the faculty and administration present. "The plan will not work," it was contended. "Of course, the staffs are in a proper position to realize who are best qualified to edit the publications, but too much room will be left for politics. Official staff nominees should be chosen, and these will certainly be elected into office."

And that settled it. Official staff nominees were chosen, and candidates were set up by self-appointed campus leaders to oppose them. The students went to the polls, and they put one staff favorite into office. They figured that politicians who care nothing about building publications, but only for the satisfaction of being considered powerful, were in a better position to name the best qualified editors than were those who have spent many hours in the offices on the second floor of Graham Memorial.

The newly elected editors will work hard next year, and they will likely get results. Nevertheless, it does not seem right that those who convinced their fellow workers that they should lead them must sit in the background. Why should one labor in the office of a particular publication for three years when those who know he is working will have no voice in his promotion? One with ambition should spend his time slapping backs and getting in with the big shots. They are the ones that determine editorial policy at our very democratic school.

The present situation, all will admit, is not a logical one. The "BUCCANEER proposal" would have guaranteed fair play, and many considered it the best chance for a constructive bit of legislation that has appeared on the campus for a good many years. It is easy to see why it did not go through. A student administration that spends a whole year trying to revise the honor system, finally giving it up as a bad job, and accomplishes nothing else save the sending of a few telegrams to legislators, can hardly be expected to put the control of publications in proper hands.

DICTIONARY OF NATURE TERMS

By Pat Gaskins

Robin—something a jailbird does.

Anemone — something given for certain purposes at the infirmary.

Hepatica—ditto.

Oak—expression meaning all right.

Birch—cross between a burp and a belch.

Buzzard—part of a door bell.

Chicory—a place where chickens are raised.

Lark—a device used to bar doors.

Berry—adverb meaning extremely.

Nuthatch—an insane asylum.

Pansy—a certain kind of flower of uncertain sex.

Beech—a female dog.

CUSTOM ESPANOL

The Song Writer's Lament

Dirge by David Nowinson

He—

O Margerita, fair Senorita,
I'd like to meet you
In the splendor of the moon above,
O just a flower from your fair bower
To brighten this hour of happy love.

She—

Si, si Senor but I deplore
The music that you play,
That instrument was never meant
To smooth the lover's way;
Your modern muse sounds like abuse—
So scram, Senor, make tracks!
You might make par with gay guitar—
But I detest the sax!

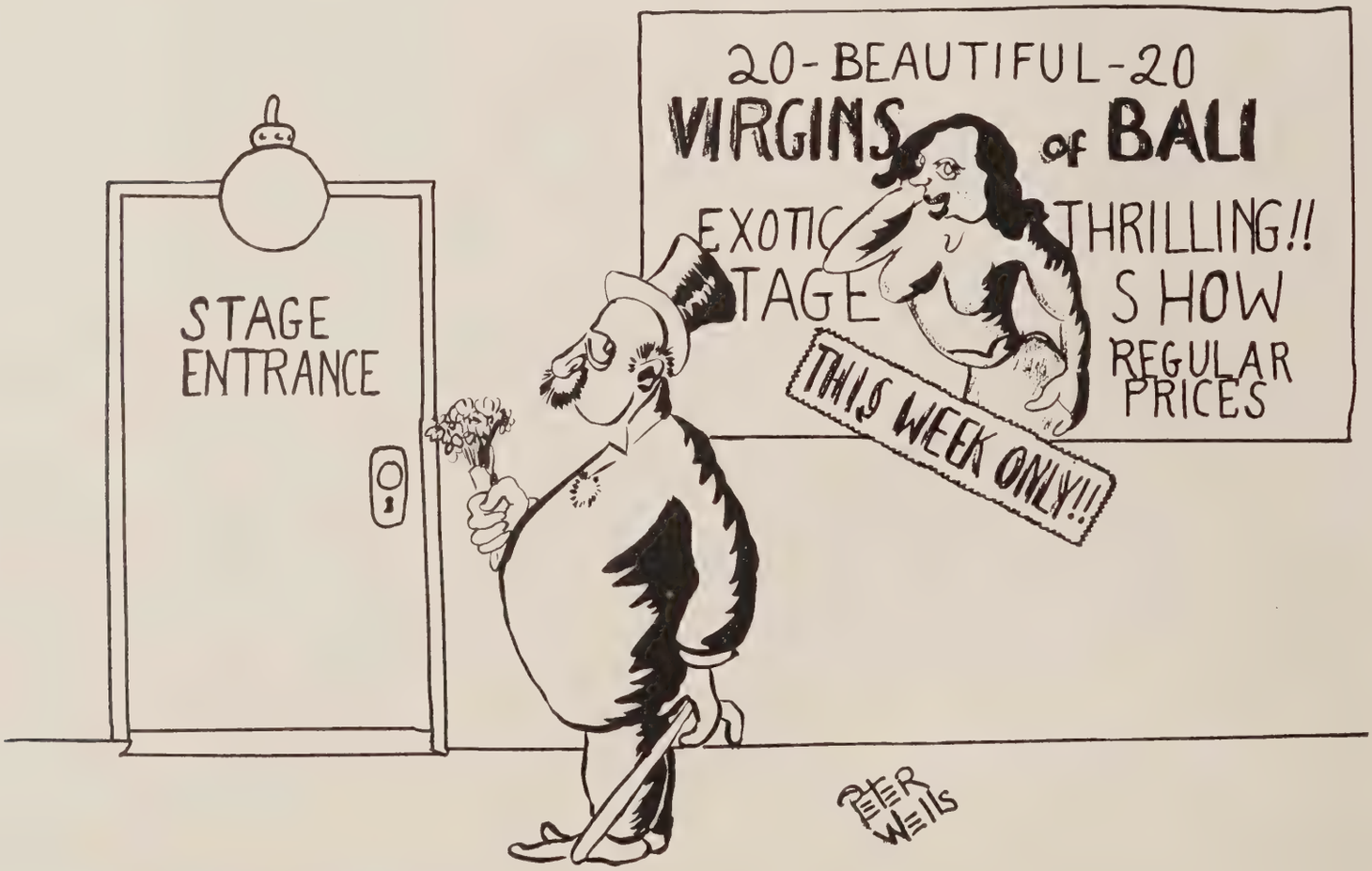
Chorus—

It's a custom in Old Espanol,
So let our accustomed voices roll
To the Romance of Ramona
Who's the Belle of Barcelona
And has never been alone-a
For the boys all telephone-a
Call her up and call her down
In A Little Spanish Town
Where they never sing this way
Till they reach the USA—voices roll—
It's a custom in Old Espanol!

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

"We must stick together in a crisis—"

"Aw, I want a Buick."



—*Yale Record*

Alumni Notes

Charlotte, N. C.
April 15, 1933

Dear Bobbie:

Here I am in Charlotte, the hotbed for psychology departments, football coaches, and the *American Mercury*. The Boston uprising against Upton Sinclair was a sweet, fragrant smell compared to the stink raised by W. J. Cash's article in the aforementioned magazine.

That guy really hit some of these local blue bloods. Of course there were lots of generalizations in the story, but there are many people here who are sitting back laughing at those struck frothing at the mouth.

What Cash said was something many thought but had not the courage to say. Before his article was written, according to the *Charlotte News*, Mr. T. B. Laney wrote in the *Monroe Journal* ". . . while Charlotte has any number of nice people she owns also an excess of those who have time enough left over after minding their own business to mind the business of everybody else. The result is that in Charlotte nobody's business suffers from neglect."

And in case you didn't know it, Charlotte is the state center of a woman's organization that usually makes the front pages because of its inveterate tampering with local, state, national, and international affairs.

It seems that this organization did something worthy at one time, but no one seems to recall what it was.

The reason I went into this subject so rapidly is because I was referring to minding other people's business. The other day I heard a person say, "That group is composed of women who don't understand a family budget, but who hold meetings to solve all problems and advise the Chinese what to do in case of war with the Jappansies. And at the same time their poor husbands are home eating sandwiches, or the house hasn't been cleaned, or the dishes haven't been washed." I don't know whether or not he was correct, but he has my support.

Say, I've been reading the papers—the story was hidden in a bunch of legal advertisements—that there has been some talk about beer. Have you heard anything about it in Chapel Hill?

From what I could gather, the President said to Congress, "Boys, let's go down to the corner and get a mug of beer." And when told there was a law against that, he exclaimed, "What! We'll fix that up." And the law was repealed.

I went in a house here the other day and the host offered me a toddy (it wouldn't hurt aboddy). I asked if he had heard of the 18th Amendment. "No," he replied. "I can't count that high."

Now to get back to the beer question. Some have termed such legislation "meeting the beer question," when it should be stated: meeting the home-brew actuality.

In favor of beer it has been offered that it would increase employment, produce more revenue. But no one has said that it would be good to drink. But I'm going to be against beer—yes, right up against it. And here's hoping the foam gets in my eyes.

I heard the State legislature increased the University appropriation. If it hadn't the psychology department would have used self-help students instead of guinea pigs; the Intimate Bookshop would have absorbed the library; and the Ten Commandments would have been cut to five.

And if the bartering method of exchange is brought back this summer, the college magazine salesmen will look like a walking grocery store. The boys will tell the-lady-of-the-house, "For two cans of tomatoes, I'll give you a year's subscription. Or a two year's subscription for two cans of tomatoes and a can of beans. Or a five year subscription for succotash."

It was proposed here to issue script entitling bearer to one radio, a washing machine, a folding bed, a living room suite, and other accessories. But, if my girl wanted a radio, it would be just my luck that someone else had already got one with my piece of script. And all that mine would get would be a bottle of 666, a package of Bromo Seltzer (the household necessity), and three sets of bath room fixtures.

Well, Bobby, I must close for this time. Yours 'til our school song will be, "Foam, Sweet Foam."

Love and kisses,

BILLY ARTHUR.

Everyone was tense. Expectancy was in the air. "Ball one!" came the verdict. Everyone stirred restlessly, then became tense again. Then, "Ball two!" Someone bit his fingernails; another pulled his hair. Finally, "Ball three!" Then—"Aw, Hell, we can't ball everybody, the house rent comes due this month.

Then there was the Frosh who thought Pi Phi was a bakery sale.

Hither and Thither on Ye Campus

By A. K. B.

In this day when ye campus publications seem to be employing, or should we say degenerating to, scandalous reports on the many males and few co-eds of the campus, word has reached the ears of many that there are a few of the distinguished campus personalities who have thus far been overlooked. And now, I have been employed, *employed* mind you, to bring before you tales of those individuals who so far appear to be not worthy of space in the many, many interesting slander columns. Henceforth, I'll probably be known as A. K. B., he who befriended the forgotten man. Or was it the forgotten co-ed? (In another department of this rag I'll no doubt be referred to as the brotherly shadow befriender.) However, be that as it may, I'll now break into ye old befriending act.

* * * *

On that northern trip the track team recently took Rawlston LeGore was made out something or other of a secularist. In the same sleeping car with the team there was a man with his wife and very small daughter. The mother and father had some difficulty getting the little girl to spend the night in an upper berth, and it was only after they had assured her that Papa, Mama, and *God* would watch over her that they succeeded in getting her to bed. The team was just going to bed to get that nice long sleep in which only athletes indulge. All was quiet in the car.

After some time a small voice piped up:

"Mama?"

"Yes, dear?"

"You there?"

"Yes. Go to sleep, dear."

"Papa, you there?"

"Yes, I'm here too. Now go to sleep like a good little girl."

This continued at brief intervals until the passengers became very much on edge. Not the least affected was the mighty LeGore who cried out:

"We're all here! Your papa and mama, and sisters and brothers, and aunts and uncles, and grandparents! And to top it all off, I'm here! Yes I'M here! Now go to sleep!"

There was a brief intermission after this volatile explosion. Then the tiny voice piped up again, but very softly:

"Mama?"

"Well?"

"Was that God?"

* * * *

Were You Aware of the Fact . . . . that Jack Wardlaw is still rendering bits of syncopation for the patrons of the see and ache cafeteria . . . and also that Archie Davis and his boys, as yet, continue trying to chase them out of that lunar titled establishment . . . Archie Davis and His Incompetent Chasers, as it were . . . that a certain Carolina athlete journeyed many, many miles Mason Dixon-ward during the recent vacation just to get his initial glimpse of his first born . . . that Ellis Fysal, ye campus gendarme, tells the first fish story of the year about the couple that got away from him down at Emerson Stadium the other night . . . that Chapel Hill, ye style center of Orange County, has now possessed itself of a group of mannequins . . . that mannequinning isn't the big bust it was several years ago . . . that a much seen couple succeeded so well in secluding themselves the other night they weren't observed by a single soul, and consequently got locked up in the library . . . that one of the safest banks in the United States is merely an aeronautical expression . . . that Mary Frances Parker has *not* written a poem "lovely as a tree" . . .that a co-ed whose name bespeaks terror into the hearts of Hebrews is slipping . . . that the co-eds are getting the big Hey Hey this week . . . Co-ed Ball for the Spring Quarter, May 5 (Advt.) . . . that Sara Walser has given up the idea of being a menagerie manager . . . what we mean to say is that she's no longer holding that tiger . . . That Jo Orendorff is making a good mark at satisfying the Queen's taste . . . that God oughta take care of all those poor working girls like Edith Harbour's Mary Smith . . . that the Pi Kappa Phi whose name seems to be somewhat congruent with that of the shack has given up the cheaper transporting vehicles, and is now strutting around with a Packard . . . that Al Howard gave up golf due to a general break up in respect to the clubs . . . that the Irish wit, whom bald Archie Boswelled so fluently, should begin his last name with a "p" . . . that Alan Smith, having crossed bows, is now making something of a comeback by getting jolly . . . that even though lawyer Piltz (Sp.) and her holiday petition weren't taken quite so seriously, she certainly saw Red in it . . . that Charlotte Winburne having been in Ehring house on the campus is getting be-Hines on her work . . . that a huge, waxen, Floridian blonde has dropped the play out of playmaking . . . that the Deke phone is being carried to the hands of the receivers these days . . . that a lot of fire should be put into this type of column . . . and then, on the other hand, a lot of these kind of columns should be put into the fire . . .

"Here, I took this with me last night." —*Cornell Widow*

HAMLET, 1933 EDITION

Act III, Scene I ENTER HAMLET

Ham—Aw hell! This lousy life! There ain't no use at all,
There ain't. I've had it in my mind of late
That I should grab a gun and straightway blow my brains,
Ere I am driven ga-ga by recent happenings round this royal dump.
Night, nurtured on crime and anguish, has grown to lengths
Inordinate, and with his sable robe would hide the gleaming
Orb of Day. Stars run wildly through the heavens,
And gorgons spring full-grown from healthy wombs.
Murder, Incest, Arson—Hell's foulest fiends
Run rampant in this cursed land, and monsters born of Vice
Slink through the halls that once my godly father trod.
Ah me! Ah my! Ah me! My Uncle Claudius—the spawn of slime,
The hound of hell—likes the crown and kills my pop—
So say the Shades. And then the Mater hooks him up
And spends the country's hard-earned gold
For the scoundrel's board and keep. I'd like
To punch his nose a time or two, I would.
Dad's ghost says I should fill the rotter full of holes,
His leathery hide so full of vents that the draft about his lungs
Would give his remotest progeny the flu.
But how can I believe a ghost, when men of flesh and blood deceive?
You can't take no one's word nowadays, you can't.
So why not bump myself and end it all?
The grave would bring me peace and rest. Or would it though?
Could I by simple trick dispatch my soul to that good bourne
From whence it came, and thereby make my flesh
To pains and joys forever more insensate? Aye, there's the
Question. Though skeptics all deny it, men of god
Say suicide's a sin, that he who helps himself away
Must suffer poignant pains through all of time.
This thought is bad; it likes me not—in fact,
It makes me sick.
But maybe mortal life is all, and death means dark oblivion.
Or possibly there is no crime in self-dispatch,
And my soul unburdened of mortal clay
Would take its course direct to that house not built with hands.
Methinks that I should like that not.
Choral cacophonies, atrocious harping, mental lightweights
Disporting wings and halos, damp clouds,
Psalm-singing hypocrites . . . . God forbid!
Make suicide a blackest sin, that I may send myself to hell.
But my land and lawsa me! What say I here?
I must be off my nut to talk like this when . . . .
Hark! hold! what ho! I hears me a noise.
It is the gal! I'll slink around the shack
And shake her off my trail.

—Humbug

—*Stanford Chaparral*

What I Did for College

By Jack Oakie

(He interviews himself by looking in a mirror)

Jack Oakie, Sedalia, Mo.'s gift to screendom, and America's favorite comedian, was seated at the piano, idly picking out a few chords with one hand, and his teeth with the other, when I approached, reverently.

"It's just a lot of goulash," explained Mr. Oakie. This was a little baffling, as I hadn't asked any questions yet.

"What is?"

"This Hungarian rhapsody I'm playing," he sneered. I am not used to being sneered at, even by America's greatest comic, and I matched his sneers with another. We spend the next half-hour matching sneers, and he won all of mine.

"Mr. Oakie," I said, getting down to the business at hand, "did you ever go to college?"

"Certainly not," quoth America's jest, "an Oakie never goes to college; college must come to Oakie."

"And did it?"

"Of course. It came by mail." This explained Mr. Oakie's stamp collection, of which he is inordinately proud. He claims to have the largest collection of cancelled two and three cent stamps in existence.

"What college did you attend—er—I should say, what college was mailed to you?" I inquired solicitiously.

"Knox," said Mr. Oakie, vigorously. "Hard Knox."

"And what, if anything, did college do for you?"

"Absolutely nothing. But let me tell you what Oakie did for college. By the way, you look ill, what have you got?

"Measles, if it's any of your business, Mr. Oakie, and what have you got?"

"I've got rhythm, big boy, and that brings us back to our subject: What Oakie did for college. I'm the guy who put syncopation in education. I took 'Alma Mater' and turned it into 'Alma Mammy'; I took cramming and turned it into crooning; I took English Lit. and fixed it so a guy could get lit in any language. I carried the good news from Aix to Ghent; I carried the message to Garcia; and carried on something terrible, so they tell me. I made apple-polishing popular by calling all the co-eds pippins. Find the faculty too small, I introduced a chair of Psycho-Physical relationships; a chair of Formulative Relatitive; a chair of Cumulative Indeterminable Expressionism; musical chairs, and three rousing chairs."

"That seems like quite a task for one man," I said.

"It was a little work, but I managed to get it done in my Freshman year. I never did get to finish the three other years. I couldn't get any more stamps."

"What do you consider the greatest single thing you did for your college?"

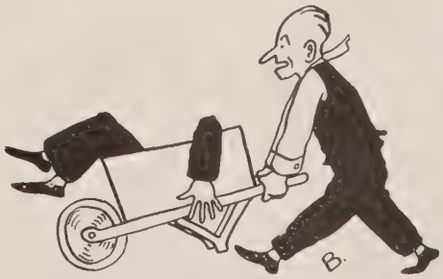
"My most constructive deal, I believe, was the organization of the Hard Knox football team. Through my own individual efforts we went through three consecutive seasons without scoring a point. We played the hardest schedule in the country—Notre Date, Southern California, Tulane, Michigan, Pittsburgh, Stanford, Alabama, Texas and the Army and Navy forever. Despite all their efforts to smash our great record we never crossed a goal line. I don't think there ever has been anything like it.

"The fighting heart those boys showed was terrific. Once, I remember, one of our tackles, who had been kicked in the head and was a trifle groggy, fell on our opponent's fumble on their one inch line. What to do? It looked almost certain that we would get a touchdown, and thus blast our perfect record. But Oakie was ready for the emergency. Calling my own signal, I took the ball, ran up to the line of scrimmage, and then whirled around and dashed 99 yards two feet and 11 inches to the other goal for a safety, without a single opponent laying a hand on me. The cheers from our rooting section (they came by parcel post) were deafening. In fact, I'm still a trifle deaf from that ovation. I consider it the crowning achievement of my career. Somebody hit me with a pop bottle."

"It sounds sensational," I admitted, "but how did a correspondence school get a football team together?"

"As captain and coach I worked out the plays, drew diagrams, and sent them to our players. Line plays went by ordinary mail, and passes by air. Then on Saturdays we would congregate in whatever city we were to play. At least I would congregate. To save expenses I was the only one who trav-

(Continued on page twenty-five)



"Yes; Charles, I distinctly remember telling you that her brother was a truck driver."

"Curdled libido, bah!—Constipation!"

—Yale Record

"You hurt my feelings," said the Soph as the co-ed bit his finger.

—"Little brown mug, how I love thee."

Three and a half, ya dope.

She was only a Confederate veteran's daughter, but she wore a union suit.

And then there was the tombstone maker who went bankrupt because he took too much for granite.

"I guess we are both a little light headed," said the Deke as he tenderly embraced the lamp post.

"Oh, for goodness sake," said the sweet young thing as she turned her boy friend down.

RICH RICHARD'S ALMANAC

By Pat Gaskins

It's a wise child that knows its own father.

* * *

A bird in the hand is worth two in the balcony.

* * *

In the spring a pledge's fanny lightly burns and burns and burns and burns.

* * *

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have gather any moss at all.

* * *

Beauty is only skin dope.

* * *

People who live in glass houses shouldn't.

* * *

There's many a slip twist the dress and the hip. (Oh yeah?).

"Let's go fishing."

"What for?"

"Oh, just for the halibut."

Editor's Note: If you don't catch this, it doesn't mackerel of a lot of difference.

KNOWS THE MANAGEMENT

"How many times have we kissed tonight?"

"Twice. Remember when I had to answer the doorbell?"

—The Auburn Cajoler

Little Edith: May I sit on your lap, daddy?

Sarcastic Mamma: No, darling, papa's tired; he's had a hard day at the office.

—Pathfinder

Where Barbers Get Their Information

By Pete Ivey

"It was down in old Joe's barber shop
On the corner by the square
The smut was spread on thick,
And a goodly crowd was there."

Yep, They were all there. Men with long beards, short beards, black beards, white beards, no beards at all, long hair, no hair, and dandruff. Joe, the barber, was going strong. As he rounded the upper lip of his victim who sat hypnotized in the chair, he made known his notions about the diplomatic situation of India in regards to the salt problem. As his razor glided smoothly down the right cheek, he reviewed the latest gossip of Glup street.

* * * *

The reader probably wonders where Joe got all his information. Where does he find out all he knows about politics, sports, gossip, and other mysterious things? This writer has spent a great deal of time investigating to find out the sources of the barber's wisdom; and as a result, a report has been published, revealing all.

Many barbers go to barber college. Joe did. There, they learn much of the wisdom that they impart to the lathered ear of the customer. As a freshman at the University of Barbaria, Joe first enrolled in the school of Smut. He had to take an entrance examination, and he was found to be so evil-minded that they made him dean. Joe made a pretty good dean (as deans go) and was soon promoted to professor in the School of gossip.

Joe's teaching started a movement for the enlargement of keyholes in girls' dormitories. "Gossip," says Joe, "is like fire. A little friction will start it going. The appearance of an old flame will cause a blaze of excitement, and once it gets going, it'll spread like wildfire."

After being thrown out of the department of gossip for spiking a rumor that the house was on fire, Joe entered the business school as a sophomore. Joe was regarded as a financial wizard. He could tell whether stocks would rise, fall, or bounce.

In political science, Joe proved himself to be a Mussolini, a Bismarck, a Napoleon, a Caesar, and a senator from Idaho all rolled into one. What Joe didn't know about world affairs, you could put in a co-ed's bathing suit valise.

In the Pun school Joe was outstanding. As he himself expresses it, "You'll never know real happiness until you make pun of your own."

Joe was cheer leader for the football team. He introduced such yells as:

Fe Fi Fo Fum
Here we are.
Barbarian boys,
RAH! RAH! RAH!

* * * *

Cut their ears,
Cut their necks,
Scald 'em too,
RACKETY REX.

* * * *

Whats the matter with dandruff?
What's the matter with dandruff?

(Continued on page twenty-four)

Twinkbury Gets His Man

(Continued from page one)

and watched Mrs. Pinderbuilts play with her chins.

It was, I had noted carefully, exactly five minutes past eleven when T.T. had left. At ten minutes past twelve the doorbell rang and in walked my friend with a bleery-eyed little man on his arm. He motioned to me and we left discretely as the poor little fellow's wife proceeded to shower endearments on him.

Once more seated in T. Twiddlethrop's rooms, I demanded an explanation. "I confess I am confused, T.T. What amazing discovery did you make in the automobile that so definitely gave you a course of action and which no other person had noticed? It all seems too uncanny to me."

Without a word, Twinkbury reached into his pocket, fumbled around for an instant, and drew forth a tiny object concealed in his hand. "This," he announced, uncoiling a single and immensely long strand of glistening white hair, holding it between his hands that were stretched about two feet apart.

"Platinum!" I hissed.

"And that," he said, "concludes the Pinderbuilt' case."

"But I must say, T.T., that I am not satisfied. How did you know where Mr. Pinderbuilts was when you had only one hair as a clue?"

"Even with you, Bertram, I will go into no more details," he said decisively. And seeing that I could get no more out of him, I presently took my leave, still much puzzled.

Still pondering the mystery, I wandered to the closet, too much occupied with my thoughts even to call Droops, and proceeded to unhook my coat. By chance my eyes fell to Twinkbury's other topcoat. There, glistening on the black cloth of the right shoulder, lay a hair, a long, shining platinum hair.—*Washington Dirge.*

Ode to 3.2

The Teutonic Renaissance

Oh Lager and Schooner and Growler and Stein
Pils'ner 'n' Bach and Sharp Steam—and wine!
The old German band playing Wagner and such,
Long-braided frauleins call orders in Dutch—
The strings of their bodices strain with swell
As they clutch in their paws eight full glasses of—well
We'd willingly sacrifice Saturday's vittles
In view of a Sunday of light beer and skittles.

We love it for better, we'd take it for worse.
The graybeards may call it a plague or a curse.
We'll search for a service of dairyland ilk
And have it sent daily like pasteurized milk.
We'll drink it in draughts and we'll drink it in swigs;
We'll have it with lunch and with breakfast's stewed figs.
Brewery-brewed beer—oh, the thought of it's fine!
But how about three-and-two-tenths-per-cent-wine?

The Beer Garden's back, the speak-easy's gone
The slogan has changed from "wine, women, and song,"
To "Beer, buxom wenches—a bucket of suds."
A toast to the hop-vines and little yeast buds.
May they grow and have families—in some wooden vat.
May malt-makers, brewers—their coffers grow fat.
Up on a table—a toast and a cheer:
Thank Heaven for three-and-two-tenths-per-cent-beer!

—GRAHAM HEID—*California Pelican*

EXCHANGE EDITOR'S LAMENT

Oh pity the poor Exchange Editor,
The man with the scissors and paste.
O think of the man who must read all the jokes,
And think of the hours he wastes.

He sits at his desk until midnight,
How worried and pallid he looks.
As he scans through the college comics
And reads all the funny books.

This joke he can't clip—it's too dirty.
This story's no good—it's too clean.
This woman won't do—she's too shapely.
This chorus girl's out—it's obscene.

The jokes are the same, full of coeds,
And guys who get drunk on their dates,
Bathtubs, sewers, and freshmen,
And stories of unlawful mates.

Jokes about profs and their readers,
Jokes about overdue bills,
Jokes about girls in their boudoirs,
And each is as old as the hills.

Jokes about brides buying twin beds,
Jokes about unwanted kids,
Jokes about Scotchmen and Frenchmen,
Jokes about Irish and Yids.

The clips must be clean for the mothers,
The clips must have sex for the boys,
The clips must be packed full of humor
Or the editor raises a noise.

The cracks must have fire and sparkle,
Sprinkled with damn, louse, and hell,
The blurbs must be pure—and yet filthy
Or the manager swears it won't sell.

O pity the man with the clipper,
He's only a pawn and a tool.
In trying to keep his jokes dirty and clean
He's usually kicked out of school.

—*California Pelican*

Where the Barbers Get Their Information

(Continued from page twenty-three)

Whats the matter with dandruff?
Boooooooooo-ooo-oo-oo-o-o

After Joe left college he kept gathering news and wisdom each day. He overheard conversations and key-holed news and reported it to his audience of the barber's chair.

When Joe was unable to find things out in a peaceful way, he resorted to violence. His favorite method of newsgathering was by extortion. He would hold a razor in front of someone's neck and learn spicy details of many affairs.

I must down to the barber shop.
To the busy shop and tales;
All that I ask are some spicy ones
(Boy they must be whales)
And the barbers cut and running blood,
And a laughing fellow bum;
And quiet sleep and sweet dreams,
After a great big stein of rum.

Danger

The jungle was dark as pitch; a sinister breeze moaned softly as it stirred the leaves of the trees; every sound, no matter how slight, seemed to carry a threat of evil. In the distance a lion roared. A lone figure hurried along as softly as possible as if fearing that something would happen. Suddenly there was a stirring of the undergrowth and a low, throaty growl. Turning around he was confronted by two pin-points of light which even as he watched moved closer, and the bushes crackled as if some beast of the jungle were preparing to spring upon his prey. With a swiftness that was amazing the man started running, running as if he were kin to the fleet-footed deer, running as if his very life depended upon it, running as no mortal had ever run before. Then with a blood-curdling yell he sprang full upon the back of the blood-thirsty animal. "Cut," yelled the director, and another one of those damned jungle epics neared completion.

Restaurant Continental

(Continued from page ten)

you all kinds of luck. (He sits down.)

Applause. Somebody whistles and two men blackjack him. They prop him up in his chair, and he looks just as intelligent as before.

Capone: Thank you, Ownie. Now fellows I want you to study your lessons hard and bring home good marks, because you know Uncle Sam is depending on you to make his Continental Restaurants a success and so is your Uncle Al. You must not think of me as a boss but only as a loving parent and bring your little problems to me and I will settle them for you. And now in honor of our visitor let us all stand and sing our song.

All (rising and singing):

Here's to old Al
Ever a pal
And his Restaurants Continental.
We'll work at our books
And smooth out our looks
To make our cafes worth the rental
And we'll fill life with cheer
With food and good beer
In Al's Restaurants Continental.

Curtain

—Notre Dame Juggler

What I Did for College

(Continued from page twenty-one)

eled. If we played Notre Dame in Chicago, the team would be made up of Chicago students. If we played in Southern California in Los Angeles, I'd use Los Angeles students. This served as added deception, because the enemy never knew what man to look out for. They didn't bother about me, but they thought that some unknown might be a star. It used to baffle me a little, too, and sometimes I'd tackle one of the opposing ball carriers instead of my team-mate, as was our custom."

"Would you advise everyone to go to college—or perhaps to have college come to them?"

"No, I couldn't do that. You see it takes an Oakie to get anywhere in this college racket, and, unfortunately, everybody doesn't have one of those giant intellects. After all, no college can really do nothing for nobody."

THE OLD DAZE

The Senior sat at the soda fountain, staring at a Coca-Cola glass half full of a brown brew. He took a meditative sip, and, holding the glass in the air, peered as though he sought in the amber depths something lost, something longed for.

The clerk, a gangling, pimply youth, came and leaned conversationally on the counter. "Pretty lousy stuff, eh?" he opined.

"Indeed, said the Senior, "I fear we have traded our birthright for a mess of pottage."

"I don't know about that," the clerk said. "But this stuff—it's too smooth— it ain't got no bite in it. It's—it's sissy stuff. Did you ever drink beer at Gus's?"

The Senior's face brightened a little. "Ah! Gus's!" he sighed. "There was the place to drink beer. None of this immaculate tiling." He waved his hand contemptuously. "None of this revolting cleanliness. Lots of dirt—and the lousiest bunch of babes I ever saw in one place."

"Yeah," said the clerk sadly, as if the ghosts of the lousy babes were parading before him.

"And ether beer," said the Senior with some heat. "Where can you get ether beer now?"

"I know a guy," the clerk whispered, "that has a whole barrel he bought the day before the law went into effect. But you can't get needled beer nowhere. I drunk seven milkshake glasses of this stuff night before last and never felt nothing."

"You speak with the tongues of angels," the Senior quoted.

"Well," said the clerk, "I gotta closeup now. Listen, if you want to walk home with me, I got some homebrew I just bottled yesterday. It's so green you can't hardly drink it."

They walked down the silent street, and the Senior remarked, "The prospect for the future, I might add, is exceedingly grim. Within a few years the twenty-first amendment will become law. Again the intrusive legislative arm will have strangled a sacred personal liberty. The old landmarks will disappear. The York A. C., the Knickerbocker, the Bachelor's Club—all the old grimy dives will pass into the limbo of auction and technocracy. Mark my words, pal: in five years it will be well-nigh impossible for a man to get a shot of synthetic Scotch!"

His voice trailed off to a whisper barely audible above their echoing footsteps. "The good old days have gone," he murmured. "The good old days—"

"Yeah," said the clerk, dully. "Yeah."

—Yale Record

FALSE ALARM

She: Now, before we start this ride, I want to tell you that I don't smoke, drink or flirt, I visit no wayside inns, and I expect to be back by 10 o'clock.

He: You're mistaken.

She: You mean that I do any of those things?

He: No, I mean about starting for this ride.

—Black and Blue Jay

Prof. in Ethics: I will lecture today on liars. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter?

Nearly all raise their hands.

Prof: That's fine. You're the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter.

—Red Cat

HOUSE PARTY PRAYER

Lord, make her cool
And tall and slim;
Lord, make her one whose eyes
Are full of promises
Sure to be fulfilled;
And may her dancing be
A compliment to gracefulness.
Thus would I have her made—
But, Lord, on second thought,
I think I'll make the girl
Myself.

—Froth

Old Lady (to librarian): I'd like a nice book.

Librarian: Here's one about the cardinal.

O. L.: I'm not interested in religion.

Lib.: But this is a bird.

O. L.: I'm not interested in his private life either.

—Black and Blue Jay

OLD FRIENDS

Dean: Know you? Why I knew you when you and your mother got kicked out of college.

—*Green Goat*

TAKE IT EASY

He: A nice girl shouldn't hold a young man's hand.

She: A nice girl has to.

—*Jack o'Lantern*

And then there was the bright boy who thought he ought to go to the Junior Prom because he was named for his daddy.

—*Masquerader*

"I'd ask you for the next no-break, Marjory, but all the cars are occupied."

—*Humbug*

Strowd Motor Company

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TYPICAL CHARLES BUTTERWORTH REMARK

Boss: Late again!

Clerk: Well, my wife presented me with a baby last night.

Boss: She would have done a lot better with an alarm clock.

Clerk: Come to think of it, that would have been quite an achievement.

—*Exchange*

BEN BERNIE USUALLY IS

She: Gosh, how I envy Winchell, with his ability to spy through key holes and see many things.

He: Why envy Winchell? I would rather be the fellow on the other side of the door.

—*Medley*

Mrs. Brown: Our little Herby is at the top of his class this week. His father is going to take him to the zoo.

Mrs. Jones: Really? We're sending Willie to college.

—*Texas Longhorn*

Mental Specialist: And that habit of talking to yourself—there's nothing to worry about that.

Patient: Perhaps not; but I'm such a damn bore.

—*Punch*

HONEST

"And what foreign language is that Pitt fullback studying in college?"

"English."

—*Penn State Frosh*

Here lies a young salesman named Phipps,
Who married on one of his trips,
A widow named Block,
Then died of the shock,
When he saw there were six little chips.

—*Orange Peel*

He: Do you know the difference between a horse and a man?

She: No, what is it?

He: Gee, you must have had some swell dates.

—*Banter*

Doctor: Well, my good man, have you any temperature this morning?

Patient: No, the nurse took it.

—*Battalion*

Tom Collins' Column

By Bernard S. Solomon

While in Durham the other day a news letter from one of the larger New York houses was brought to my attention and it definitely stated that plaids would be out in suits, except in a very modified degree. In other words, plaids are splendid, but only as accessories. They became too popular and tweeds and stripes, in dignified models are now going to be the "thing." Also, one of the shops definitely says that the drape model is out. They are slightly wrong in this respect. I beg to differ, for those who can wear a very modified drape, the form-fit waist and the broad shoulder effect is very good. Clothes are going conservative. Also, they are going old-fashioned. The more exclusive models are actually out-of-date if one judges from the styles of 1926. Anyway, the old type of coat, with three buttons is supposed to be very good. The coat is most conservative and personally I do not think that it has enough life for the average well-dressed college student.

Went down town the other Sunday afternoon and it was surprising to see some of the swell ensembles. One was a very dark oxford grey coat . . . double-breasted . . . lighter grey slacks . . . white wing tip buck shoes . . . blue madras tab shirt . . . and a blue foulard tie with white background, the figure in diamond shape. Another young man strolled along with a linen coat, white, single breasted . . . white vest . . . dark grey slacks . . . black wing tip shoes with white buck inlays . . . maroon background tie with brighter vermillion figure.

I also noticed that the tweed coat with a pair of odd slacks is very good. The coat on this ensemble was belted back, brown, and vents by the arms, and pleats set near the center of the back . . . grey slacks . . . brown buck shoes . . . and green background plaid wool tie . . . Tan tab shirt, striped.

It will be noted with some apprehension that the seer-sucker suit is back. One good model was a double-breasted grey and white . . . white linen slacks . . . black and white shoes wing tipped . . . and a very unusual tie of white foulard with a grey and blue figure . . . White tab shirt.

THE MESS JACKET

An Important Formal Fashion For Summer Wear

$15.50

For some time Mess Jackets have been growing in popularity for evening wear in warm climates. It is now an important part of every man's wardrobe. In the North as well as the South.

The jacket and vest are white Palm Beach, the trousers are black cut high-rise pleated (allwashable).

Durham Men's Shop
"Style Quarters"

111 W. Main St. Durham

For this spring and summer all sorts of slacks should be included in the wardrobe, but specifically a pair of grey and a pair of white flannels. I'm still one of those people who think that a navy blue double breasted coat with white flannel slacks and white shoes, either plain or wing-tipped with a dark tie looks very well.

Ties are mostly foulard this spring with many different variations of designs. It is most noticeable after the flood of heavy plaids and wools and cashmeres that we had last winter. Sweaters are in all shades and weaves. One particular style is that of a very high waisted sweater in pastel shades with a deep waist-band.

The mess jacket and the swallow tails are still going strong especially in the north-east. I heartily recommend both, but again I want to say that there can be no compromise. With a tux use black or pearly grey studs, a black vest, and black tie. With mess jacket, the white stud set and black tie, and of course nothing but white studs (pearl), white vest, and white tie. Remember no compromises such as I saw at some of the dances a few weeks back. Any other variation from this is incorrect and simply a college lad fad.

Another ensemble that catches the eye and that is in good taste is the dark brown coat, single or double breasted . . . tan slacks . . . tan or brown or white buck shoes . . . brown checked shirt . . . foulard tie with varying shades of red and maroon figures with white thrown in for good measure. The herring bone weave is back with us and always looks good.

Norfolk jackets in white and other colors is very good. For tennis a white shirt with a zipper neck and short sleeves in fancy weave is cool and comfortable. Brown and white shoes are here for good and the brown is deep, usually, though it may vary from deep brown to light tan and still look good. The one thing about tan and white shoes is that they will go with and look good with almost any ensemble of sartorial fashion.

I hope that those who have read this column before will note that there are no puns this time. It is all because of a bet and I think I shall win it.

Thass all.

No Longer

"The Public Be Damned"

But,

"The Public Be Served"

That is the Attitude of

The Buccaneer's Advertisers

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GIRL DISAPPEARS IN THIN AIR

ILLUSION:

The Oriental girl reclines on a sheet of plate glass supported by two slaves. The magician waves a white sheet . . . pronounces a few magic words . . . Presto! She has *disappeared* in thin air.

EXPLANATION:

One of the "slaves" is a *hollow dummy.* When the magician holds up the sheet the lithe little lady disappears completely—into his empty figure.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Here's a trick used in cigarette advertising. It is called "Coolness."

EXPLANATION: Coolness is determined by the speed of burning. *Fresh* cigarettes, retaining their full moisture, burn more slowly . . . smoke cooler. *Dried-out* cigarettes taste *hot.*

Camels are cooler because they come in the famous air-tight *welded* Humidor Pack . . . and because they contain *better tobaccos.*

A cigarette blended from choice, ripe tobaccos tastes cooler than one that is harsh and acrid. For coolness, choose a *fresh* cigarette, made from *costlier* tobaccos.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Smoke Camels...give your taste a chance to sense the difference.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Your CAMELS *are always kept fresh in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.*

No Tricks — just Costlier Tobaccos

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

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BUCCANEER

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To those that are leaving and
To those that return - - - - -

We Wish to Extend Every Good Wish

THANKS

for your hearty co-operation -- your patronage has certainly been appreciated

Laundry Department, U. C. S. P.

THE

CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME X MAY, 1933 · NUMBER 8

BOBBIE MASON ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
BERNARD S. SOLOMON ..... *Business Manager*

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GOLD SEAL

Pasteurized Grade "A" Milk

Gold Seal Milk will see you next year

Durham Dairy Products

INCORPORATED

Chapel Hill Branch 140 E. Franklin St.

Phone 7766

Little Edith: May I sit on your lap, daddy?

Sarcastic Mamma: No, darling, Papa's tired; he's had a hard day at the office.

—*Pathfinder*

Macbeth: Where the hell are those old hags, Banquo?

Voice from nowhere: Don't get excited, Mac old dear, they'll be witches in a minute.

—*Battalion*

"Stick up your hands," came a tense demand from the darkness.

"I can't," came the weak reply.

"Why can't you?" strongly.

"I promised mother."

"What did you promise mother?"

"I promised mother before I came to college that I'd never get stuck up."

Bang, Bang, Bang!

—*Purple Parrot*

He (looking at dental display): There's the set of teeth I want.

She: Hush, don't you know it's rude to pick your teeth in public.

—*Log*

And have you heard the one about the Scotchman who stood so long in the bread line he lost his job?

—*Froth*

Sporting Goods With Distinction

RACQUETS RE-STRUNG

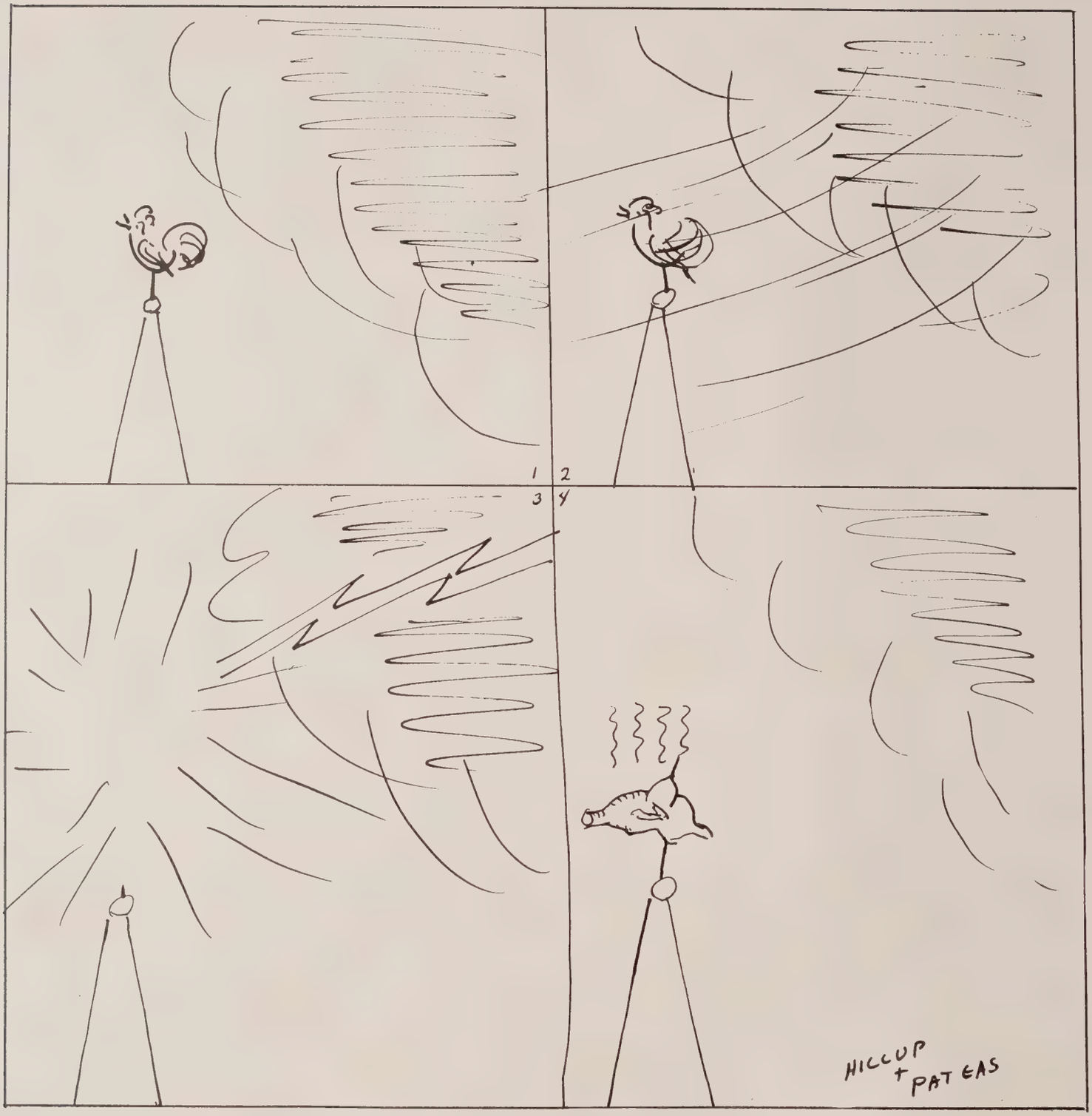
Tennis Balls

Tennis Racquets

Golf Supplies

School Supplies—All Kinds

The Book Exchange



The biology prof. was speaking. "I have here some very fine specimens of dissected frogs, which I will show you." Unwrapping the parcel, some sandwiches, fruit, and hard-boiled eggs came to view. "But, surely—I ate my lunch!" he exclaimed.

—*Froth*

"Whose picture is that?"

"Oh, that's a picture of me when I was a baby."

"Oh, you were a nice bald-headed baby."

"Hey, you're looking at that picture upside down."

—*Pup*

He bowed his head, while his faithful servants filed from the room. Then turning to his God, he knelt as in prayer. Slowly he raised his eyes to the idol. Softly his lips parted, and then as if in prayer, he intoned, "Buddha, can you spare a dime?"

—*Froth*

Spring makes lots of things easier . . . Yeah . . . but what we mean is, in our particular case, it brings some good bands to these parts so that guys like me can make nuisances of ourselves asking the well known leaders foolish questions that they're sick of answering . . . all for the sake of filling up this boring page.

Believe me, dear readers, I did my darndest to try and get Guy Lombardo to talk about modern dance music —but, would he—he would not! And why? Simply because they had just come from that other famous "Garden spot of the South" where they put out some mighty fine music . . . and had a very, very happy time. Yes, you guessed it—Charlottesville. Well, he talked some about his music and some more about those happy times . . . and it's only our place to tell you what he said about his music.

He would talk very little about his band. That is, he didn't use a lot of words . . . but what few he did say certainly expressed a multitude of thoughts. When asked about his constant style as suited to the changing modes of music, he very emphatically stated that it would not change in spite of the erratic changes of musical modes—because it is their style and rhythm that makes them what they are. He modestly realizes the tremendous popularity of his band, and it is this very realization that makes him work constantly to keep satisfying the thousands enhanced by his beautiful music. His music is his life, and the life of the other men in his orchestra . . . and they work at it just as hard as does the professional man at his. One has but to look and listen to be aware of the earnestness with which these eleven men go about their pleasant business of making good music sound better—and likewise one has but to look to see the genuine pleasure and enjoyment they get out of satisfying thousands with their music. The Royal Canadians are a comparatively small orchestra, and therefore the utmost precision is necessary to produce their marvelous rhythm and keep it from that "vacancy" common to so many small bands. They have to work together perfectly. To me, Fred Kreitzer, their marvelous pianist, together with Carmen and Vic Lombardo, Larry Owen, and Derf Higman at the four saxaphones, form the real backbone of their melodic arrangements.

It may interest you to know that the Lombardos practice for a couple of hours, three days a week, except on their tours. Then they practice at odd moments. Carmen said it takes them about two hours to learn a new arrangement or tune, with several additional periods to commit it to memory. After their current tour they will return to the Pavillion Royal at Valley Stream, L. I. for their regular summer engagement. Also their contract with Robert Burns Cigars has been renewed indefinitely, so we'll still be hearing them regularly.

Results of an interesting hour of "shop talk" with Kay Kyser . . . That Novelty Man! Oh my Lord, folks, sitting here listening to Duke Ellington . . . and here he and Ethel Waters go on "Stormy Weather"—that new beauty of beauties. But we'll come to that later. Excuse us Kay . . . but we couldn't forget you in any kind of weather.

Kay talked freely about the currently popular hits, but he also had to be asked to talk about himself and his band. He believes that the now-popular tunes are the most delightful that have ever been composed, and he points to such as "Stormy Weather," "Night and Day," "Let's Call it a Day," Young and Healthy," "Lover," "Strike Me Pink," and the like, to prove his point . . . To quote him: "They all have that 'intangible something', call it 'musical sophistication' if you like, that tunes have never before had." He also pointed out the tendency toward the light, snappy type that is certainly becoming more evident lately . . . as per "Strike Me Pink," "Shuffle off to Buffalo."

With the possible exception of the inimitable Ted Weems, Kay exercised as striking an exhibition of well-chosen versatility as has been seen in these parts recently . . . even more so than the versatile Emerson Gill. As far as his three featured vocalists are concerned, I believe there are few bands in the country, except Whiteman, that can boast such a well balanced selection . . . Benny Cash, with his constant, contagious smile and catchy voice for the average fox-trots . . . Frank Fleming's clear tenor for the dreamy numbers . . . Sully Mason's comic baritone for the novelties.

Kay's answer to that pertinent question as to why his music for the Saturday dances was so much better than it was Friday was simply this: "We were very tired after our 700 mile trip from Albany. We had trouble becoming adapted to the bad acoustics of the Tin Can, and spent Friday night experimenting to find the types of tunes you all enjoyed most.

During his recent trip, Kay had met with great success at the Junior Proms at Ohio State, Penn State, and the Spring Dances at Iowa State before journeying to his "Garden Spot."

We heard the other day that Paul Tremaine had been contracted for this year's June German. Lord help you North Carolinians if he's as lousy as he was this time last year. We know how bad he was here last year, and we also know he almost caused the lads and lassies at William and Mary to walk off the floor. Seriously though, it isn't much wonder that such things happen if the folks are as careless about their contracts as was the Junior-Senior committee about theirs with the renovated Bert Lown "and his ten men." That's an

"Gimmie a glass o' billiards. I'm an ole billiard drinker."

old trick with these cagey maestros.

"STORMY WEATHER". Yeah, it's raining outside right now, but that's not what we're talking about—"Destined to be the greatest hit of the past three or four years"—Kay Kyser . . . "One of the swellest tunes written in the past ten years. It can't help but be tremendously popular"—Guy Lombardo. These were the exact words of these two popular maestros when questioned about this new sensation that, although only about three weeks old, has already created a great to-do. On the strength of that I guess I can throw in my two-bits.

"Stormy Weather" was written for the present "Cotton Club Parade," by Harold Arland, and introduced recently by Duke Ellington. Let's try and see just what it has that makes it so popular. Firstly, it is most unusual . . . It is the rhythm that really "gets" One . . . It is, as all fine music should be, suggestive of the mood of its lyric . . . not nature's storms are depicted, but rather the mood and expression of a lonely person, for whom "life is bare—gloom and misery everywhere." Regardless of all this it is a darned swell tune, and the past month would have still been a success if no other tunes had been written.

Medley from STRIKE ME PINK . . . on a big record by ANSON WEEKS is a really fine record that is a big asset to anybody's Victrola. "Let's Call It a Day," "It's Great to Be Alive," and the title song, are the most popular tunes from this popular show.

HOLD ME and I CAN'T REMEMBER . . . Two fine new slow Fox-Trots . . . played in the usual EDDIE DUCHIN style on a Victor.

SOPHISTICATED LADY . . . The Duke's composition recorded very well by another famous dusky lad, DON REDMAN. The novelty tune, THAT BLUE EYED BABY FROM MEMPHIS.

LOVER . . . and . . . MAYBE I LOVE YOU TOO MUCH . . . More of the LOMBARDOS doing two swell slow numbers to make one of the best slow numbers of the month's releases graces the other side.

I'LL TAKE AN OPTION ON YOU . . . and I DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE WITH YOU . . . Both of these swell tunes are enjoying tremendous popularity and go to make this disk the best all-around one of the month. TED FIO RITO and his fine time do the job very well.

That's the crop, lads, and as healthy a one as we've had this year. They'll all look well in anybody's collection so don't miss them.

Abie (waving hand): Please, teacher, may I be excused?

Teacher: No, Abie, you stay in and fill up the ink-wells.

—Purple Cow

TRAGEDY

Ben be nimble
Ben be quick
Ben fall over the candlestick.
Ben burnie.

—Orange Peel

DEPRESSION SONG

Graduation's over,
I am done.
Hallelujah!
I'm a bum.

—Orange Peel

She: Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!

He: Touch your lips?

She: No, touch my liquor.

—Masquerader

And then there was the Scot who died on the way to the electric chair. He happened to think that he was paying for his crime.

—Log

Nell: Was your husband flirting with all the good looking girls on your voyage to Europe, Genevieve?

G.: No, he was strictly on the urp and urp.

—Battalion

Carolina Moon

"You really must see my aunt's collection of statues of virgins and other curiosities."

—Rammer-Jammer

Little Nellie, in the park,
Said she feared the naughty dark,
Little Willie took his knife,
Slashed her throat and took her life.
Now though Nellie's steeped in gore,
She doesn't fear the dark no more.

—Orange Peel

A group of people of this community went opossum hunting Tuesday night, but didn't catch anything as it rained and the wind blew very hard. All who went had lots of fun.

—Rome (Ga.) News-Tribune

Especially the opossums. They laughed like hell.

—Exchange

"Say, do you think it will be all right if I ask Jane for a kiss tonight?"

"You don't order rootbeer in a speakeasy, do you?"

—Owl

1st Punster: I've got a date tonight.
2nd Convict: Fie! Fie!
1st again: No, Pi Phi.
Editor: Phoo!

—Widow

Never leave your car parked on a lonely road without locking the doors; some one may swipe your other seat.

—Rammer-Jammer

"I don't see where we can let this political speaker sleep tonight—all the beds are full."

"Oh, that's all right; he always brings his own bunk."

—Purple Parrot

FATE

My cup is bitter!
Fate is unkind!
Fate! Fate!
Fate! Fate!
Fate! Fate! Fate!
Team! Team! Team!

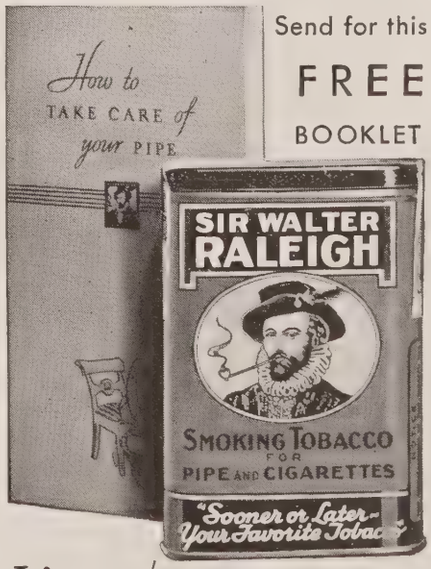
—Sun Dial

ΦBK

yet he flunked feminology

A SHORT CHEER for this poor boy . . . and a *very* short one. When he figured that the ladies love a pipe smoker, he was right. But he ought to be told that they don't like heavy, soft-coal tobacco, in a soggy chimney of a pipe. He'll pass "feminology" the minute he starts smoking Sir Walter Raleigh in a well-kept briar. This fast-growing brand pleases the persons at both the stem and the bowl ends of the pipe by its aromatic mildness and rich, satisfying flavor. Young man, on your way to Greek class, stop in any tobacco store and spend the most useful 15 cents you ever spent for a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco. It's kept fresh in gold foil.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-35



Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

"Aw, quit yer shovin'."

The Carolina BUCCANEER
University of North Carolina

Volume X | May, 1933 | Number 8

BUCCANEERING

"The road to Hell is paved with good intentions." At present we have very good intentions. We are going to try to take some of the filth out of the Buccaneer, and replace it with material as the campus affords. No more will the Editor of the Buccaneer shake with fright as he sees the approach of one of the members of the Publications Union or a student council member. When he goes to the library he will not be forced to slink around by the Law building so that the eagle-eyed people in South building will not see him and call him to account for his misdeeds. Now the students will be able to send their Buccaneers home, and Grandma can enjoy good wholesome fun. Students won't laugh so hard, and there will be less danger of Doctor Roberson having to treat cases of lackjaw. Best of all there will be less thefts of our own comic. The Buccaneer will fall back into the dilapidation and complacency of the *Daily Tar Heel* and the *Carolina Magazine*.

We would like to announce some of the changes in policy. The word gut is to be referred to only in extreme cases. The word intestines will be used. If we wish to refer to cat-gut in speaking of tennis, we will say feline intestines. The word co-ed has come to have an evil connotation. It has a vague and subtle allusion to sex, and the members of the Buccaneer staff must not think, see, feel, nor hear evil. The women students will be referred to as the "Ladies of Carolina." There will be no reference to strong drink—or Gooch's beer. Carolina students are Gentlemen, and Gentlemen do not drink—except in case of snake-bite or some other catastrophe. There will be no more cursing in the columns of the Buccaneer. Boulder Dam will be mentioned in an emergency as Boulder water-fall-support. Hell from now on is Hades, Dern is My-goodness-gracious, and Gosh is Hot-cha-cha-cha. Administration officials will not be referred to as "those czars up in South building," but as the Ladies and Gentlemen of the administrative department. Profs will not be called Goofs, Pains, Morons, or Blackguards, but will be recognized as the professors of this fair institution. We wish it to be clearly understood that the Bell tower will not be expressed as that dam unsightly $0&x$x", but as the Morehead-Patterson Memorial. Freshmen Chapel will be Freshman Chapel and not Bradshaw's Bore. Dean Carroll will remain as is.

We sincerely hope the students will bear with us in our efforts to make the Buccaneer pure.

Fe-Fi-Fo-Fum

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest. Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum," "Avast there," "Stretch him on the yard-arm," "Let him walk the plank," and other expressions of piratical significance. From now on the Buccaneer is going to be run on more of a pirate-like basis. We steal jokes, cut throats, need shaves, cuss terribly, and commit other indignities worthy of the dastards of the high seas, and we intend to be recognized as the pirates that we are. Anyone coming into the Buccaneer office will have to suffer cruel tortures; we will read them some of the poetry that the *Carolina Magazine* uses. That worthy periodical shares our humble workshop. E. C. Daniel hasn't been seen since we threatened to cut off his appendages.

The Buccaneer has again put out to sea (and what you'll see will be plenty). Yo ho, my hearties, let's put their eye balls out.

Graduates

The spacious lawn of the Graduate Club has been given over to the inmates of that building for any games that the over-worked thirsters for knowledge may desire. The other day one of the Buccaneer scribes happened to be passing the Graduate Club on his way to Graham Memorial from Swain Hall, and he saw the dignified Graduates on their knees on the ground. There were about eight of them, all told, in a circle resembling a huddle. "I wonder what they are doing," thought the valiant Buccaneer reporter. "They can't be praying; they are making too much noise." The upright representative of the Buccaneer approached the circle so as to maintain a standing-room observation of the affair. He heard one of the group yell, "Things." He heard a slight metallic click come from the group. "You're fudging," shouted a Graduate a moment later. The astounded reporter got a closer view of the proceedings and then fled to the Buccaneer suite in Graham Memorial. He related the queer happenings of the batty Graduates to the unbelieving group of masterminds, who compose the staff of the Buccaneer. Investigation was made, and spies verified the story. Without doubt it was true! The Graduates were playing dinks. In an interview late last night one of the participants in the game announced, "We find rest and relaxation in marbles. Our strenuous duties demand a light form of amusement."

With this thought, the Buccaneer smashes through with a brilliant suggestion. Why not have intramural marbles and horse-shoe-pitching? And don't forget that it was the editor of the Buccaneer who mentioned this; so when the intramural managerships are dished out, give us a good job and a comfortable salary.

Advisory Board

Next year the Buccaneer will be favored with an advisory board to criticize the material that goes into this brilliant publication. This board is not a censor board. They merely advise. They are to be appointed by the president of the student body. We are extremely grateful for this effort to relieve us of part of our responsibility. Now if anything shocking is read in our magazine, don't blame us, blame the advisory board.

Wisecrack

The former editor of this publication wrote a sizzling editorial in last month's Buccaneer about how ashamed the student body ought to be for electing the present editor. Getting that load off his mind must have been a great relief, because he has been pretty nice since. We are glad he got it out of his system. The student body doesn't know what a fix they are in. A dam sophomore is editor of the Buccaneer. He can't write or make up jokes, and he's no artist. He has never seen the inside of a printing office, and he's just no dam good anyhow.

If you don't like this Buccaneer, tell us; if you do like it, tell Mason.

Opportunity

If you are not mentioned in the Buccaneer this time, don't get discouraged. We intend to keep our campaign promise of representing the whole of the student body. If you are not satisfied with the service, come around and tell us or drop us a card. If you do like it, do the same. Every man, woman, and child is invited to send in contributions. Fan mail is welcomed. Anybody wishing to print some scandal about someone else may get their wish by rubbing Alladin's lamp and paying the regular advertising fee. Platt Landis is our Bouncer. If you object to what is printed, see our contact man, Platt.

Farewell

We have to quit now, but don't forget we'll be back next year (if the student loan fund holds out). You seniors won't be back here in the flesh, but believe us, you'll be here in our memories. We count some of the fellows who are leaving our best friends, and if we stay here the rest of our life, we won't find any pals like the ones we had in the class of '33. So boo-hoo, sob, sob; and we go to press.

"One more crack about me in the Buccaneer and you're out of school."

"Take your choice, ditch-digging or reforestation."

Let not ambition mark our useless toil,
Our homely puns and jokes obscure,
Nor the Tar Heel hear with a disdainful smile
Our attempts to make the Buccaneer pure.

Ghandi is certainly leading a fast life.

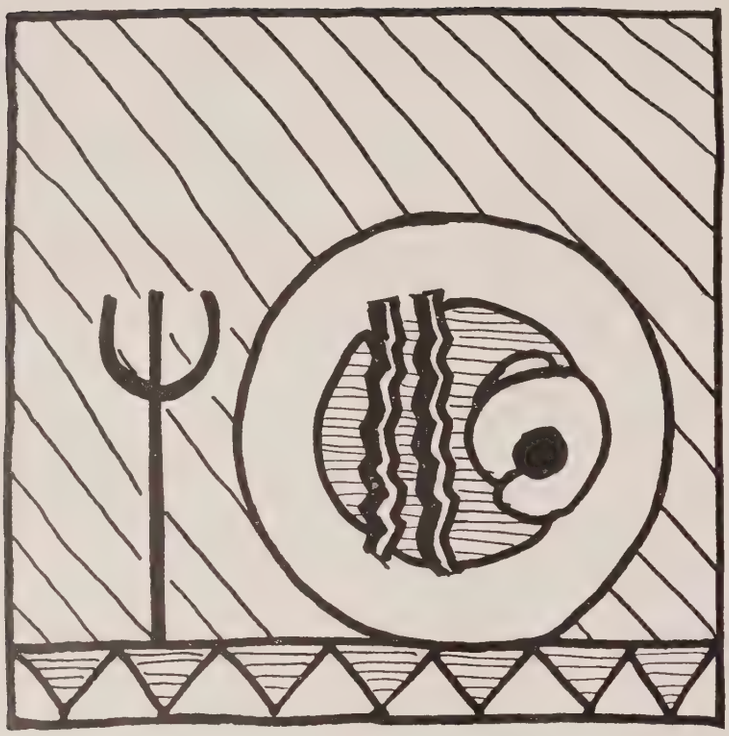
That undertaker sure knows his buries.

"How's your appetite?"
"What tight?"
"Happy tight."
"Oh, it's whet. Whet's yours?"
"Whet as water."

Ill fares the land,
To hastening ills a prey,
Where seniors graduate,
And jobs decay.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.
It's Saturday, and the students start to stray.
The thumbing herd signals along the roads;
Leaving Chapel Hill to darkness, and croaking toads.

There are two kinds of women: Those who neck and those who eat garlic.



At a recent art exhibit
This very modernistic
Painting was displayed
And the artist asked
Those viewing it
What they thought
It represented.
One sullen guy:
"The Morning After."
A student ventured:
"Infirmary Blues."
Another cooed:
"Sunrise Over Egypt."
Someone whispered:
"Soul in Torment."
Another offered:
"Anger in the Abstract."
The artist smiled
And explained gently:
"It's a plate of
Bacon and eggs."

Under the Davie Poplar
The politician stands,
Such a mighty man is he
With his influential hands.

NOTICE:—All seniors will be required to attend graduation exercises. Attendance will be checked.

Rich Richard's Almanac

(*By Pat Gaskins*)

Too many books spoil the sloth.

* * *

A good time at home is worth two in the bushes.

* * *

Birds of a feather come from the Bronx.

* * *

There are more fish in the sea than have ever gone to college.

* * *

The way of the wicked is a lot of fun.

* * *

A myth is as good as a Milo.

* * *

He who hesitates hasn't been around.

* * *

Men make the woman.

* * *

The cigarette song—"There's a Cabin in the Carton."

* * *

"Who was that wench I seen you with last night?"

"That won't no Winchell. That was my wife."

Moron: Do you know what the cow said to the bull when the farmer passed by?

Imbecile: No. What?

Moron: That man should be very influential in politics, because he sure has some pull.

First thief: How did you know that wasn't the Pi Phi house?"

Second college boy: The shades were down.

For years he had been waiting for this moment, and at last it had arrived. He had always wondered just what he would do under these circumstances which had just arisen, and now he was unable to concentrate. People were milling around him, and yet he had never felt so alone in his whole life. Silently he prayed for succor and at the same time damned his inferiority complex. Timidly he touched the sleeve of the person next to him to ask what he should do, but suddenly overcome with embarrassment, he turned aside to make it seem an accident. Still he felt afraid. Would the inevitable outcome never arrive? Ahh—he breathed a sigh of relief, for his name had just been called, and the senior was now sure that he would get his diploma.

Senior Poetry

(By Jack Lowe)

The senior is
A funny
Guy,
Who sits and
Thinks all
Day
And as he sits,
Think what he
May,
A passing Frosh
Will look and
Sigh,
"Now who the hell
Is that poor
Guy."

Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like a rumble.

I'd like to see a grad,
Come back here sad.

After the commencement,
Begins the entrenchment.

A senior wears his sweater,
In spite of the weather.

When a girl graduates
Let's see who she dates.

With commencement near
It's nice to have beer.

Peter Rabbit: What's the difference between a jellyfish and a dog?
Fido: I'll bite.

SONG OF THE EDITOR

Any jokes, any puns, any cartoons today?
It's the same old story in the same old way.

"Just a quip off the old knock," said the humorist as he bantered a dirty crack.

"May ah cut in, honey."

Several persons have been in the office recently, demanding to know the meaning of the cover for last month's issue (the exchange number). We have been unable to get in touch with Mason to ask him, but we'll take it upon ourselves to venture the following explanations:

1. It may be a hen-pecked husband giving his wife a dollar to keep quiet.
2. It may be a husband getting bawled out for getting sucked in on a phoney dollar bill.
3. It may be the payoff of a man to the question, "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"
4. It might be instructions to the errand boy.
5. It might be Frankie going off Johnnie's gold standard.
6. It might be most anything.

Of all the fishes in the seas
I'd rather be a bass,
And then I'd climb into the trees,
And slide down on my hands and knees.

"Hold your breath!"
"Can't. It's too strong."

A pocket-book has been found on the campus containing twenty-five dollars. The owner will please gather in front of the Y. M. C. A. tomorrow to claim it.

"That Lux like beer."
"Let soap it ain't nothing but foam."

Acme Furriers,
New York.
Dear Sirs:

The class of 1933 would like to know if you would be interested in buying 400 sheepskins. They would make several dandy fur coats. We will sell cheap.

Sincerely yours,

John Jones, *Treasurer.*

Friend: Why didn't you graduate?

Football Player: It was all on account of mixed signals. I signaled to the professor for a pass, but I fumbled on the third question and was thrown for a loss.

Mary had a little lamb;
Now she has a sheepskin.
Four long years she studied hard;
Muttons the fate of the lambkin.

"Young man," said the distinguished gentleman, "after receiving your diploma you must be inspired with some overwhelming ambition. You must be possessed with the desire to do some great deed. What is it?"

Senior: "I would like to give the Dean a swift kick in the pants."

"What does U. C. S. P. mean on all the laundry trucks?"

"You can't swindle Paulsen."

Shakespeare: Verily, this is the *Twelfth Night* ye have fed me this hash.

Mrs. Shakespeare: Well, call it *What You Will.*

Daughter: Pa, can I smoke?
Pa: I'll see you inhale first.

It was registration day on the floating University. To register it was necessary to have been formerly enrolled in some college or University. The registrar called out the names. "Jones," he called.

"Yale," said Jones.

"Pass," said the registrar. "Williams."

"Princeton," was the answer.

"Pass. Smith."

"Carolina."

"Come right in and have a seat. We hope everything is made comfortable for you. Next, Burns."

"Duke."

The registrar turned to an assistant: "Take this man, give him a bath and throw him to the fishes."

The rise and fall of Mr. Politzuski:
Frosh—Hide tanned.
Soph—Pig skin.
Junior—Golden Fleece.
Senior—Sheep skin.
After college—Skinned.

And then there's the one about the lad in correspondence school who played hookey by sending them a blank envelope.

"Where's the Pi Phi house?"

"Find your way down to the shack, and then it's just around the corner."

"Say, I thought this was a democratic campus."

She was only an absent-minded professor's daughter, but she left her scruples at home.

There was a co-ed from Ca'lina,
Who liked nothing more finer
Than have a few joys
With some of the boys,
But first you must winer and diner.

BURNING OVEN

STEAKS COOK
BUT THE MAN LIVES..

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

ILLUSION:
A roaring fire was built in an oven...the temperature rose to 600° F. Into the oven walked the "fire" king, M. Chabert, carrying several raw steaks. A few minutes later the doors were flung wide and out he stepped...safe and sound...with the steaks thoroughly cooked.

EXPLANATION:
Heat rises. When Chabert entered the oven he hung the steaks *above* the fire, then dropped to the floor at the *side*, covering his head with a hood made from his shirt. He breathed through small air holes in the floor.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

"The Burning Oven" is an old illusion which has played a leading rôle in cigarette advertising. Its modern name is "Heat Treatment."

EXPLANATION: All cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette was manufactured under the heat-treating process. Every one of the billions of Camels produced since has received the necessary heat treatment.

Harsh, raw tobaccos require intensive processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally *mild,* call for only a moderate application of heat.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

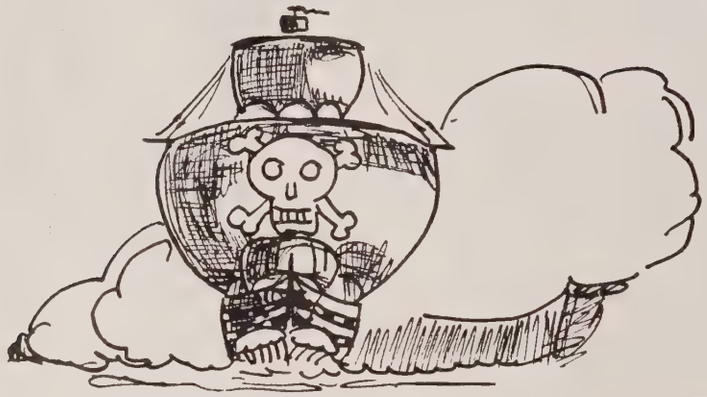
Try Camels...always fresh, in the air-tight, *welded* Humidor Pack.

KEPT FRESH IN THE WELDED HUMIDOR PACK

NO TRICKS... JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

BUCCANEER



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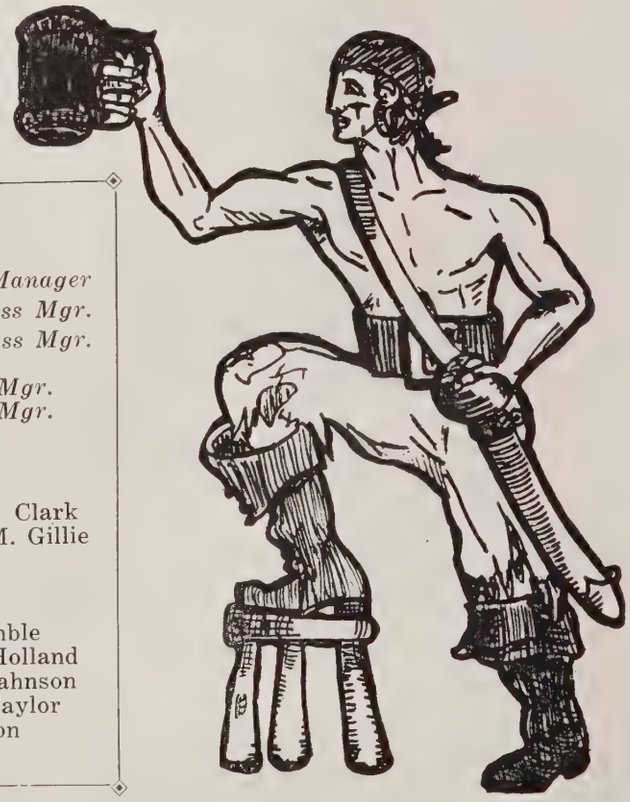
PLATT LANDIS ..... *Bouncer*



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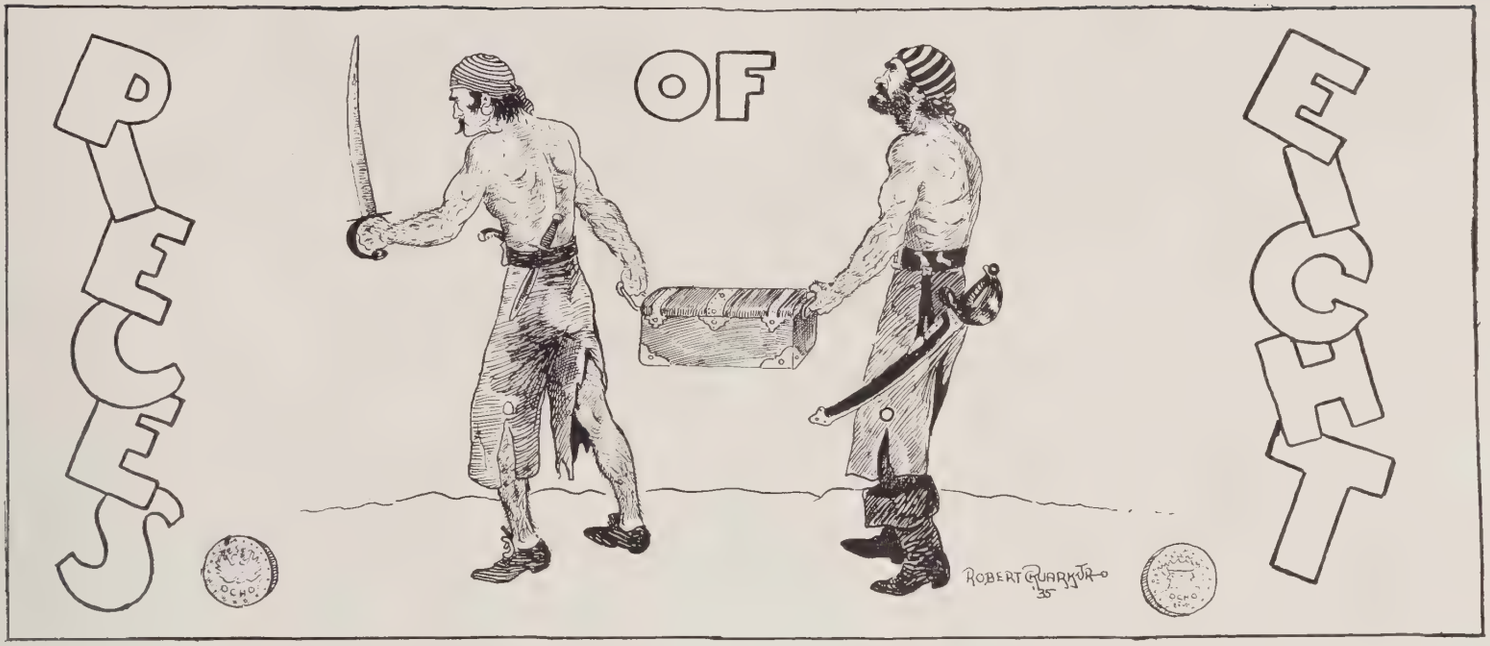


STAFF ELECTIONS

So much rumpus has been raised this year about staff elections that it may be well to announce the attitude the new administration will take in regard to this pertinent question.

At the present time it is the Editor's privilege to appoint the associate and assistant editors and the members of the art and editorial staffs. It is also his privilege to remove these men from the staff. Whether it be for personal or political reasons, he would be able to find excellent alibis for getting rid of any member of the staff.

The Editor is in a position to control staff nominations. A few of the weaker members of the staff might be afraid of his influence as editor. He could use the personal friendship of staff members for political purposes. He could promise promotions for votes, and he could admit enough men to the staff who favored his political schemes to carry out any plan he wanted. He could fire the radicals.

If the Editor were interested in a certain man to succeed him as editor of the Buccaneer he could openly support him, even though it be against good taste for an editor to favor one of his subordinates. He could belittle the abilities of the man he did not wish to become editor.

The Editor would be in a position to fool the faculty, the administration, and many students with such high sounding phrases as "The staff is in more of a position to recognize the ability of its members than is the student body," "Crooked campus politicians will control the publications," "No politics will enter into the choice of editor if the staff does the choosing," and "The man of ability will be chosen if the staff elects."

The above statements are imperialistic. I intend to follow an opposite course entirely. The man who does the best work on the staff will be given the highest recognition, and an equal chance will be given to all contributors. The policy of favoritism that has previously been followed will have no place on my staff.

It has generally been found that members of the staffs of the various publications have been more interested in politics than the general run of students. There is a much greater probability of a frame-up in a staff election than in a campus election. The staffs are usually composed mostly of fraternity men. The non-fraternity man wouldn't have a chance.

SENIORS

Four long years, possibly five, have passed and with them another class of seniors are going into the wide, wide woild to make their fortunes running filling stations, orange juice stands, and for president. They have given much to the University in the way of tradition, marks in scholarship, notes for unpaid fees, and empty bottles containing aromas, nothing else. Soon too they will be nothing but aromas; they will have been forgotten except for perhaps a few who have made themselves known on the campus. A few more weeks and they will be merely John Jones '33, but each has received an education, something that will never be erased from his memory. The Buccaneer wishes everyone of you *bon voyage* in your trip into the world of business and trouble.

Co-ed: You're the first man I ever kissed.
He: Don't apologize. You'll learn by and by.

The Standaco Oil Co.,
New Joisey.

Dear Sir:

I have just graduated from the University of North Carolina with high honors. I majored in law and minored in government. I have completed courses in philosophy, pharmacy, chemical engineering, journalism, Psychology, higher Calculus and trigonometry, Business administration, and Political economy. If you have a vacancy in one of your service stations as third assistant windshield wiper, I believe myself capable of handling the job.

Respectfully yours,

J. Kingsbury Hemingway,
A.B., LL.B., Ph.D.

HOLD THAT TIGER

Now little Sara Walser
Is a girl they all adore,
Admirers of the silent type
She has them by the score;
And if you asked where she obtained
Him with whom it's fun to coo;
You'll soon learn that she found him
In a menagerie or zoo.

"And to what do you contribute your success," asked the reporter of the jockey who had won a thrilling race through rain and mud.

"I owe it all to me mudder," said the jockey.

"Just a sip off the old bock," said the sailor as he quaffed another stein of beer.

Scat Song—"Let's put out the cat and go to sleep."

With June around the corner
And summer nearly here,
My thoughts right now are turning
To that sweetest little dear.

On summer days I'll see her
And tenderly caress
The loveliness of all her charms,
My everlasting Tess.

We'll go through fields of clover
And over hill and dale,
Oh, I have planned it all so well,
I simply cannot fail.

Now brothers do not doubt me;
At such things I'm a wow.
For years and years and years and years
I've milked that dam old cow.

Did you hear of the case of seven year itch that started from scratch?

Song of the Itching Hog—"Dream Train, Please Curry Me Back."

'Twas a cold wintry evening. The next train wasn't due to pass through the little village until the following day. The usual traveling salesman knocked on the door of the farmer's house. A beautiful girl, aged eighteen, answered his knock.

"Could I get a room here for the night?" he asked timidly.

"Luckily you can," was the reply. "Grandfather happens to be out of town for the night, and we can put you up in his room."

Sometime later, after the salesman had retired, a slight tap was heard at the door. "Come in," he said.

The young girl opened the door and enquired in a tremulous voice, "Do you want company?"

"Yes," said the visitor with passion trembling in his husky voice, "come right in."

"Oh, I wasn't coming in," smiled the maiden. "I just wanted to tell you that Grandfather was home."

Something to Say

—not just saying something

A friend of CHESTERFIELD writes us of a salesman who had "something to say":

> "I dropped into a little tobacco shop, and when I asked for a pack of Chesterfields the man smiled and told me I was the seventh customer without a break to ask for Chesterfields. 'Smoker after smoker,' he said, 'tells me that Chesterfields click . . . I sell five times as many Chesterfields as I did a while back.' "

Yes, there's something to say about Chesterfields and it takes just six words to say it—"They're mild and yet they satisfy."

they Satisfy

© 1933, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

THE RAW DEAL

Dedicated to Our Graduating Politicians

". . . And all the presidents of the student body will be Dekes."

Campaign Promise Section

A L'Ogden Nash

(By Pat Gaskins)

President-reject of the student body,
Assuages his grief with a little toddy

* * *

Votes swinging
Muds slinging.

* * *

Campaign Cigars
Are all a farce.

* * *

An election issue
Lasts like tissue.

* * *

Ballot box stuffers
Shouldn't be duffers.

* * *

Indulgers in backslapping
Deserve a wrathful rapping.

* * *

Hangers-on around the polls
Very seldom reach their goals.

* * *

All these so-called politicians
Have their sins and their omissions.

Noah was the first politician; he organized the frame-up for the Ark.

Coed in drugstore: There is something else I want, but I can't think what it is.

Soda jerker: Life Buoy, lady?

College Boy (to traveling salesman who has given him a lift): Say, mister, do you know any dirty jokes?

Travaling salesman: Nope.

C. B.: Haven't you ever seen a farmer's daughter?

Salesman: Nope.

Collegian: Well then, just who the hell are you?

Salesman: I am Abdul Kasha Matusha, deposed Sultan of Arabia?

Sign in restaurant—"You've got no kick coming if there are flies in the soup. How do you suppose the flies feel about it?"

Villain: Your Jenny will be my bride or I foreclose on the farm.

Farmer: Oke. You take the farm and I'll throw in little Nell too.

We Nominate to Walk the Plank

Tom Rose—Every Rose has it's thorn.
Charlie Rose—Ditto.
Hamilton Hobgood—The sign of the double cross.
John Wilkinson—He can dish it out, but he can't take it.
Alex Webb—The SAE's will get you if you don't watch out.
Herb Taylor—Admits he's not a politician.
Bobby Mason—There ain't no justice.
Ben Proctor—Rare or half-baked?
Sparks Griffin—We don't sling mud like those "Ib0&@"!@!" ' on the other side.
Joe Gant—Novins, Webb, and I had the idea.
Mary Frances Parker—I had rather be right than be editor.
Bob Novins—I got ideas.
Cecil Carmichael—Also ran.
Red Rankin—The red-head club will be discontinued until just before next election.
Dan Kelly—Foiled.
Red Boyles—"Is the gentleman a Junior?"
Benny Carr—He's not a Philosopher.
Vergil Weathers—The hell with politics!
John Acee—Keeping politics out of the Y.

The Student Body comes to collect the publication which was to be given back to it.

From Rare Ben

To the Editor of the Buc:

At your request, I submit the following letter on "How to Run for President of the Student Body."

The first requirement is to be from a small town—a big town boy from a nine o'clock town. I overlooked that. Next time I run, I will be from Welcome, Dix Hill, or sumpin'. However, if one notices, such names as Marshall, Swansboro, Lillington, and the village of Raleigh, are all on the roster.

The next requirement is to pick out a catchy nickname like Lindy after Linboig. If the public isn't airminded enough, start the word Windy instead. Harpo Barnes is another good example. I came out on the small end of this, since John O'Neil had already dubbed me Bad Check for B. C. which really stands for Franklin Delano. I have decided to drop the C in next year's campaign due to the negative influence of the C's in eCd, dCs, vCr, etC.

The third step is to pick out the winning frame-up. I made a bad guess. I was backed by L. T. Dildy, F. Watts Ashley, and L. M. Cromartie. L. M. Cromartie lost me no votes, since he was very inactive in the campaign. L. T. Dildy lost the most votes for me. He was the most active and knew the most people. F. W. Ashley actually obtained a vote for me in Grimes. There were positively no SAE's or Lawyers in my frame up. This was bad, because the frame-ups that SAE's and Lawyers graced won offices. A good frame-up to choose is one that has some sure winners on it. I tried to get Ernie Hunt on my ticket, but he was already tied up on the other two.

The next thing to do is to get Ham Hobgood, Mama Rose, Jon Weelkinson, and Dan Kelly together, and write twelve of the silliest points you can think of, excluding Wilson's. Call this a platform. If you wait until the last minute to do this you can't be attacked. Harpo Barnes was the wise guy here.

The worst thing one can do in a campaign is stop eggs. DKE eggs are bad eggs to stop. I stopped one, and part of another. The first was a basketball egg—it dribbled all down my pants. The second was a little over-ripe—it was a cowardly egg—it hit me and ran. If you get hit with an egg you are almost certain of defeat. For example, Alex Webb, Myself and Mary Francis all stopped eggs, and what did we get for the trouble? Cleaning bills of course.

Another thing that is essential to success is having a long list of accomplishments that mean not a darn thing. Like Amphotorotten, YMCA Cabinet, Freshman Friendship Council, self-help, Kappa Beta Phi, etc. I didn't print mine—I was afraid that I would be taken seriously. Here is my list however: President of the Senior class in high school, ex-president of a BYPU, went out for track in high school, played scrub football in high school, was something or another on a committee in Junior high school, wrote the class play in junior high school, was editor of the *Austin Star*, a junior high school paper that was printed twice, was almost accepted by both the Di and the Phi, have been rooked by two Pi Phi's. Never had a date with a Chi O., etc.

My advice for all aspirant candidates is—don't run . . . walk.

"Whatcha look so sad for?"
"Shh, Jack Dungan's in town."

A senior is a guy who comes to college four or five years, learns nothing, and changes his papa to a pauper.

Says Levinson, "He who laughs last, lefts first."

"I am a fugitive from a chain of frankfurters," said the hot dog as he was sprinkled with mustard. "But now you are in the teeth of justice," said the cop as he took a bite.

HASH—WHAT AND WHY?

Monday—Roast beef.
Tuesday—Barbecue.
Wednesday—Hamburger.
Friday—Fish.
Saturday—Hash.
Sunday—Slept too late to get up.

NUMBER 1,936,722

"Hey, waiter, there's fly in my soup."

"You're lucky, sir. We only had fly specks on the menu."

We wonder if the out-going seniors ever stop to think how funny they will look in the alumni parade of 1973.

Plot: The local boy from the small town who has been sent to the University to make good (homebrew). The boy's uncle from the home town is spending the week-end with him.

(Ob) scene 1: Saturday night, five minutes before 8:00 P. M. They are seated in Proff Koch's theatre waiting for a Haymaker production of Folk Plays.

Act I

The Boy (proudly): And this building, Uncle, is a dear historical landmark. It was used for horse stables during the Civil War.

The Uncle (sniffing): I believe there are still some horses here, because I sme—

The Boy: Shhh— Not so loud, Uncle, that is the Carolina Salon Ensemble beginning to play.

Oh, there was a little girl,
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good,
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad,
She had lots of dates.

"Just a chip off the old dock," said the sailor as he stuck a splinter in his hand from the aged wharf.

APOLOGY

The editor and staff regret to state that the blind date column of boys which was to appear in this issue cannot be printed owing to conflict with the cost of the issue. Sorry!

The Nude Deal

Spring is here,
And so is beer.
Winter's winter way again.
And all the trees
Are beginning to leave.
As we look about us
We see many changes.
New life has come
To the campus.
As for passing the Buc:
Now Ivey clings
To the ruins of Old Masonry.
The students are democratic
And have shown their dislike
For a Proctor system
By crashing the Cate,
Doing away with a Week gov't.,
'N' vesting it in Barnes.
And the y. has gone
y. m. A. C. (John.)
Fair Weathers
For the Senior Class;
The Juniors are Aitken
For a new pres.,
While a new Carr
Will pull the Tar Heel
Out of the mud
Since the last Rose has gone.
The Jr.-Sr. Dance Committee
Has laid Lown on the job.
The Bowie knife
Is cutting up.
Seniors will be graduating
By degrees.
Summer is coming.
. . . And Life goes on . . .

Newspaper reporters bothered great men way back in the Bible days just as they do now. The Bible says, "And Zaccheus climbed a tree, for he could not reach him because of the press."

Hither and Thither On Ye Campus

By A. K. B.

With the lads and lassies still recounting the entrancing episodes of the May Frolics, the K. A.-Phi Kappa Sig jamboree, and the Bert Lown-Junior-Senior debate, the **Buccaneer** comes forth with what it humorously calls the Political Promise-Commencement issue. And it's about time political promisers commenced doing something so give the Buc a big hand for making the best suggestion in years, **years,** mind you. Numerous tales have been forwarded to this department that might interest you. And yet, we were quite sure you'd appreciate the fact that we had your own interest at heart when we wastepaperbasketed them.

The most interesting concerned an early morning wedding that took place around at the D K E Cathedral. But the editor sorta sorted it out as one of those things that was just too cute for words (or should we say: just too cute for print?).

The braves down at the Sigma Nu wigwam have supplied the best recountable happenings in the past few weeks; thus the student body owes them a vote of thanks. And, believe it or not, that's the first time in years anyone has owed something to a Sigma Nu. By the way, the next time you're in that particular den of iniquity ask them what happened there on the night of June thirteenth. They'll probably make a fool out of you for being so inquisitive but, after all, there hasn't been a foolish **interrogator** here in years.

Sign . . .

A mid-town footwear repairer ballyhoos his trade with something that seems to place him in the higher class of shoe hospitals, or rather that's the opinion one forms after reading his sidewalk advertisement: "H. C. Blackwell—Shoe Shop—Formally with Campus Bootery."

Lexicographer

There's the tale going the rounds concerning one of the charming inmates of Mrs. Lee's seraglio. The young lady had spent a rather interesting, conversational evening with one of the many, many intellectual Johns of ye campus. Upon returning to the shack she hastened right

upstairs and, in an excited voice, made known her demand for a dictionary. It was soon forthcoming, and the young lady spent a full moment studying the definition of a word. Numerous interrogations came from other inmates gathered around, but none succeeded in gaining her attention until the full moment had passed. Then, raising a face that remarkably resembled an Arizona sunset, she replied: "Gawd, I shoulda slapped his face!"

Were You Aware of the Fact . . .

That a certain co-ed jumped all over Bobbie Mason because of something that appeared in this rag . . . that one young lady, by making use of her magnetic personality (?), had a fact about herself jerked from this space, and consequently isn't as embarrassed as she might have been . . . that E. C. Daniel, Jr., tells quite interestingly Henry L. Stephens favorite dog story . . . that the downtown wags are now referring to "Sweet Adeline" as "The Bottle Hymn of the Republic" . . . that the resulting telltale scars of Zeta Psi picnics are being exhibited around the campus by fortunate co-eds . . . that a real old fashioned lynching affair took place a week or two ago when one of the *new sigmas* paraded hither and thitherward adorned in a tux and the newest addition to gentlemen's evening wear (to wit: intimacies of milady's wardrobe) . . . that a plumpish Pi Phi, seen in a dove scene the other night would be blushing right now had we not been so thoughtless as to go and forget her name . . . that the co-eds have been sneering their sneer at a certain lad of late because they're now quite confident it was he who compiled that blind date guide . . . that one of the really popular co-eds is sore as hell because she happened to be overlooked . . . that the figure at the May Frolics was delayed somewhat when one of the participants paused to refresh . . . that *narcissus* Dixon admires his shadow while taking care of the Tar Heels' first sack in his own *inimitable* way . . . that one of the co-eds who popularized the last issue of this rag, contends she now reads this column just to ascertain what it is her friends will be razzing her about next . . . that Jack Wardlaw is *still* seeing and aching over at caballero cafe . . . that there was a snake in the grass at the K A house at the conclusion of the May Frolics—not to mention spotted leopards, pink elephants, etc . . . that they're now trying to ketch a load of lynch at lunch around at that K A house . . . that Steve Douglas and Jane Jolly are trying it once again . . . that as the rose goes so goes the bowes . . . who was the blonde at the A T O house after the latest dance set . . . in fact, the place was lousy with them . . . but they weren't all blondes . . . that Ernestine Groves use to boastingly proclaim that her name had never graced this rag . . . use to, brethren, use to . . . that you should be tired of reading me by now.

"Are you a Junior?"

THE MISSING LINK
or The Mystery of the Weeping Whiffle-Bird

(NOTE: *This was written while recovering from the effects of drinking two and seven-eights quarts of the deadly combination of spinach, grape-juice and rhubarb dipped in sauerkraut.)*

Being of a philosophical turn of mind I spend a good deal of time reflecting on the great importance of seemingly irrelevant, trivial details. Time and again one will hear people say, "Oh, Forget it; it's of no importance." But I shall prove to you how cowardly they are, for in the following disclosure of an intimate part of my life I shall show beyond all doubt the helplessness and impotence of snipe-hunters in Peoria, twenty-four hours before sunrise.

About a year ago I found great pleasure in my leisure moments in figuring out the origin of the human race. On finding, however, that the world's best anthropologists were unable to solve this problem because of an unknown animal call-

(Continued on page 28)

BEER!
1.
3.2
2.
XXXX
3.
GROCERY
4.
3
GROCERY
5.
6.
RANKIN

Society Notes

Mr. Herbert Taylor has returned to school after the holidays. He visited his family in New Bern. On the way back to Chapel Hill, he must have stopped somewhere between New Bern and here, because he showed up at the Phi Gam house with lip-stick all over his collar. We wish him many happy returns of the day.

* * *

Narcissus Dixon has returned from his northern trip with the baseball team. He is sporting a Yankee brogue after his week's stay up north. Friends will be pleased to know that Dick has been clucking them nicely of late.

* * *

Boss Hill has been under-the-weather for the past few days.

* * *

Claiborn Carr, known to his many friends and acquaintances affectionately as "Benny" has had two walls of thin wood placed about him in the offices of the *Tar Heel.* He is completely enclosed except for a small window where curious persons may see him at any time between the hours of 1:00 P. M. and 6:00 P. M.

* * *

Jisaku Fukusato, of Tokyo and all points east, is a visitor at the University. At the present time he has taken residence in "G" dormitory.

* * *

B. C. Proctor is visiting nightly between the hours of eight and ten. If you want to avoid his visits, don't give bad checks.

* * *

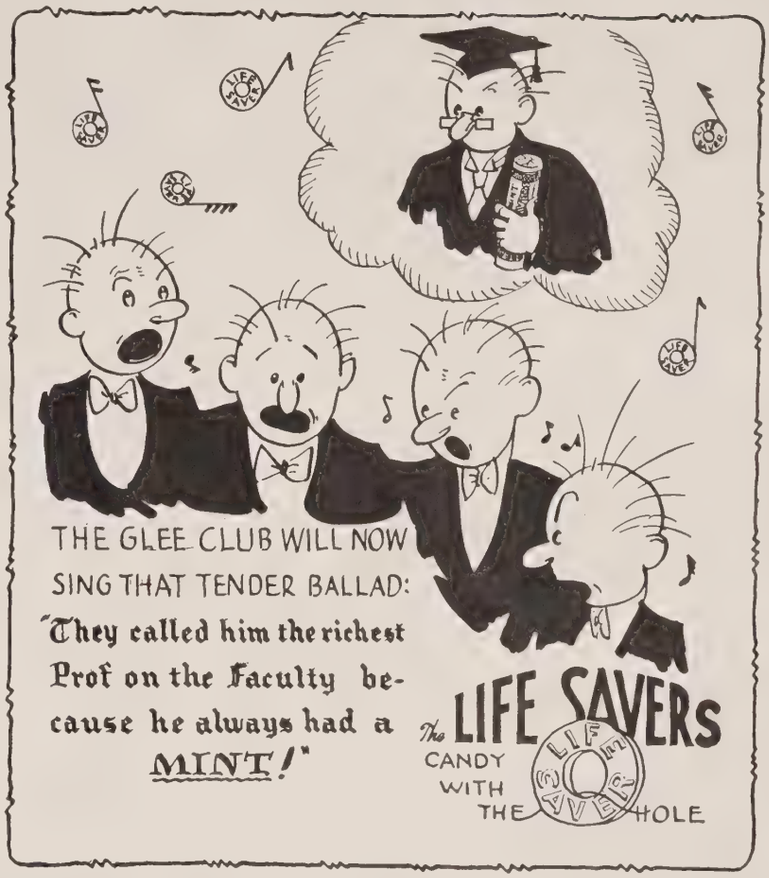
The Kappa Sigs held open house the week-end of the May frolics. The closet was empty by Sunday morning.

* * *

Red Rankin, well-known campus politician, seems destined to be an outstanding mathematician. Give Red a number, and he immediately multiplies it by ten. In the recent elections he claimed he could swing 500 votes. Five hundred divided by ten is fifty.

"Just a drip off the old sock," said the sailor as he strained the coffee through his hose.

"Just a grip off the old stock," said the sailor as he exchanged his American Can for a suitcase.



Speaking of Sports

(By Alex Mark)

Toughie Percy Idol, ex-captain of the wrestling squad, was named the sweetest boy in the senior class. Deah, deah.

Came the week-end, and Oscar Mullis got weak and married. Don't forget it's spring and only natural.

This spring all thoughts were of 3.2 and the drug stores are now installing scales to register our three hundred pounds, because two hundred and fifty pounds of linesman plus 3.2 equals plenty.

The track meet with the boys from old Virginny brought forth the fact that we have an acrobat in our midst. Everyone who saw how perfectly Wick Smith executed a forward flip is full of praise for our own pole-vaulter. Even though Wick landed on his neck, we know he'll improve with practice and will be able to do two flips, and still do that one-point landing.

Our pole-vaulters seem to break into print heavily this month. We've never seen Don Jackson work so hard as he did in the Duke meet.

(Continued on page 28)

Tom Collins' Column

By Bernard S. Solomon

Now that beer is here, so what!

First, I want to make it clearly understood that the column that I wrote last month had not one pun in it. It was not well read by what I have tried to find out. So, this month also I have up a bit of a wager that I can make puns, and whether or not they are good ones is entirely up to the dear reader. Personally I profess a profound weakness for good and bad puns and the worse that they are, the better I like them. If you do not want to read them then you can skip over places blocked in.

This is supposed to be a clothes column and such it will be. For some reason or other I am simply full of parliamentary procedure. I move the previous motion. The motion is recognized and as such, shall be that we continue the discussion of clothes.

The May Frolics saw quite a few tux come out of the moth balls, but the striking thing was the number of mess jackets that were present. They were cool and neat and were quite in order. Reminds me of something that happened at one of the frat houses the Sunday following the dances. It seems that garden peas were served for dinner. One young lady perked up and said that was a paradox and furthermore ironical what with everyone as jittery as could be, and that she could not eat them because she could not balance them.

Overheard Recently

1. "I hate cats."
2. "He cat take it."

You see the result of the modes in men's dress by looking around the campus. You can note all sorts of combinations and ensembles. The preference is for white flannels and a dark coat, or grey flannels and dark blue or brown coat. One noticable coat was that one that had the three quarter belt. That is a close approximation to the old style Norfolk jacket, but you would never recognize the Norfolk jacket so dressed up has it become. It is quite good in white linen at present. White linen coats are also good as sport jackets with belted backs and knife pleats on the sides. They look exceptionally well with grey flannel slacks.

LINEN SUITS

For Summer Wear

$12.50

The smartest of hot weather suits. Hand tailored of imported linen in single and double breasted models. A linen jacket worn with gray flannel slacks is an interesting combination.

Tailored by
SCHLOSS BROS.

Durham Men's Shop
"Style Quarters"
111 W. Main St. Durham

One of the finest puns runs somewhat like this: we've decided that the Ford is America.

Coats are good in all shades of brown, though the dark shades seem to be preferred for summer. Blue is still holding its own and there is a myriad of varieties of cloth out of which to have a coat made. Grey is exceptionally good ranging in shades from pale, almost white to deep or Oxford grey. The plaid, as I have said before is definitely out except in a very modified pattern and then in very dark shades. Grey hounds-tooth or brown cloth of the same weave is in fine taste and makes up into almost any desired model. Clothes, while strong for color are depending upon accessories for the real color and good taste in clothes depends upon your own selection of haberdashery.

See that watch over there? Wrist watch?

Slacks can be obtained in greys, browns and tans, whites and white and grey, white and brown, and black and white stripes. If you tend to have large hips do not get them double pleated, but if you have not added weight due to the recent influx of beer, then the English idea of pleats gives a novel and distinctive air.

When you put your hand on her knee, you garter.

Shoes are in solid white, and buck at that, with black soles preferred, and wing tipped. The plain toed white buck with rubber sole is excellent for campus wear. Grey bucks and tan bucks are also in good taste as well as brown. Other novel combinations that have been noted, is that model of white buck in a moccasin type, also a moccassin of brown under part with white buck on top; first time I have seen that idea carried out with buck. Black and white, and brown and white winged tipped shoes, the white being buck (preferred) are also still in the running.

When you put your arm around her neck, what do you collar?

Shirts are too many to mention

all. The deep toned brown, blue, and grey shirts, collar detached, and using a white collar, are all the vogue. Nothing looks neater than a stiff or semi-stiff collar. In collar attached shirts, the tab collar holds sway and looks neater and dressier than any collar yet devised. Stripes are in again and look exceptionally well.

> The Kentucky mountaineer with a beery look in his eye began to look for the bar.

Ties are best in small patterns with a pastel or a dark background. Some of the designs are the diamond, the square, the circle, oval, oblong, and many others. The foulard is the easiest to tie and ties in small knot, the knot is essential to the good looks of the tab shirt. Satins are coming back and are down to popular prices. This writer remembers when a good satin tie cost upwards of nearly ten shows (at the present price), and then they were not the best. I should suggest, that those who would be well dressed, to have a foundation of solid colored ties, or solid background ties with small figures. Then, after that foundation, with ties for semi-formal and heavy occasions, to build on to that by buying only those ties that appeal to them as they see them, and feel that they would like to add them to their collection. I feel sure that everyone has many ties given to him and that most of us keep ties for years and years for sentimental value; that is to say, Aunt Susie gave them to us last Christmas and when we get a blue-green—black-and-red-purple suit perhaps we may be able to harmonize them. Everyone knows that a blue shirt and a green tie—no matter what shade of green—is as offensive to the eye as a certain animal—s-u-k—is to the nose. Throw out those ties, and when buying ties keep in mind your suits, shoes, shirts and the like.

I now have eighteen readers, I counted them myself. See you next fall.

"Yeah, Jim, but an Arrow collar keeps its shape."

THE MISSING LINK

(Continued from page 23)

ed the "Missing Link," who connected us with our remote ancestors, I thought it advisable to stop this pernicious practice and conserve my energy for straightening leaning towers and making left-handed monkey wrenches.

One day, during a blizzard, I was sitting on a flag-pole cutting the lawn when, struck by a sudden thought, I fell to the ground. I sprang to my feet with a malicious smirk, and running to the railroad crossing, I flagged a milkman. He jumped from his wagon with furious haste and, wide-eyed with remorse, he snarled, "How many does it take to make eleven? Quick, Yes or no?"

Looking slyly at him, I maliciously broke my shoelace. With a sudden cringing, the philanthropist thanked me and, jumping into his bicycle, he broke into a fast trot at a snail-like pace.

In retribution a volcano erupted, a landslide took place, a cyclone demolished three continents, and the supply of parsnips gave out. Unimportant as this seems, overnight the whole aspect of my life was to be changed within fifty-four years. Oh! If I had only known.

Coming home, I turned back and, seeing my shadow, I burst into tears. Immediately a pawn-broker crawled out of a cave and turning a somersault in the air, he whispered fiercely, "Here's to your health."

It was hesitant but at last I nodded agreement and followed him to the end of the trail. Diving into the water while we smelled a carnation, we soon came to the bottom of the sea, and I gasped with relief.

The fairy god-mother then reluctantly showed me a gopher hole. Sneezing in embarrassment, I took a flying-leap at a rolling doughnut. Getting intensely hungry, I took off my shirt and, throwing stones industriously, I jumped on the back of a galloping goose and went home.

Pulling my hair with admiration, I entered the livingroom and there, face to face with me, sitting on the wash-board, was a red-nosed, gibbering Whiffle-bird.—I stamped, I screamed, I cursed, but all in vain, for it was already one-thirty and the ice skates were rusty. This, then, was the Missing Link . . .;

I ask no favors; only think over the moral of this tale and I know you will agree with me that the egg comes from the chicken and not the chicken from the egg.

SPEAKING OF SPORTS

(Continued from page 25)

From those screams we heard every time Don vaulted, we knew it was a girl responsible for his efforts. From reliable sources, we found it to have been the same girl who blew kisses to the bus when it left William and Mary, one of the track team's stops on the northern trip. And she came all the way to Chapel Hill to see Don. It's an old pole-vaulting custom.

The northern trip was a success as our track team beat them handsomely. Instead of two places in the two mile, we might have had three, but that girl gave Henry Sullivan the note after the race instead of before. Tough luck, Henry. But you had that date anyway, and consolation?

Speaking of William and Mary again, we musn't forget that blonde who was the torch for miler Cordle. Too bad for her, because our Lew goes for a certain party named Alma in Charlotte. (And Lew thought it would never be printed.)

The Duke meet will long be remembered as one of the best meets of all time. Coach Bob's boys managed to keep his ten year old record clean by defeating Duke by the scant margin of six points. Everybody outdid himself in helping to beat Duke, and besides there was an unusually fine crop of feminine spectators down for the dances.

The baseball team seems to be composed of ex-carnival men, because everytime we go into the locker-room somebody is practicing the "Barker's stunt." (You know — "Forty-seven, fifty-one, thirty-nine, seventy-three, BINGO.") Narcissus Dixon usually does a high dive.

After the recent Wake Forest-Carolina game, a couple of our baseball laddies didn't have to paint black rings under their eyes. A free for all was in order after the game.

The tennis team is still the only unbeaten team on the campus (if the long record of the track team isn't called forth). With that northern "Vacation" they get every year, no wonder they play good tennis!

It happens every year—The spring sports always draw the co-eds, and the spring teams are almost invariably successful at home. It must be the season!

The height of embarrassment: When two eyes meet thru a keyhole.

Eve: You know, Adam, it was all that snake's fault. He shot me a mean line.
Adam: Yeah. I know, a bull snake.
—*Battalion*

Irate Parent: Do you think it fair, Bobby, after I told you there wasn't any Santa Claus, to go and tell the neighbors I laid your Easter eggs, too?
—*Battalion*

"You know, there's something about you that I like."
"Not really—well, try and get it."
—*S. C. Wampus*

Then there's the spade song and the rheumatism song: "Shovel off to Buffalo" and "I've got neuritis sing the blues."
—*Mountain Goat*

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